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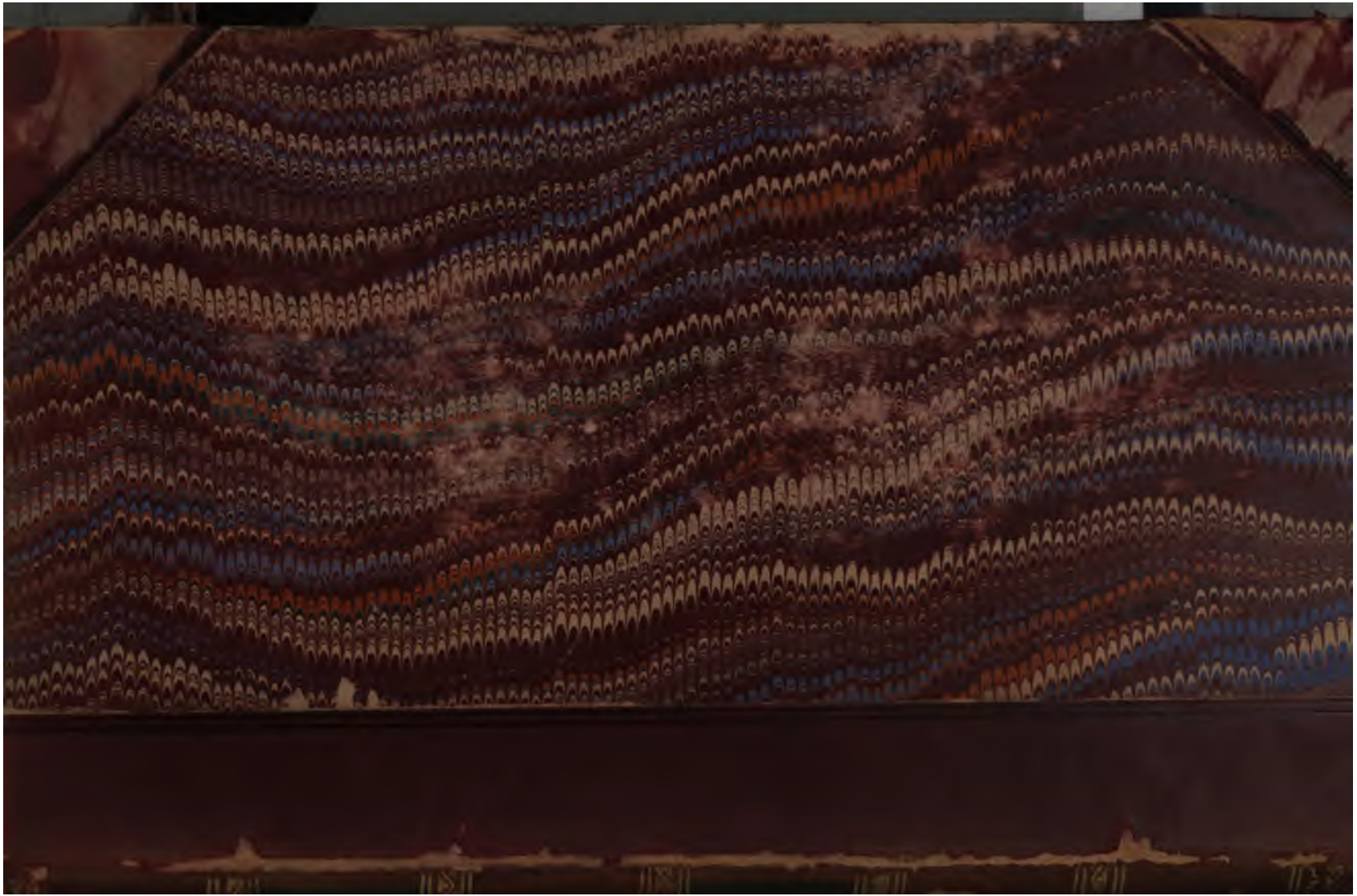

The Glencoe Massacre — The annexed cutting from the *Guardian* of Sept. 19, 1855, seems worth preserving in "N. & Q.:"

"A copy of the warrant authorising the Glencoe massacre by King William III., was stolen some time back from the archives of the Eglington family. It has been recently restored, and is now printed by the *Scottish Press*, which informs us that the paper is merely a copy of the warrant, though thought at first to be the original document. It does not bear the sign-manual of King William; but it is written in an antique style of penmanship, and the spelling is peculiar:

"'For
Their Majesties Service
To Captain Robert Campbell of Glensgow.

"'You are hierby ordered to fall upon the Rebels the McKdonalds of Glenco and put all to the sword under 70. You are to have a speciall care that the old fox and his sones doe upon no account escape your hands. You are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to put in execution at five of the clooke precisly and by that time, or very shortly after it, I'll strive to be at you with a stronger pairtie. If I do not come to you at five you are not to tarrie for me, but to fall on. This is by the kings command for the good and saftie of the Countrie that thes miscreants be cut off root and branch, so that he put to execution without fend or favour, else you may expect to be dealt with as one not true to king or government, nor a man fit to carrie commission in the kings service. Expecting you will not faile in the fulfilling heirof as you love your selfe, I subscrive this with my hand. Baideresis, Feb. 12, 1692.

"'ROBERT DUNCANSON.

"'sic subscribitor.'"

In connection with this, perhaps some of your correspondents would give me the authority for what I have seen somewhere stated, viz. that William of Holland had determined to carry out against the Frasers, and some other clan, the same murderous measures which were put in execution against the MacDonalds of Glencoe.

WILLIAM FRASER, B.C.L.

Alton, Staffordshire.

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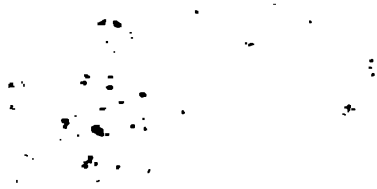

MEMOIRS

OF

THE COURT OF ENGLAND

FROM THE

REVOLUTION IN 1688

TO THE

DEATH OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

BY JOHN HENEAGE JESSE.

AUTHOR OF

"MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF THE STUARTS."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS

OF

THE COURT OF ENGLAND.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

Preliminary remarks.—League of Utrecht formed by the Netherlands in 1579.—Character and Constitution of that League.—William of Nassau, first Prince of Orange, appointed its head, by the title of Stadtholder.—His character.—His assassination in 1584.—His son, Prince Maurice, succeeds to the office of Stadtholder, and is successful against the Spaniards.—Dies, and is succeeded by his younger brother, Henry Frederick.—Acknowledgment by Spain of the independence of the United Provinces.—Character of William the Second, fourth Stadtholder.—Abolition of that office.—Prince William Henry, son of William the Second, afterwards William the Third of England, born in 1650.—Is nephew to Kings Charles the Second and James the Second.—His early studies.—Sir William Temple's favourable opinion of his capacity.—He visits England in his twentieth year, and is entertained by the University of Oxford.—Probable motives of his visit.—Entertaining anecdote.—Charles the Second's distrust of William, and the latter's politic conduct while in England.—League between France and England against the States of Holland.

THE history of William of Nassau is so closely connected with that of his native country, that,

in order fully to comprehend the causes of his extraordinary rise, and to appreciate the services which he performed,—not only for his fellow citizens, but for Europe at large,—it is necessary to introduce a few remarks respecting the constitution of the Dutch Republic, and the position of the Nassau family in Holland at the birth of the last of their line.

When the Netherlands, after a long and noble struggle, threw off the yoke of Philip the Second of Spain, they formed, in 1579, the celebrated League of Utrecht, which laid the foundation of that powerful confederacy, since so well known and respected as the Republic of the United Provinces. In furtherance of their great object, it was stipulated, by common agreement, that each of the seven revolted provinces should send a fixed number of delegates to a general council; that each province should guarantee to the other its respective rights; and that the assembled body of representatives should conjointly have the power of declaring war, levying taxes, and otherwise conducting the general affairs of the new Commonwealth. At these meetings each deputy presided in turn; the members assembled at a long table, the president being seated in the middle: the greffier, or secretary, took his seat at one end, and on the admission of a foreign ambassador, or any eminent person,

a chair was provided for him opposite the president.

By the wisdom of this deliberative assembly the affairs of the Republic continued to be successfully carried on, till Philip, inflamed with rage against his revolted subjects, and thirsting for dominion, again poured forth his vast armies, and threatened to crush the infant Commonwealth almost at its very birth. It was then that the States appear for the first time to have made the discovery, that however firmly they might be united by bonds of mutual interest and affection; however determined to resist tyranny and oppression to the last; yet that the protracted deliberations of a large body of men served unfortunately to retard expedition and to clog the machinery of the state; and, further, that, in a crisis like the present, it was to the energies of a single individual that they must confide their sacred cause, and trust for delivery from their imminent peril.

The important office, which the States thus found themselves compelled to constitute,—and which was in some degree similar to that of a dictator in ancient Rome,—was eventually conferred on William of Nassau, first Prince of Orange; and, as the preference came from a people at once prudent and sagacious, it implied the proudest and most flattering distinction. The

selection, however, was as well-merited as it was judicious. William, a man of considerable wealth, and of great natural abilities, though descended from one of the proudest families in Germany, and possessing the inheritance of a sovereign family in France, had for some time fixed on Holland as the country of his choice. Here he had fought nobly in the cause of freedom, and by his services, both as a statesman and a soldier, had been long the darling and main-stay of the States. In addition to the office and title of Stadtholder, he received the appointment of Captain-General of the forces of the Republic both by sea and land, with the entire disposal of all commissions in both services. He was allowed a seat, though without a voice, in the Assembly of the States General; and, during a period of war, a council, composed of deputies from the several provinces, was associated with him, who attended him closely throughout the campaign, and deliberated with him respecting the requisite operations.

Under the auspices of this celebrated person the States recovered from their almost desperate situation, and after a protracted and bloody warfare, the Provinces were entirely evacuated by the Spanish troops. William, as is well known, was assassinated at Delft, on the 10th of July, 1584, by one Balthazzar Gerhard, a native of Burgundy. At his death, the States conferred the

Stadtholdership on his son, Prince Maurice, a person in no degree inferior to his illustrious parent regarding either the energy or the prudence of his measures, and even superior to him in military capacity. During his administration, the violence and usurpation of the Spaniards were again successfully resisted ; and at his decease, the States a third time honoured his family with the Stadtholdership, in the person of Henry Frederick, his younger brother, a Prince who inherited many of the admirable qualities of his predecessors. He distinguished himself, on several occasions, by his victories over the Spaniards, and it was during his administration that the Spanish monarch renounced his claims on the United Provinces, and acknowledged them to be a free people. Such were the services, and such the claims of the family of Nassau on the illustrious Commonwealth of Holland. As Addison says, —

> The race of Nassau was by Heaven designed
> To curb the proud oppressors of mankind;
> To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
> And fight in every injured nation's cause,—
> The world's great patriots.

The successor of Henry Frederick in the Stadtholdership, and the fourth Prince of Orange on whom that high honour was conferred, was William the Second, who married the Princess Mary of England, and became the father of King

William the Third. He figures, through his short life, as a young man of considerable personal courage, but headstrong in his passions, ambitious in his views, and arbitrary from principle. His attempt on the liberties of the United Provinces, in some degree, cancelled the vast debt incurred by the States to the House of Nassau: indeed, so unpopular did he render himself with that free, and hitherto affectionate people, that, at his decease, they decreed that the office of Stadtholder should hereafter be for ever abolished. He died of the small-pox, on the 27th October, 1650, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, after an unsuccessful attempt upon Rotterdam; bequeathing to a posthumous son — the future champion of the liberties of Europe — the unpopularity attaching to his own name, with but slender hopes of ever enjoying that proud dignity, which he had deservedly forfeited by his imprudence and misconduct.

William Henry, Prince of Orange and Nassau, Stadtholder of the United Provinces, and afterwards King of England, was born on the 4th of November, 1650, eight days after the death of his father. His mother was Mary Stuart, eldest daughter of King Charles the First: consequently, William was great-great-grandson of Mary Queen of Scots; grandson of the unfortunate Charles, and nephew to King Charles the Second and James the Second.

The true character of a child of illustrious birth is not easy to be ascertained. The mental progress of the future prodigy — its infantine virtues or failings — can only transpire through those immediately attached to its person; and, as such individuals are benefited by the positions which they occupy, they are naturally as apt to exaggerate the one, as to conceal or extenuate the other. William, however, is said, from his earliest years, to have held out the fondest hopes of future excellence. We are assured that, even in his childhood, he mingled that natural prudence and taciturnity, — that strong sense and unyielding steadiness of purpose,—which afterwards distinguished him, with the most passionate longing for military fame, and a desire to become the inheritor of those illustrious qualities which for centuries had distinguished his race. The studies of his boyhood were principally superintended by the Pensionary, John De Witt, and, as it was the policy of that celebrated republican to obscure as much as possible the talents and virtues of the young Prince, his education is said to have been purposely neglected. It is even affirmed, that the tutor appointed for him was purposely selected on account of his gross ignorance of polite literature, and his want of knowledge of the world. Notwithstanding these presumed disadvantages, it is certain that William eventually

acquired a tolerable proficiency in mathematics, and that he early instructed himself in the French, English, and High-Dutch.*

With the increase of years, the young Prince's eager application to business, and the diligence with which he pursued his studies, as well as his strong sense and excellent natural capacity, became objects of interest and anxiety to the leading persons in the States. Those especially, who remembered the noble qualities which had distinguished his forefathers, and who called to mind the extraordinary benefits which the House of Nassau had conferred on the United Provinces, conceived an affectionate attachment for the last descendant of an illustrious line, and predicted that he would be the inheritor of their genius and their fame. Sir William Temple, who was in Holland in 1668, when the Prince had attained his eighteenth year, appears to have partaken of the general partiality in his favour. He describes him as "a young man of more parts than ordinary, and of the better sort; that is, not lying in that kind of wit which is neither of use to one's self, nor anybody else, but in good plain sense, which shows application if he had business that deserved it, and this with extreme good and agreeable humour and disposition, with-

* Pepys saw the Prince at the Hague in 1660, when he was in his eleventh year, but merely speaks of him as a "pretty boy."—*Diary*, i. 44.

out any vice." "He is asleep," adds Sir William, "by ten o'clock; loves hunting as much as he hates swearing; and prefers cock-ale before any wine."* That the character of the young Prince was early appreciated by his countrymen, is proved by his being chosen, at the age of eighteen, to be the first noble of Zealand, with a seat in the council of state;—a preference the more flattering, as it was a victory obtained by the regard and affections of a large body of the people, over the powerful influence of an opposite faction.

When in his twentieth year, the Prince paid his first visit to the Court of his uncle, Charles the Second. He landed at Margate on the 29th of October, 1669, and, after passing the night at Rochester, arrived on the following day at the apartments prepared for him at Whitehall. "His stay here," says Heath, "was not long; however, he visited both the Universities, and his entertainment was in all respects answerable to the dignity of his person. His coming, no question, had a mystery in it, but mysteries of state are not to be dived into: however, in the beginning of the spring he returned well satisfied, both as to his public reception and private concerns."† The Prince's entertainment by the University of Oxford is spe-

* Life of Sir William Temple, p. 100.

† Heath's Chronicle, p. 578.

cially recorded. "He was received," says Bishop Kennet, "at the east gate of the city by the mayor and aldermen, and at St. Mary's was attended by the vice-chancellor and the whole body of the University: at the great gate of Christ Church he was received and complimented by the dean, canons, and the whole society, and by them conducted to his apartments in that college, where his highness and his train were nobly treated by the dean, the generous Dr. Fell. The next morning his highness went to view the several colleges, and found the heads, with their respective societies, standing at the gates in readiness to receive him. After noon he visited the schools, the library, and theatre, in which last place a convocation was held, where his highness was complimented in a speech by the orator, Dr. South, and did the University the honour of accepting a degree; and an invitation from the vice-chancellor to his college of St. John's, where he was entertained with an excellent and liberal dinner."*

According to the Prince's biographers, his principal object in visiting England at this period was to claim the arrears of his mother's pension, which his uncle, King Charles, had hitherto neglected to pay. There is a passage, however, in the autobiography of Sir John Reresby, which

* Kennet's Complete History, vol. iii. p. 303.

renders it probable that, even at this early period, he entertained the project of obtaining the hand of the Princess Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, though at the time she had not completed her eighth year. The passage in Reresby is coupled with an entertaining anecdote: — "The Prince of Orange," he says, "remained in England, and paying his addresses to the Lady Mary, eldest daughter to the Duke, the King entertained him with great splendour, as well on that account, as because of his relation to him, and great personal merit. One night, at a supper given by the Duke of Buckingham, the King made him drink very hard: the Prince was naturally averse to it, but being once entered, was more frolic and gay than the rest of the company; and now the mind took him to break the windows of the chambers belonging to the maids of honour, and he had got into their apartments had they not been timely rescued. His mistress, I suppose, did not like him the worse for such a notable indication of his vigour."*

Evelyn, whose praise is ever of value, was admitted at this period to the society of the young Prince, and appears to have been greatly prepossessed in his favour: — "The Prince," he says, "is newly come to see the King, his uncle: he hath a manly, courageous, wise countenance,

* Reresby's Memoirs, p. 173.

resembling his mother and the Duke of Gloucester, both deceased."* Lord Arlington also, in a letter to Sir William Godolphin, dated 21st November, 1669, lavishes still higher praise on the future hero:—"The Prince of Orange," he says, "hath now been three weeks amongst us, much to the satisfaction of the King and all that have seen him; being a young man of the most extraordinary understanding and parts, besides his quality and birth, that makes him shine the better. His Majesty hath promised to pay his debt, or assign it upon a good fund, before he goes, which he hopes will be an encouragement to the Queen of Spain to do the like."†

The fact may perhaps be doubted, although to the author of these volumes the arguments appear unanswerable, that even at a very early period of the reign of Charles the Second, the attention of the young Prince of Orange was eagerly fixed on the affairs of England, and that he regarded the unpopularity of the Duke of York, and his unfortunate profession of the Romish faith, as hereafter to be the stepping-stones to his own greatness. As early, indeed, as 1675, when it was believed that the Prince was about to pay a visit to the Court of England, we find it openly spoken of as for the purpose of "raising heats in the parliament and commotions in the kingdom." So

* Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 409.

† Letters of the Earl of Arlington, vol. ii. p. 310.

satisfied was Charles the Second, that such were the real objects of the Prince's proposed visit, that he despatched a letter to Sir William Temple, then ambassador at the Hague, peremptorily commanding him to put a stop to the Prince's journey.

In regard to a subsequent visit which William paid to this country in 1681, we discover evidence of a still more important nature in support of our views. Although the Prince, on this occasion, gave out to his countrymen that he had received an invitation from Charles, and, moreover, affirmed that the principal object of his visit was to induce the English monarch to unite with him in a league against Louis the Fourteenth, yet the secret motives of the shrewd Hollander were undoubtedly very different from his professions. Indeed, there can be no question, from what follows, that the general feeling of dissatisfaction which existed at this period in England, and the dread, then paramount, of so bigoted a Papist as the Duke of York succeeding to the throne, had already deeply implanted those seeds of ambition in the mind of William, which, under the fostering auspices of his own genius, eventually sprung up into so successful a harvest.

That such was the view which both Charles and the Duke of York entertained of the Prince's intentions in visiting England, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. Even as early as October,

1680, M. Barillon, in one of his despatches to his own court, speaks openly of the fears expressed by the Duke of York on the subject; and James himself wrote to the King from Scotland, advising him by all means to decline the honour of the visit. Charles, however, though he gave it but little encouragement, yet refused to listen to his brother's recommendation to decline it altogether.

The conduct of the Prince of Orange, shortly after his arrival, afforded sufficient evidence that the apprehensions of the royal brothers were not unreasonable. Within a few days he appears to have thrown off all disguise, and to have flattered the prejudices, and courted the good opinion, of the popular party, by every means in his power. He paid a visit to Lord Russell, (the person of all others most detested by the Court,) and, moreover, contrary to the advice both of Halifax and Hyde, and, indeed, in express defiance of the King's commands, dined in state with the city of London. From the despatches of Barillon we learn some additional particulars respecting the Prince's behaviour. It seems that, by his polite conduct, his studied civility, and his frequent habit of showing himself in public, he acquired a great accession of popularity; while, on the other hand, by his being frequently closeted with Lord Russell, he gave the highest offence to the Court, and was personally on the worst

terms with the King. He was one day dining with Charles, when, the conversation turning on the grievances of the country, William affirmed that the popular party was the most numerous:—"That," retorted the witty monarch, "is because you know no other."

Barillon informs us, on the authority of the Duchess of Portsmouth, that during the time the Prince was in England, he went so far as to endeavour to persuade her to inflame the King against his brother, and induce him to sign the Bill of Exclusion, which at this period was in agitation.

According to some accounts, one of the Prince's motives in visiting England in 1669, was to endeavour to cement an alliance between Great Britain and the States, as a bulwark against the increasing power of France, and the personal ambition of Louis the Fourteenth. If such were his intention, the project signally failed: indeed it was but a few months afterwards that France and England united in that famous and most disgraceful league against the States of Holland; a measure which, considering the inequality of the contest, threatened the most disastrous results to the infant Republic, but which, in fact, had the effect of calling forth the energies of William's character, and, indeed, finally exalted him to a height of fame and power, which even his wise and warlike ancestors could never have contemplated.

CHAPTER II.

The Dutch Republic ill prepared to resist the forces of France and England. — Is speedily overrun by the French troops. —Increasing unpopularity of the Pensionary, John De Witt, and the Republican party. — Appointments of Captain and Admiral-General conferred upon William by the unanimous voice of the States. — His early success against the French. —Popular insurrections in the principal Dutch towns.—The office of Stadtholder revived and conferred on William.—Cruel massacre of the De Witts at the Hague in 1672.—Interesting particulars relative to that frightful tragedy. — Marked improvement in the state of affairs in Holland.—Attempt by France and England to inveigle the young Stadtholder into a treaty injurious to the interests of his country.—His noble conduct on the occasion.—His successful campaign against the troops of Louis the Fourteenth. — Treaty of peace between the French and the Dutch signed in February, 1674.—Office of Stadtholder settled in perpetuity on William and his descendants.—Anecdote of William and Count Starenburg.—War renewed between France and Holland. — Personal bravery of William at the battle of Seneffe.—He receives a severe wound at the siege of Maestricht.

THE hostile coalition of two such powerful nations as France and England against the Dutch, would, under any circumstances, have involved the latter in a most unequal and dispiriting contest. On no occasion, moreover, had the Republic been so ill prepared as at the

present crisis. Not only were they harassed and divided by internal contentions, but, fully confiding in the provisions of the Treaty of Munster, they little contemplated the possibility of a foreign invasion, and consequently, when the hour of danger arrived, could oppose but a handful of raw and inexperienced troops, to the overwhelming and highly disciplined forces of the French monarchy. Defeat and disgrace were anticipated by even the bravest and most sanguine, and the result proved how well-grounded were their apprehensions. Within an incredibly short space of time, the French troops overran almost the whole of the United Provinces. The panic extended to every heart: at first sight of the invading army, every town and garrison threw open its gates; the Dutch troops, with scarcely a show of opposition, retired before their foe; already the French monarch was, in person, before the gates of Utrecht; and the entire conquest, if not dismemberment, of the Dutch dominions, appeared inevitable.

It was in this terrible emergency that the States, calling to mind the illustrious services of the House of Nassau, fixed their last hopes on the young Prince of Orange. It was true, on the one hand, that he had barely attained his twenty-first year, and that he had hitherto had but little experience in the art of government or of war. On the other hand, his detestation of tyranny, his natural

talents, and his zeal for his country's liberties, were universally acknowledged; moreover, it was remembered how often his predecessors had led the States to victory over the Spaniards; and they hoped, therefore, that the last of the line of Nassau would again extricate the Republic from its difficulties, and lead his countrymen victoriously against the far more powerful enemy now ravaging their territories. There was another circumstance which tended still more to swell the almost universal clamour, that called on the Prince of Orange to take the helm. This was the increasing unpopularity of the Pensionary, John De Witt, and the republican party. In addition to other charges brought against this celebrated man, it was argued that his long administration had rendered him too powerful for a private citizen, and that, instead of selecting persons of acknowledged merit to fill the offices of state, he had invariably advanced his own unworthy creatures and friends. These and similar offences against the Commonwealth were strenuously insisted upon by his enemies; and such were the prejudices and credulity of the mass of the people, that the present extraordinary difficulties, under which the States laboured, were almost universally attributed to the Pensionary's mal-administration and neglect.

These were the circumstances which laid the first stepping-stone to William's greatness. He

had returned, in the month of February, 1672, from inspecting some fortifications in one of the Provinces, when he was waited upon by three deputies from the States General, who notified to him that, on the day previous, the appointments of Captain and Admiral-General had been conferred upon him, by the unanimous voice of the States. An inefficient army of seventy thousand men had been recently raised, and was now encamped at Nienkop: thither, at the commencement of the spring, the young general repaired, and though unable to act on the offensive, yet, by his prudent and successful measures, he very shortly did full justice to the high opinion which had been formed of him. Notwithstanding that he was confronted with the vast armies of France, he continued to maintain the post he had taken up, till the enemy, finding it impossible to drive him from his intrenchments, at length abandoned their own position, and retired with no inconsiderable loss.

This temporary success, however, though it tended in no slight degree to raise the military fame of the Prince of Orange, and to render him popular with his fellow-citizens, was, after all, productive of little advantage to the unfortunate Dutch. Opposed as the Prince was by the most powerful and highly disciplined armies, it was impossible for him to act on the offensive; and, consequently, the frontier towns continued, one by one, to fall into the hands of Louis; nor could

anything be more gloomy than the whole aspect of the affairs of the Republic. In the midst of these troubles arose those formidable popular insurrections in the principal Dutch towns, of which the name of the Prince of Orange was the watchword, and the revival of the Stadtholdership in his person the principal aim. It need scarcely be remarked, that, in the end, the mob proved too powerful for the republican party, and, on the 5th of July, 1672, the office of Stadtholder, with its usual powers and immunities, was solemnly conferred on the Prince.

One circumstance which, more than any other, tended to establish William securely in his new office of Stadtholder, was the barbarous massacre of the De Witts by the mob, which was perpetrated at the Hague on the 10th of August, 1672. The circumstances connected with this event are well known, but are too full of painful interest to be altogether passed over in this place. When the populace at Dort (which town had taken the lead during the commotions of the preceding month), by their furious violence, had compelled the magistrates to sign the repeal of the edict by which the office of Stadtholder had been abolished, Cornelius De Witt, — notwithstanding the threatenings of the mob, the entreaties of his friends, the tears of his wife, and the fact that he was himself lying on a sick bed,—was the only person in the

town, who refused to sign the document in question. For a time he escaped the vengeance of the infuriated populace; but, shortly afterwards, being accused by one Ticklaer, a low barber, of offering him a bribe of 32,000 guilders, to take away the life of the Prince of Orange, he was arrested and sent to prison. On his trial, the only evidence adduced against him was that of the barber; yet, unfounded and improbable as was the charge, this excellent man and great patriot was actually put to the rack, where, though suffering the most excruciating tortures, he persisted nobly and perseveringly in denying the truth of the charge. In the midst of his agony he was heard repeating the beautiful lines of Horace:—

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ; neque Auster
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis;
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

The man in conscious virtue bold,
Who dares his secret purpose hold,
Unshaken hears the crowd's tumultuous cries,
And the impetuous tyrant's angry brow defies.

Let the loud winds, that rule the seas,
Tempestuous their wild horrors raise;
Let Jove's dread arm with thunders rend the spheres,
Beneath the crush of worlds undaunted he appears.

FRANCIS.

During the sufferings of his unfortunate brother, the Pensionary, John De Witt, remained closely by his side; wiping away the tears of agony from his eyes; encouraging him by his exhortations, and supporting him by his consolation.

Although the result of the infamous proceedings against Cornelius De Witt, was the admission of his judges, that the evidence in support of the charge was insufficient, it was nevertheless decreed that he should for ever be banished the territories of Holland and West Friseland. The populace were exasperated at what they believed to be the mildness of the sentence, and their fury was still greater, when, on the day that Cornelius De Witt was to be released from prison, his brother, the Pensionary, contrary to the most urgent advice of his friends, proceeded in a magnificent coach of state, drawn by four horses, to the prison gates; prepared to do honour to his innocent brother, and to conduct him in triumph out of the town.

As the Pensionary was usually a man of no display, and as it had hitherto been his custom to proceed on foot, even to the most solemn meetings of the States, the mere circumstance of his appearing in the streets of the Hague with so magnificent an equipage, would at any time have been sufficient to attract the attention of the mob. But now that every eye was upon him; that every heart was inflamed with fury

and disappointed revenge; the probable consequences of this imprudent conduct became sufficiently evident, and, in the end, verified the worst apprehensions of the Pensionary's friends. By degrees the crowd thickened; they were presently joined by several of the train-bands; and in a short time the mob flocked in formidable numbers towards the prison-door. On their arrival a brief delay occurred, during which the more infuriated of the bystanders continued to excite the remainder by the most inflammatory speeches and remarks. At length the doors of the prison were thrown open, and the instant that the two brothers presented themselves, a dreadful yell of curses and revilings assailed their ears. It must have been a trying moment, even to hearts the least susceptible of fear. The brothers had already proceeded some steps from the prison, when their course was arrested by the train-bands. "We have now the two traitors together," exclaimed one of these wretches; "it is our own fault if they escape us." This inflammatory speech was immediately succeeded by a blow. Other acts of violence rapidly followed, on which the Pensionary, perceiving their fate to be inevitable, affectionately took his brother by the hand, as if to bid him a last farewell, and to show that, as they had been united by affection through life, so would they be linked together even in death. While in the act of clasping his brother's hand,

John De Witt was knocked on the head by the butt end of a musket; the tragedy was soon concluded, and, after a rapid succession of blows, the noble-hearted brothers ceased to live. After being trodden under foot, and dragged through the streets in triumph, their crushed and mangled remains were suspended from the common gallows, where the body of the great Pensionary was hung one foot higher than that of his brother. The remains of both were afterwards cut into a thousand pieces, and it has even been affirmed that a portion was actually boiled and eaten by their brutal murderers. It may be mentioned, as a singular fact, that, though certainly not himself of a cruel disposition, William should have risen, step by step, to greatness, by successive acts of violence or of blood. To the slaughter of the De Witts he owed his security in the Stadtholdership; his establishment on the throne of England was purchased by the expulsion of an uncle and a father-in-law; he was indebted for his dominion over Ireland to the blood which flowed on the banks of the Boyne; and for the reduction of the Highlands of Scotland, to the terrible massacre of Glencoe.

It would be altogether foreign to the nature of this work to follow William through all the details of the numerous battles and sieges, through the various successes or defeats, which distinguished his long and noble contest with the French

king. It may be observed, that from the moment the Prince of Orange was confirmed in his office of Stadtholder, the affairs of the United Provinces perceptibly improved: a new spirit was infused into their counsels; a high state of discipline was gradually introduced into their armies, and, eventually, the States proved themselves, if not actually a match for the vast energies and resources of the French empire, at least a most obstinate and formidable enemy.

The prudent and intrepid character of the young Stadtholder appears early to have become a subject of anxiety both to the French and English monarchs; indeed it is shown, on the authority of Sir William Temple, that an attempt was made to enveigle the Prince into a disgraceful treaty with those Powers, by the conditions of which the sovereignty of Holland, and a guarantee against internal insurrections and foreign invasions, were to be insured to him, on the understanding that he should be content to owe his greatness to, and that he should promote the unjust and despotic measures of, the two most profligate monarchs in Europe. The reply of William does him credit:—"No," he said, "I will never betray the trust which has been imposed on me, nor consent to sell the liberties of my country, which my ancestors so nobly defended." On another occasion, when, to all but himself, his affairs appeared to be in the worst

possible posture, and indeed when all but honour seemed to be irretrievably lost, one of his friends inquiring of him in what country he intended to reside, when Holland should have passed into other hands,—"I have made up my mind," he said; "to retire to my German estates: I would far sooner pass my time there in the sports of the field, than sell my liberty or my country, whatever might be the reward."* When the witty and profligate Duke of Buckingham attempted to explain to him, that, against the united energies of France and England, Holland must at length inevitably fall,—"There is one way left," he replied, "by which I am certain never to see the downfal of my country, and that is, to die in the last ditch."

The principal events, which distinguished the long warfare between William and the French King, may be briefly detailed. The first campaign, that of 1672, concluded by the French retiring with considerable loss from Alfen. During the course of the year, William had attacked Woerden, a strong town in the Low Countries, where, although eventually compelled to retire before a superior force, he twice repulsed the Duke of Luxembourg in his attempt to relieve the place. He also compelled the Count de Duras to retreat with his whole force to Wassen-

* Kennet, vol. iii. p. 311.

berg; besides possessing himself of the important fortress of Valkeren, as well as the town of Binche, during the course of the campaign. At the close of the season he returned to the Hague, gratifying his countrymen by the sight of an unusual number of prisoners, and the spoils of two fortified places.

The following year, 1673, was no less replete with success. The campaign had no sooner opened, than the Prince, with an army of twenty-five thousand men, marched to Naerden, one of the strongest towns in the Low Countries, which he took, in sight of the Duke of Luxembourg with an army of ten thousand men. He then laid siege to Bonn, which surrendered after a vigorous resistance, and, by this means, the German forces were enabled to cross the Rhine, and to throw themselves into Flanders. The towns of Brevel and Schwick were next taken; and such was the entire success of the campaign, that, at the close of the year, the French King found himself compelled to abandon the whole of his conquests in Holland. He withdrew his forces into his own dominions, and eventually consented to a peace with the Dutch, of which the articles were signed on the 9th of February, 1674. Nothing could exceed the elation of the States at the unlooked-for successes which had attended their arms; and such was their gratitude to the Prince, whose hereditary wisdom and valour had

once more saved the liberties of their country from impending ruin, that, on the 22nd of February, thirteen days after the ratification of the treaty, they not only confirmed their benefactor in the office of Stadtholder, but passed an edict by which it was settled in perpetuity on his descendants.

So confident was the Prince in his own genius and resources, and so sanguine, throughout the whole campaign, does he seem to have been of ultimate success, that he even contemplated carrying his triumphant arms into the heart of France. One of his followers, Count Starenburg, complaining, on some occasion, of the indifferent quality of the wine at the Prince's table,—"Before the summer is over," said William, "you shall drink excellent wine in Champagne itself." Some time afterwards, Starenburg, being taken prisoner at the battle of Seneffe, was ordered by his captors to Rheims, the capital city of Champagne. Shortly after his arrival, he was at a drinking party, with some Dutch officers, his fellow prisoners, when, finding the wine delicious, he on a sudden proposed the health of the Prince of Orange.—"I will trust the Prince's word," he said, "as long as I live. He promised me that I should drink excellent wine in Champagne, and you see with what exactness he has kept his word."

It was not in the nature of Louis the Four-

teenth to sit down quietly under disgrace; and, moreover, his natural dislike and contempt of the homely Dutch,—"those gentlemen pedlars," as he was in the habit of styling them,—impelled him to make the most extraordinary exertions to retrieve the advantages which he had lost. Accordingly, the summer of 1674 found him again in the field, with as many as four powerful armies, for the purpose of crushing the Dutch and their allies; the army which poured itself into Flanders, and which was intended to act immediately against the forces of the Prince of Orange, being headed by the great Prince de Condé. About the middle of August, the French and Dutch armies, led on respectively by these two celebrated men, found themselves in sight of each other, near Seneffe. The engagement which followed (one of the most fiercely contested of any recorded in history,) continued till about two hours after sunset, when, after a loss of about twelve thousand men on each side, darkness compelled the combatants to separate. Each party claimed the victory as their own; the Dutch asserting the advantage to be on their side, as having been left masters of the field, and the French, because the greater number of prisoners and trophies had fallen to their share.

During the battle of Seneffe, both William and the Prince de Condé are said to have

exposed their lives with an almost reckless daring. On William, especially, encomiums poured in lavishly from all quarters. "None," says his biographer, Harris, "was more forward than the Prince of Orange, who, all along, fought in the heat of the battle, animating his men by his own example, and was accompanied by the Prince of Frize, a young gentleman of about twenty years of age, who fought by his side in the thickest of the enemy, and performed all the offices of a soldier which could be expected from so young, so valiant, and generous a Prince."* The praises of William's contemporaries were even more warm. General Zouch, in his despatch announcing the result of the action to the States General, dwells warmly on the valour and prudence of which he was a personal witness. "I have endeavoured," he writes, "to discharge my duty in attending his Highness, the Prince of Orange, during the bloody and famous battle between the confederate army and that of the most Christian King, the happy issue of which has proved so much to the glory of the Prince of Orange, who showed, upon that occasion, the prudence of an aged captain, the courage of a Cæsar, and the undaunted bravery of a Marius; all which, my lords, I speak without flattery, which is contrary to my nature."†

* Life of King William the Third, by Harris, p. 25.

† Kennet, vol. iii. p. 330. Harris, p. 25.

Condé himself, with his usual generosity, did full justice to the conduct of his opponent. "The Prince of Orange," he writes to the French King, "has acted, in all respects, like an old captain, except in venturing his life too much like a young one." The day after the battle, Condé, it seems, contemplated a fresh attack, and even gave directions for a quantity of cannon and some additional battalions to be brought up: we have the evidence, however, of a French writer, M. de la Farre, who was himself present in the action, that not only were his wearied soldiers extremely enraged at the proposal, but it was a common remark at the time, that the Prince de Condé was the only man in his army who had a mind to fight again. Shortly after the battle of Seneffe, the Prince of Orange proceeded on his march towards Binche, while the French withdrew to their quarters. Before the close of this year's campaign, the Prince had retaken the town of Grave, the last remaining possession of the French in Flanders. In November, he disposed of his troops in winter quarters, and returned to the Hague.

The events of the next campaign, that of 1675, proved of less interest and importance than those of the preceding years. William, however, during the course of the year, succeeded in retaking the town of Binche, and successfully checked the career of Luxembourg, in his ravages upon

the territories of Treves. The next year fortune was less propitious to him. The French King had early opened the campaign in Flanders, and before the month of May, the fortress of Nord, and the towns of Aire and Buchaine had fallen into his hands. William endeavoured to make amends for these losses by laying siege to the important town of Maestricht, but here he was again unsuccessful: a disease broke out in his camp, which committed such fearful ravages among his troops, that, notwithstanding he displayed more than his usual valour and generalship during the progress of the siege, he was eventually compelled to draw off his forces, and to close the campaign. It was during an assault at the siege of Maestricht that William received a severe gun-shot wound in his arm, which was at first believed, by those near him, to be fatal. The report of his being wounded instantly spread through the neighbouring ranks; on which, William (perceiving something like a panic among his troops,) instantly took off his hat with his wounded arm, and waving it conspicuously in the air, shouted inspiritingly to his men to follow him to the attack.

CHAPTER III.

General desire of the Dutch for peace.—William's opposition to it.—Commencement of the campaign of 1677, and defeat of William at the battle of Mount Cassel.—His masterly retreat.—His second visit to England, in order to demand the hand of the Princess Mary, daughter of James Duke of York.—His conversation with Sir William Temple at the Hague on this subject.—Is introduced to the Princess at Whitehall, and is much pleased with her manners and person.—Charles the Second's fruitless endeavours to win over William to his interests and those of France.—Marriage of William and Mary in 1677.—Defeat of the French at St. Denis.—The States agree to a treaty of peace with Louis the Fourteenth, to the great vexation of William.—Renewal of hostilities, and final treaty at Ratisbon.—Invitation to William to invade England.—By whom signed.—Opposition of interests and religion between William and James the Second.—William's vigorous but secret preparations for the invasion of England.—Louis the Fourteenth penetrates his designs and writes to James the Second on the subject.—The latter's shock on receiving the intelligence.—Confidence of the Dutch in William.—Anecdote of a Dutch Jew of Amsterdam.—William obtains a loan from the Pope.—Anxiety of the citizens of London respecting the invasion.—William's farewell address to the States.

THE result of the following campaign, 1676, proved so dispiriting to the States, that an ardent desire and outcry for peace appeared uni-

versally to prevail. When the general anxiety on this subject was dwelt upon in William's hearing, — "As for myself," he said, "I shall oppose it to the last: I would oppose it, even were I certain that in the event of my removal it would be effected in two days." To Sir William Temple he addressed language scarcely less forcible: —"Sooner," he said, "than subscribe to the conditions proposed, I would charge a body of a thousand men, though only at the head of a hundred, and with certain destruction staring me in the face."

With this view of the importance of continuing the war, William made use of every exertion to oppose the French, who commenced the campaign of 1677, by pouring, as usual, an overwhelming force into Flanders. But William was destined to be scarcely more successful than he had been the preceding year; Valenciennes and Cambray were speedily taken by the French, and at the battle of Mount Cassel, fought on the 11th of April, he was signally defeated. During this engagement he more than ever distinguished himself by his fiery and reckless valour. The panic had originally begun in the first regiment of Dutch infantry, and was almost instantly detected by the eagle eye of William. Aware how much depended on arresting these first symptoms of disorder, he immediately flew to that part of the field of battle where it pre-

vailed, and, with his drawn sword in his hand, opposed himself headlong to the fugitives: cutting the first man he encountered over the face,—"Rascal," he said, in a fury of indignation, "I will at least mark thee, that I may hang thee afterwards." All his entreaties and endeavours were, however, to no purpose; he was carried impetuously to the rear, by the stream of his own followers, and though a portion of his army continued gallantly to maintain their ground, they were finally broken, and compelled to retire from the unequal contest.

Notwithstanding this signal defeat, the Prince's retreat was a most masterly one; and, by exercising his usual vigour, he was enabled, within an incredibly short period, to lay siege to Charleroy. Here, however, the same ill success attended him, and on the approach of Luxembourg with a large army he had no choice but to raise the siege.

It was at the close of this year's campaign, that the Prince of Orange paid a second visit to the Court of England, for the purpose of demanding the hand of the Princess Mary, daughter of James Duke of York. The year previous, he had sent to Sir William Temple, then ambassador at the Hague, to attend him privately in the garden of Hounslaerdyck, when he opened to him his views and wishes on the subject, and enjoined him, in the strongest

language, to communicate to his private ear whatever might have come to his knowledge respecting the Princess's disposition and personal character. The result of Sir William's communications proving satisfactory, it was finally agreed that Lady Temple,—who was on the point of proceeding to England to arrange some family affairs,—should convey letters from the Prince to the King and the Duke of York, proposing the match. It was further settled, that Lady Temple should inform herself, by every means in her power, of the habits and disposition of the young Princess, and should report to her husband the result of her inquiries.

These preliminaries being so far settled, at the beginning of October, 1677, the Prince quitted the Hague, and on the 9th of that month landed safely at Harwich, from whence he immediately proceeded on a visit to his uncle, King Charles the Second, who was then at Newmarket. Being naturally eager to behold his future wife, rather earlier than had been intended, on the 13th of October the Prince reached Whitehall, and was formally introduced to the Princess, the Court having broken up at Newmarket. He is said, even at their first interview, to have been extremely fascinated both by her manners and person.

It was the object of Charles, at the period of which we are speaking, to use every endeavour to

win over the Prince of Orange to his own interests and those of France; accordingly, in the first instance, he persisted in positively refusing his consent to the Prince's marriage with his niece, till William should have signed certain articles, conditional on a treaty of peace with France, of which the consequences would have been highly advantageous to the French monarch. William, however, was equally deaf to the entreaties of Charles, and the arguments of his profligate ministers. "It shall never be charged against me," he said, "that I sold my honour for a wife." Charles, finding his nephew inexorable, and willing, moreover, to gratify a large body of his subjects by marrying his niece to a Protestant Prince, at length gave a not ungracious consent to their union. "Go and tell the Prince," he said, "that he may have his wife." At the same time he paid a high compliment to William's integrity:—"I never," he said, "was deceived in judging of a man's honesty by his looks, and if I am not mistaken in the present instance, the Prince is one of the honestest men in the world."

When Sir William Temple shortly afterwards communicated to the Prince, that the King had given his full consent to the marriage, William's Dutch phlegm is said to have entirely deserted him; in the joy of the moment, he caught the messenger of good tidings in his arms, telling

him he had made him "the happiest man in the world." The anniversary of the Prince's birth, 4th of November, was at length fixed upon as the day of the marriage, when it was solemnized at St. James's at eleven o'clock at night.

In the spring of the following year, 1678, William again hastened to encounter the forces of the French King in the field. The latter had seized the earliest opportunity of opening the campaign, and was speedily gratified by the towns of Ghent and Ypres falling into his hands. These repeated losses appear, singularly enough, to have but slightly affected the Prince's popularity among his countrymen. Sir William Temple writes to Laurence Hyde from the Hague, 9th December, 1678, — "The Prince's credit increases here every day: by his compliances with the States; his eating and conversing so frequently with the deputies of all the towns; his conduct is what you and I have always desired, and with such effect that both his friends and his enemies seem equally satisfied with it." *

Before the conclusion of the campaign of 1678, William gave a temporary turn to the unfavourable state of affairs, by defeating the forces of Luxembourg at St. Denis. But in the mean time the States had agreed on a treaty of peace

* Clarendon and Rochester Correspondence, vol. i. p. 36.

with Louis the Fourteenth, of which the conditions were not only in many respects highly advantageous to the French monarch, but, one of the articles actually placed the whole of the frontier towns of Flanders at his disposal; thus enabling him to pour his troops into that country whenever it might be advisable to renew the war. So unlooked for a termination to all his hopes, so unmerited a reward for all his exertions and anxiety, was naturally a severe blow to the Prince of Orange. He received the news of the treaty having been ratified at Nimeguen, on the day which succeeded the battle of St. Denis, and is said to have been deeply affected by the unwelcome tidings.

From the period of signing the treaty of Nimeguen, till the establishment of William on the throne of England, we find but little interest in the struggle which he occasionally maintained with the ambitious Louis. The greatest blow he received from that monarch, was in 1681, when he deprived him of his principality of Orange.* It was not, however, till 1683 that hostilities were actually renewed, when the French opened the campaign by pouring their troops

* When it was reported to William that the French King had destroyed the walls of Orange, the Prince was unable to disguise his indignation. "I will one day," he said, "make him feel what it is to have exasperated a Prince of Orange."—*Dalrymple*, vol. i. p. 187.

into the Spanish Netherlands. Fortunately, circumstances arose which shortened the duration of the war, and on an approaching junction of the Dutch and Spanish forces, Louis once more consented to a peace, the articles of which were signed at Ratisbon, on the 15th of August, 1684, for a period of twenty years. From this time to William's invasion of England in 1688, there is little in the personal history of that monarch sufficiently interesting to record.

When the intolerant and tyrannical conduct of the misguided James became so utterly oppressive, as to stir up a feeling of resistance on the part of his subjects, it was on the Prince of Orange, as the accredited champion of the Reformed religion in Europe, and as having married the nearest Protestant heir to the throne, that the nation fixed its hopes in the hour of difficulty and need. Complaints had long continued to reach him from all quarters, and although, with his natural caution and reserve, he refrained from either expressing violent opinions, or making imprudent promises, still it was evident to all who approached his person, that whatever reached him from England was greedily listened to and carefully treasured up.

The celebrated Association who signed the invitation to the Prince of Orange to invade England, and who bound themselves in the most solemn manner to join his standard immediately

on his landing, was composed of the Earls of Devonshire, Danby, and Shrewsbury, Lord Lumley, the Bishop of London, Admiral Russell, and Henry Sidney:* the document itself, which was drawn up in Sidney's hand-writing, and signed 30th June, 1688, was discovered among King William's papers after his death. The receipt of this important document must, on many accounts, have been extremely palatable to the Prince of Orange. In addition to the ordinary motives of ambition, and the natural thirst for aggrandizement, there were many circumstances which rendered any invitation from the English nation, to assist them against their legitimate sovereign, of the first interest and importance. Not only would success enable him on some future occasion to array himself proudly against the arms of France, and to punish the arrogance of Louis the Fourteenth, — a monarch to whom he seems to have borne the strongest personal dislike, — but there was also between James and himself the fiercest opposition of interests and religion: past injuries also, some real and some imaginary, were not forgotten; there

* Henry Sidney, brother of Algernon Sidney, and youngest son of Robert, second Earl of Leicester. He is the *beau Sidney* of De Grammont's Memoirs. For the share which he had in effecting the Revolution, William subsequently created him, on the 25th of April, 1694, Earl of Romney. He died, without leaving issue, in 1704, when his titles became extinct.

existed the natural apprehension of their recurrence; and, moreover, James and himself were equally inflamed by that morbid jealousy, which almost invariably exists between a reigning monarch and his expectant heir. In addition to these circumstances, the Queen of England's recent delivery of a Prince of Wales,—an event which in all human probability would exclude the next succession of the Princess of Orange,—appears to have urged on the Prince to those violent measures, to which we find him immediately afterwards having recourse. Everything, indeed, combined in favour of the invader, and to a mind even less penetrating than that of William, the result must have been sufficiently apparent. He felt confident in his own genius and resources; he would be followed by his own veteran troops, considered among the bravest and best disciplined in Europe: disaffection was alive in every quarter of England; the allegiance of neither his army or navy could be relied upon by the unhappy James; and, moreover, while it would be in the power of the invader to concentrate his whole force, and to march, if it suited his views, even into the metropolis itself, the troops of his father-in-law must unavoidably be scattered over various parts of England, employed in quelling different insurrections.

The preparations, which were diligently carried on by the Prince of Orange for the purpose of

invading England,—in consequence of the almost universal belief that the forces he was concentrating were intended to act against France,—appear in the first instance to have excited but slight apprehensions in the mind of James. In the mean time, the Prince's operations were pursued with a degree of activity and vigour, equally characteristic of the man, and suitable to the importance of the design. In all other respects, they were conducted with the utmost secrecy and caution, in order to excite as little as possible the jealousy of other States. Occasionally some transient suspicions appear to have passed over the mind of James, but they seem to have been dissipated, almost as soon as they occurred, by either the solemn assurances of the Dutch Ambassador, or similar hypocritical denials from the Prince himself.* As late as the 18th of September, 1688, — scarcely more than six weeks before the landing of the Prince of Orange,—Barillon writes from England to Louis the Fourteenth, — "His Majesty entered into a discussion of the advices come from Holland, and said that in such important affairs nothing ought to be neglected, but that his opinion was, the Prince of Orange did not dare to undertake anything against England in the present conjuncture." Even when the infant Prince of Wales had ceased to be prayed for

* Macpherson, vol. i. p. 157.

in the Stadtholder's chapel at the Hague,—on which occasion James had written to remonstrate with his son-in-law on the slight,—the reply of his daughter, that the neglect complained of was altogether accidental, appears to have completely satisfied the confiding monarch.

At length concealment became no longer practicable, and it was evident, at least to the French Court, that the Prince's military operations were to be directed against England. It was about the middle of September that James received a letter from Louis the Fourteenth, containing certain intelligence of the projected invasion of his dominions. The shock with which he met the information afforded the clearest evidence how little it had been anticipated. The paper fell from his hand; his face assumed a deadly hue; and, though he attempted, by the most forcible exertions, to conceal his emotions from the bystanders, his perturbation was of too extraordinary a nature not to be perceptible to all.

Nothing could be more implicit, or more personally flattering to the Prince of Orange, than the confidence which the States reposed at this period in the wisdom and courage of their Stadtholder. Notwithstanding the vast expense of his operations, and the ignorance in which he kept them as to the intent and object of his expedition, they appear to have been fully satis-

fied that the end would be answerable to the means, and that the Prince would be no less regardful of their interests than of his own fame. Even the threat of the French King, through his minister D'Avoux, that "he should look upon the first act of hostility against his ally, the King of England, as an open rupture with his own crown,"—thus entailing upon the States a war with the two most powerful monarchies in Europe,—produced not the slightest effect upon the Dutch. The cause of William was regarded with an enthusiastic interest by the whole nation; and though there was undoubtedly a party in Holland who would have been glad to get rid of him, though it has been pretended that the silence of the Louvestin faction was owing to their belief that he would be worsted, and that his fame would be for ever blasted by the result of the approaching struggle, still, an almost universal concurrence with his views, and a sanguine expectation of a glorious result, appear to have generally prevailed through the States. The large sum of two millions of money was proposed to be lent him; "and this," says Burnet, "passed easily in the States, without any opposition, to the amazement of all that saw it; for it had never been known, that so great and dangerous an expedition, in such a season, had been so easily agreed to, without so much as one disagreeing vote, either at the Hague, or

in any of the towns of Holland." Among other individuals who identified the cause of the Prince with their own, was a Dutch Jew of Amsterdam, named Schwartzaw. This person actually presented himself before William, bringing with him the large sum of one hundred thousand pounds:—"If you are fortunate," he said to the Prince, "I know you will repay me: if you are not, the loss of my money will be the least of my afflictions."

The manner in which, at this period, William contrived to obtain a sum of money from Pope Innocent the Eleventh, to assist him in the invasion of England, though affording sufficient proof of his ingenuity, is, perhaps, not altogether to his credit. Innocent, like William himself, had strong reasons to be exasperated with the French King, and was ready and eager to join any project which seemed likely to humble or embarrass that monarch. Accordingly, as soon as it had become known in Europe that the Dutch were engaged in making great military preparations,—the object of which, however, the world was then in ignorance of,—William had adroitness enough to persuade his Holiness, that, in conjunction with the Emperor, he was about to undertake an expedition against France. Innocent fell unsuspectingly into the snare, and by this means William was enabled to extract from him a considerable sum of money, which was

afterwards employed in dethroning a Roman Catholic prince, whose establishment on the throne it was the primary object of the Pope to uphold.*

In the mean time, the people of England appear to have anticipated with an extraordinary degree of apathy the invasion which was almost daily expected; and to have regarded, with equal indifference, the threatened expulsion of their legitimate Prince, the probable horrors of a civil war, the subversion of an odious government, and the advantages which were held out to them in the manifestoes of the invader. In London, indeed, where the King was personally residing, where the news of the day was more quickly circulated, and where the proceedings of the Court were matters of immediate interest, a considerable degree of excitement appears to have prevailed amongst the populace. The citizens are described as neglecting their ordinary occupations; as rising in the middle of the night, and collecting in small parties in the streets, inquiring eagerly the news. At other times they are mentioned as anxiously gazing from their doors and windows at the nearest vane, to ascertain, from the direction of the wind, whether the elements were favourable or not to the approach of the Dutch fleet. One circumstance which

* Letters from Cardinal D'Etrées to Louvois and Louis XIV.—*Dalrymple*, vol. i. p. 198.

tended greatly to inflame the already feverish state of the public mind, was the fact of the Prince of Orange having positively forbidden the departure of any vessel for England; and as the state of the wind retarded for a considerable period the sailing of the Dutch fleet, the general apprehension which prevailed in the minds of men, at least in the metropolis, was rendered almost intolerable from suspense.

At length, the wind changing suddenly to the north-east, on the 16th of October, 1688, the Prince met the States in council, and bade them a solemn and affectionate farewell. After warmly thanking them for all the kindness they had shown him from his earliest youth,—"I take God to witness," he said, "that since I have been intrusted with the affairs of this Commonwealth, I have never entertained a wish that has been opposed to its interests. If I have erred, I have erred as a man; my heart at least was not to blame. I trust to Providence for the result of my enterprise. But if anything fatal should happen, to you I bequeath my memory; this, our common country; and the Princess, my wife, who loves that country as she does her own: my last thoughts shall be upon you and upon her." During the delivery of this touching appeal, many of the senators are described as moved even to tears; and while all were variously affected, William alone remained calm and unmoved.

CHAPTER IV.

Embarkation of William and his troops at Helvoetsluys.—Dispersion of the fleet by a storm.—Ships refitted, and William again sets sail for England.—Arrival of the fleet at Torbay.—William lands on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot.—Anecdote from Burnet.—March of the Dutch troops to Exeter.—William enters that city at the head of a magnificent procession.—He is coldly received by the people, and is greatly disheartened.—Sir Edward Seymour, the Earl of Abingdon, and other influential personages join his standard.—Movement in favour of William gradually spreads.—He is joined by Lord Cornbury, son of Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.—The father's anguish on the occasion.—And subsequent flight to the invader.—Lord Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough, joins William.—Anecdote of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.—Royal army encamped at Salisbury.—James the Second retires with a portion of them to London, and is closely followed by William.—Anecdote of William.—James's secret flight from Whitehall.—Is discovered, and brought back to London.—Is conducted by a Dutch guard to Rochester, and ultimately embarks for France.

WILLIAM had already assembled his land and sea forces at Helvoetsluys; the latter consisting of sixty-five ships of war, seventy vessels of burden, and five hundred transports; the former of about eleven thousand infantry, and five thou-

sand cavalry.* Among this force were six British regiments in the Dutch pay, and about three hundred French officers, — exiles on account of their Protestant principles, — who remembered the persecution which they had suffered in their own country on account of their religion, and appear to have been as eager to fight against a Roman Catholic Prince, as if they were enlisting for a crusade.

The magnificent scene of embarkation was witnessed by the vast crowds at Helvoetsluys, with overwhelming interest and almost painful enthusiasm,—with anticipations of national glory, mingled with personal anxiety for relatives and friends, — such as words would with difficulty describe. At length, the last regiment was safely embarked, and on the night of the 19th of October, this memorable fleet departed on the most important naval service which had been known in modern times. The Prince, who was almost the last individual to go on board, selected as his station the centre of the fleet. Herbert, the English admiral, led the van, and Evertzen, a Dutch admiral, brought up the rear. On

* Such appears to be the true computation of the force with which William invaded England. Hume, however, casually places the total number of the fleet at five hundred vessels, of which, according to his account, about four hundred were transports: the army also he reduces to fourteen thousand men.—*Hist. of England*, vol. viii. p. 281.

the Prince's flag-ship floated the colours of England, bearing the words,—"I will maintain the Protestant religion and the liberties of England."

The splendid sight displayed the next morning, of upwards of six hundred gallant vessels in full sail, must have been sufficient to instil confidence in the timid, and excite enthusiasm in the brave. The sanguine and agreeable anticipations, however, which filled every breast, were destined to be of brief duration. Shortly after the dawn of day, the wind shifted to the south, bearing with it the whole fleet along the coast of Holland, almost as far north as Scheveling. At night it again changed to the north-east; succeeded, moreover, by a tempest of extraordinary violence. The scene which followed was one of indescribable confusion. Owing to the extreme darkness of the night, and to the crowded state of the fleet, ships were dashed against each other: the cannon, which had been hastily put on board, escaped from their lashings; added to which may be mentioned the unusual quantity of baggage and ammunition; the numerous horses which had been embarked, and the large number of landsmen, who equally dispirited the sailors by their apprehensions, and impeded them by their assistance. Burnet, who was present in the Prince's flag-ship, describes the horrors of the scene. "Many," he says, "that have passed for heroes,

yet showed then the agonies of fear in their looks and whole deportment; while the Prince still retained his usual calmness, and the same tranquillity of spirit that I had observed in him in his happiest days."

Within a few hours, the whole of this immense fleet was scattered over the wide waters; and when the sun rose on the following morning, not two ships were to be seen in company. When William, only two days after his embarkation, re-entered the harbour of Helvoetsluys, (from which place, but forty-eight hours previously, he had sailed in the centre of six hundred vessels, to subdue one of the first monarchies in the world,) he was followed only by three ships of war and a few transports. His conduct, however, during this apparently overwhelming misfortune, did equal credit to his genius and his philosophy. With a spirit unquelled, and a countenance unruffled, he issued the most prompt and effectual orders for collecting his scattered followers; assistance was sent to those who had most suffered; and though it was discovered that each vessel had been more or less damaged; though many had lost their rudders, and several were found dismasted; though vast quantities of artillery and baggage, and even not fewer than nine hundred horses had been thrown overboard in the hour of peril; nevertheless, in the short space of nine days the fleet was again entirely refitted;

the whole of the stores and men again embarked; the same spirit of zeal and enthusiasm instilled throughout the fleet; and on the 1st of November, with a prosperous wind, amidst the roar of cannon, the sound of trumpets, and the mingled acclamations of the adventurers on board and the populace on shore, the prows of the Dutch fleet were once more directed towards the English coast.

In the mean time,—for the purpose of deceiving King James, of lulling him into a false security, and of arresting those precautionary measures which he had hitherto been actively carrying on,—the most exaggerated accounts of the recent tempest, and of the disasters experienced by the Dutch fleet, had been sedulously spread in England by the friends, and by the directions, of the Prince of Orange. It was even believed, for a short space of time, that the whole of the invading armament had been swallowed up by the waves. James was at dinner when these agreeable surmises were announced to him, and appears to have listened to them rather with the spirit of profound devotion and gratitude, than with the extraordinary elation which might have been expected:—"It is not to be wondered at," he said, "for the Host has been exposed several days." A single Dutch transport, the only vessel discovered to be missing out of the whole fleet, had been driven on the English coast. Its crew were

detained by the neighbouring authorities; and, as an unusual number of soldiers had been embarked on board this vessel, the sight of so many prisoners gave an earnest of success, and exaggerated the prevalent belief that the disaster was irremediable.

These flattering prognostications, however, were destined before long to be miserably disappointed. On the 3rd of November, in a splendid array extending twenty miles, and with every sail spread, the Dutch fleet entered the English Channel. For as many as seven hours it continued to pass between the coasts of France and England. In the more contracted part of the Channel, the shores of the two countries are described as crowded with innumerable spectators, who gazed with mingled terror and admiration on the beauty and singularity of the scene. As soon as the fleet entered the Straits of Dover, the Prince changed his ship, and sailed at the head of the expedition, with his own standard flying; thus, by exhibiting himself the foremost in the hour of danger, instilling fresh courage and animation into his devoted followers. On the 4th of November, the expedition arrived unmolested at Torbay; the same wind which had been so propitious to the Prince's progress, preventing Lord Dartmouth, with the English fleet under his command, from attempting to oppose him in his course.

The 4th of November being the anniversary of

the Prince's birth-day, and of his marriage, he expressed some anxiety to land his troops, and commence his hazardous undertaking, on that day. Circumstances, however, delayed the debarkation till the following morning; and as this was the anniversary of the famous Gunpowder conspiracy, the Prince's English partisans, with a pardonable superstition, regarded it as a most favourable omen to their own success and to the well-being of the Protestant cause.

Fortunately, almost at the very hour when the fleet appeared off Torbay, the wind shifted to the south; thus enabling them to enter the harbour with the utmost ease. The Prince, accompanied by Marshal Schomberg, was one of the first to land, and having procured horses at the neighbouring village of Brixholme, proceeded to examine the nature of the surrounding country, and the advantages which it promised as a place of encampment for his army. "It was not a cold night," says Burnet, "otherwise the soldiers, who had been kept warm on board, might have suffered much by it. As soon as I landed, I made what haste I could to the place where the Prince was; who took me heartily by the hand, and asked me if I would not now believe predestination. I told him I would never forget that providence of God, which had appeared so signally on this occasion: he was

cheerfuller than ordinary; yet he returned soon to his usual gravity."

The anecdote, related by Burnet, is corroborated by M'Cornick in his Life of Carstares:— "It is well known," he says, "that upon the fleet first setting out from the coast of Holland, it was in imminent danger from a violent tempest, which obliged them to put back for a few days. Upon that occasion, the vessel which carried the Prince and his retinue narrowly escaped shipwreck, a circumstance which some who were around his person were disposed to interpret into a bad omen of their success. Among these, Dr. Burnet happening to observe, that it seemed predestined that they should not set foot on English ground, the Prince said nothing; but upon stepping ashore at Torbay, in the hearing of Mr. Carstares, he turned about to Dr. Burnet, and asked him what he thought of the doctrine of predestination now?" Burnet himself tells us, that so extraordinary and providential appeared the disposal of events, such was the "strange ordering of the winds and seasons," that he never felt inclined to be superstitious before. He exclaims with Claudian, in a passage singularly applicable to the fortunes of William,—

> O nimium dilecte Deo, cui militat æther,
> Et conjurati veniunt ad classica venti.
>
> O loved of Heaven! for thee the skies prevail,
> And all the winds, invoked, urge on thy sail.

Burnet, I find, has taken a slight liberty with this fine passage, by omitting an intermediate line, or rather by discarding the termination of one verse and the commencement of another, and dovetailing the remaining portions. Claudian addresses Honorius: —

> O nimium dilecte Deo, cui fundit ab antris
> Æolus armatas hyemes; cui militat æther
> Et conjurati veniunt ad classica venti.
>
> *De Tert. Cons. Honor. Aug.* l. 96.

> O loved of Heaven! from out his rocky caves
> For thee the wind-god sweeps along the waves;
> For thee the skies are armed, the heavens prevail,
> And all the winds, invoked, urge on thy sail.

From Torbay the Prince marched direct to Exeter, where, having seen his troops disposed of in proper quarters, he took up his own residence in the deanery.

The fact is a remarkable one, and seems to have hitherto escaped the notice of the historian, that the entry of William into the principal city of the west of England was distinguished by a display of showy magnificence, but little consistent with the natural simplicity of his character, or with the existing state of his affairs. According to the account of a contemporary, who was also apparently an eye-witness, the procession entered the gates of Exeter in the following order:—First appeared a gallant troop of two hundred gentlemen mounted on Flanders horses, splendidly accoutred. These were followed by two hundred

blacks, brought from the Dutch plantations in America; their appearance rendered eminently striking from their embroidered caps lined with white fur, and their plumes of white feathers. Next came two hundred Laplanders, armed with broad-swords, and with the skins of wild beasts thrown over their black armour. The banner of the Prince was next seen in the procession, supported by fifty gentlemen, and as many pages. These were succeeded by fifty war-horses, each animal attended by two grooms. The Prince himself followed, clad in burnished armour, and mounted on a milk-white palfrey; a number of footmen running on each side of him. Next came another troop of two hundred gentlemen, attended by their pages; and to these followed in succession three thousand Swiss; five hundred volunteers, each with two led horses; and lastly, six hundred of the Prince's body-guard in full armour. The rest of the army brought up the rear.* The accuracy of this curious picture, the reader will perhaps, for many reasons, be inclined to doubt. As the account, however, was not only written, but printed at the period, the writer of it would scarcely have entered on such circumstantial details, had his statement not been supported by facts. It would have been foolish to assert what it was in the power of every one to refute.

* "Expedition of his Highness the Prince of Orange to England." 4to. 1688.

Previously to his setting foot in England, the Prince had naturally anticipated, from the representations of those who invited him, that a vast number of influential persons would, immediately on his landing, have joined their fortunes to his own. He had expected also that thousands of the lower classes would have flocked to his standard, and that his presence would be everywhere greeted with extraordinary enthusiasm and joy.

For a time he was destined to be signally disappointed. The recent defeat of the idolized Monmouth, on almost the same ground which the Prince was now occupying, as well as the terrible retributions of the inhuman Jeffreys, still vividly haunted the imaginations of the vulgar; and consequently, when William entered the gates of Exeter, it was with feelings of the bitterest mortification and disgust. Mere neutrality would of itself have been sufficiently dispiriting; but positive opposition, which he had now to look for, had never once been reckoned upon by the Prince. Exeter, however, stubbornly refused to admit the authority of the invader; Lamplugh, the bishop of the diocese, fled frightened to his legitimate sovereign;* and the clergy,—positively refusing

* Henry Earl of Clarendon was present at the King's levee, when Dr. Lamplugh made his appearance. "The Bishop of Exeter," he says in his Diary, "kissed the King's hand: he had quitted Exeter upon the Prince of Orange coming near it. The King received him very graciously, and told him he would make

to attend the cathedral, where a sermon was preached by Burnet,—appeared hostile to him to a man. William, resolute and dauntless as was his character, and accustomed as he had been from his earliest youth to encounter the most adverse changes of fortune, appears at one period to have almost given himself up to despair. According to Burnet, who was constantly near his person, he was unable to conceal his fretfulness from others, and on more than one occasion threatened publicly to return to Holland, and leave those who had invited him over, to the tyranny they had not the courage to oppose.

It appears by the letters of the period, that the slight encouragement which the Prince received in the west of England tended to raise the spirits of the Court party, in the same degree that it discouraged the friends of the Prince of Orange. An unknown correspondent writes on the 10th of November, 1688, to Mr. Ellis, Secretary for the Revenue of Ireland,—"The Prince of Orange is at Exeter twenty thousand strong: he hath bespoke ten thousand pairs of shoes. The country is not fond of him, nor forward to run in to him; they keep good order, but cannot prevail with Coll.

him Archbishop of York."— *Clarendon and Rochester Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 204. James kept his word, and Lamplugh was translated to the Archbishopric, which happened to be then vacant.

Strangways or any of his neighbours to come at them, but they send their inviting letters unopened to the King. They want oxen and horses for draft. Our artillery went out this day. The King follows next Thursday; so that you will imagine we are in a hurry and some confusion. We seized a bag of letters, and a boat of theirs, going for Holland."

The same correspondent writes, three days afterwards,—"It is said the Prince of Orange is now settled at Exeter as his head-quarters, but that most of his companions are lodged in the neighbouring towns, ten or fifteen miles. The six * thousand pair of shoes which he bespoke at Exeter are not yet ready, and so we know not what way they intend to take. Others think that the bespeaking these shoes was but a trick to drill on time, till they could see if any part of England would come in to them; but we are assured their allies come on but slowly, all the West being quiet, and almost unconcerned at their being there, while they pay for what they have. Some of the scurf and meaner part run in to them as they would to see a show, but generally retreat the next day; most of our western people having, ever since Monmouth's time, been much troubled with dreams of gibbets. The Dean and Chapter, as

* *Sic orig.* In the preceding letter the writer speaks of ten thousand.

well as the Bishop, ran away at their coming into Exeter, and so would most of the inhabitants, but that it happens to be a great fair time there." *

After the lapse, however, of a few days, the head-quarters of the invader presented a more stirring scene. The first person of any importance who joined his standard was a Major Barrington, who had formerly served in the army of James. Several influential gentlemen, from the counties of Devon and Somerset, shortly afterwards followed his example, and among these was the celebrated Sir Edward Seymour, who had formerly been Speaker of the House of Commons, and who, singularly enough, had long been conspicuous for his almost bigoted advocacy of Tory principles. In the course of one of his earliest interviews with the Prince,—"I believe, Sir Edward," said the latter, "that you are of the Duke of Somerset's family?"—"No, Sir," was the reply, "the Duke of Somerset is of mine."

Within a few days, the Earl of Abingdon; Mr. Russell, a son of the Earl of Bedford; and others of some note and influence, joined the invader's standard at Exeter. Acceptable, however, as was their presence, William was unable to conceal his dissatisfaction at their tardy zeal. To the first comers, he said with undisguised haughtiness,—"Gentlemen, I have come upon *your* invitation,

* Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iv. pp. 142, 143. 2nd Series.

and I therefore expected you sooner."— "The Duke of Shrewsbury told me," says Lord Dartmouth, "that the Prince was much surprised at this backwardness in joining with him, and began to suspect he was betrayed, and had some thoughts of returning; in which case he resolved to publish the names of all those that had invited him over, which he said would be a just return for their treachery, folly, and cowardice. Lord Shrewsbury told him he believed the great difficulty amongst them was who should run the hazard of being the first; but if the ice were once broken, they would be as much afraid of being the last; which proved very true."* The captiousness, however, which the Prince could not but give vent to, was speedily dissipated by more cheering prospects. Lord Delamere was reported to have raised Cheshire; the Earl of Bath, then Governor of Plymouth, declared openly for the Prince; the Earl of Danby had already seized on York; the Earl of Devonshire declared himself in Derby, and Nottinghamshire was everywhere in arms against the King. In addition to these favourable acquisitions to the cause of William, was the fact of disaffection increasing rapidly in the royal army.

Among the most conspicuous of the early defections from the standard of James, was that of Lord Cornbury, son of Henry Hyde, Earl of

* Burnet's History of his Own Time, note, vol. iii. p. 331.

Clarendon. There is something painful in the manner in which his father, in his private journal, dwells on his son's apostacy:—"O God!" he exclaims, "that my son should be a rebel! The Lord in his mercy look upon me, and enable me to support myself under this most grievous calamity. I made haste home, and as soon as I could recollect myself a little, I wrote to my Lord Middleton to obtain leave for me to throw myself at the King's feet. My lord quickly sent me a most obliging answer, that I might wait on the King when I would. In the afternoon I waited on the King at W. Chiffinch's: I said what I was able upon so melancholy a subject as my son's desertion. God knows I was in confusion enough. The King was very gracious to me, and said he pitied me with all his heart, and that he would still be kind to my family." It will scarcely be believed, that a few days after writing this passage, Lord Clarendon actually followed the example of his son, and fled to the camp of the invader.

Among others who deserted to the Prince of Orange, about the same time with Lord Cornbury, were Lord Colchester, son of the Earl Rivers; the Duke of Grafton, a natural son of King Charles the Second; and more especially, Lord Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough, a man who from his childhood had

basked in the sunshine of royalty, and who owed his peerage, fortune, and high rank in the army, to the personal favour and friendship of the unfortunate James.

One of the last to forsake the fortunes of that monarch, was Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, who at this period filled the post of Lord Chamberlain. Previously to the landing of the Prince, it had been proposed to intrust him with the project of the intended invasion, and endeavour to gain him over to the revolutionary party. Alluding to this circumstance, William, some time afterwards, inquired of the Duke, in what manner he would have acted had he been made privy to the design. "Sir," he replied boldly, "I should have revealed it to the master I then served." There was no less generosity in the King's answer:—"My Lord," he said, "I could not have blamed you."*

The royal army, consisting of about twenty thousand men, was at this period encamped at Salisbury. Thither James hastened to join his friends, but whether influenced by personal timidity, whether depressed by his accumulated misfortunes, and the gradual disaffection of his most trusted friends, or convinced of the utter desperation of his affairs, after remaining only six days with his army, he turned his back upon Salisbury, and retired with a portion of his forces to

* Dalrymple, vol. i. p. 195.

London. It has been supposed, and the supposition appears to be a reasonable one, that had James, at this period, dismissed such of his officers as were known to be disaffected, and filled their places with the more intelligent among the non-commissioned officers, he would probably have turned the tide in his favour, and vanquished the Prince of Orange in the field. So little, indeed, had his tyranny extended to the lower classes, and such was the generous spirit of loyalty which the English then conceived towards their sovereign, that when the last of the Stuarts turned his back upon his own standard, the men are said to have shed tears as they listened to the fact.

In their retreat towards London, the king's forces were followed closely by those of the Prince of Orange, headed by William in person.* In passing by Wilton he paid a visit to that cele-

* The Prince's progress from Taunton to London may be clearly traced by the following extracts from the diary of Patrick Earl of Marchmont.

"30th November.—The Prince quartered at Wincanton: I quartered five miles forward, twelve in all, at Mere in Wiltshire.

"1st of December.—The Prince quartered at Hindon, twelve miles.

"Monday, 3rd December.—The Prince stayed, and I marched on six miles to Wily.

"Tuesday, the 4th.—The Prince came to Salisbury, nine miles, where we quartered; here many of the first rank came in to the Prince.

"Friday, the 7th.—The Prince came to Hungerford.

"Monday, [the 10th,] the Prince went on to Newberry.

"Tuesday, [the 11th,] the Prince went to Abingdon.

brated residence, and appeared much gratified by its beautiful pictures and gardens. He had also intended to visit Oxford, in order to receive the compliments of the University, but circumstances hurrying him on towards London, he sent to decline those honours, which perhaps would have been distributed but sparingly, and the offer of which seems to have been prompted solely by fear. When William, some years afterwards, actually paid a visit to Oxford, Evelyn informs us, the reception he received from the University was so little flattering, that he declined their invitation to a banquet, and remained only an hour in the town.

As he proceeded on his way to London, the country people, in many places, and more especially on his approach to Sarum, were unusually forward in crowding round him, and almost deafened him by their noisy acclamations. Apparently much gratified, he took off his hat and repeatedly bowed to them:—"Thank you, good

"Wednesday, [the 12th,] the Prince went to Wallingford.

"Friday, [the 14th,] the Prince came to Windsor.

"Monday, [the 17th,] the Prince came to Sion House, and lodged with the Countess of Northumberland.

"Tuesday, [the 18th,] about noon, the Prince entered Westminster, with great acclamation and tokens of joy among the people, and ringing of bells and bonfires at night: he lodged in St. James's. That day a meeting of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal declared for the Prince."—*Marchmont Papers*, vol. iii. pp. 101, 102.

people," he said; "I am come to secure the Protestant religion, and free you from Popery."

To the vulgar, the manners of William appear to have been at all times more gracious than to those of higher rank. Some years afterwards, he was passing through a village in the neighbourhood of Windsor, when a woman, determined to get a sight of the King, thrust herself close to the windows of the royal carriage. Having satisfied her curiosity, she exclaimed somewhat contemptuously, though perhaps not with the intention of being overheard,—"Is that the King? why my husband is a handsomer man than he." William stooped towards her and said very seriously,—"Good woman, don't speak so loud; consider I'm a widower."*

After the return of James to the metropolis, some unavailing attempts were made by the unfortunate monarch to recover the popularity which he had lost, or at least to procure as favourable terms as possible from his son-in-law. All such efforts, however, proving ineffectual,—perplexed and confounded by new difficulties and more important defections,—the King at length determined on seeking safety in France. Accordingly, with this view, having in the first instance withdrawn himself through a private passage at Whitehall, he embarked, on the 11th

* Birch. Add. MSS. British Museum.

of December, on board a small barge which was waiting for him on the river.

The news of the King's flight was conveyed with the utmost celerity to the Prince of Orange. At the moment when the tidings reached him, he was dining in the quarters of Marshal Schomberg; and, according to the Earl of Clarendon, who was present on the occasion, was unable to conceal his satisfaction from the bystanders. But the field was not yet entirely open for the Prince. A vessel was expecting James off Margate, but, as is well known, he had proceeded no further than Feversham, when he was seized by some fishermen, and carried back to the metropolis. During his progress through the streets of London, on his return to Whitehall, his presence was everywhere hailed by the fickle, though compassionate, populace, with the loudest acclamations of joy.

The unexpected tidings of his father-in-law's return were as displeasing to the Prince of Orange, as were the unlooked-for evidences of the King's reviving popularity. As the former was the object furthest from the Prince's wishes, it was determined, by every possible indignity, to force James to a new flight; a measure which the unhappy King appears to have been quite as ready to embrace, as his enemies could be eager to enforce it. Accordingly, Lord Feversham, whom James had sent on a mission to the in-

vader, was thrown into prison; the Dutch guards were ordered to do duty at Whitehall; and, moreover, as a last affront, the King's slumbers were suddenly disturbed in the middle of the night by the entrance of Lords Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delamere, who most disrespectfully intruded themselves into his bedchamber. These noblemen peremptorily ordered him, in the name of the Prince, to retire instantly from the palace of his ancestors, and betake himself to a quarter more suitable to the Prince's views and his own altered fortunes.

The house of the Duchess of Lauderdale, at Ham, had been proposed as a suitable asylum for the dethroned monarch; but James, requiring as a last favour, that he might be allowed to make Rochester his residence, and this being in accordance with the projects of his enemies, he was eventually conducted down the river to that place by a Dutch guard. Here he continued to linger for a few days, till, finding all prospect of a favourable change of fortune at an end, he embarked on board a small vessel, on the night of the 23rd of December, 1688, and, accompanied by his natural son, the Duke of Berwick, and two other faithful individuals, landed safely at Ambleteuse, in France.

Notwithstanding the faults committed by the misguided Prince in the hour of his prosperity, there was not a breast, in which a spark of loyalty

and compassion still slumbered, that did not respond to the sorrows of the unhappy James. "It is not to be imagined," says Lord Clarendon in his Diary, "what a damp there was upon all sorts of men throughout the town. The treatment the King had met with from the Prince of Orange, and the manner of his being driven, as it were, from Whitehall, with such circumstances, moved compassion even in those who were not very fond of him."*

* Clarendon and Rochester Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 231.

CHAPTER V.

William takes up his abode in St. James's Palace.—Interesting details respecting the celebrated Lord Craven.—William receives the congratulations of the Bishops, and several official bodies. — Anecdote of Mr. Sergeant Maynard. — "Exeter Association," and refusal of Lord Wharton to sign it.—French Ambassador ordered to quit London.—A free Parliament summoned.—Cautious and phlegmatic conduct of William. — Parliamentary discussions, and resolution that a Catholic is virtually incapable of wearing the Crown.—Vote that the Throne is vacant, carried up to the House of Lords by the grandson of Hampden.—Differences of opinion in the Houses of Lords and Commons.—William's conduct on this occasion.—Ultimate decision in favour of his being called to the Throne.—Proclamation of William and Mary as King and Queen of England.—Their coronation in Westminster Abbey. — James the Second lands at Kinsale, in Ireland.—Is enthusiastically received in Dublin.—Lays siege to Londonderry.—William goes over to Ireland, accompanied by the Prince of Denmark.—Anecdotes of William.—Battle of the Boyne, and William's narrow escape.—Anecdote of General Hamilton. — Death of Marshal Schomberg. — Victories of William in Ireland.—Siege of Limerick.—William returns to England. — His disappointments. — Dismissal of his Dutch Guard. — His notions of royal prerogative. — Anecdote of William and Lord Rochester.

About three o'clock, on the same day that King James quitted Whitehall, — orders having been previously given that the English troops

should remove to a distance of twenty miles from London,—the Prince of Orange took up his abode in St. James's Palace. His last encampment had been at Sion, about seven miles from London, whence, the previous evening, a large body of Dutch troops had been sent to do duty at the royal palaces in the metropolis, as well as at the Tower and other places. Report, flying from mouth to mouth, had considerably exaggerated the numbers of the approaching force, and it was easily believed by the terrified citizens, that the whole of the invading army was on its march to London. The extraordinary darkness of the night added still more to the confusion. James, at this period, had not yet departed for Rochester, and consequently the apprehensions of his few remaining followers were painfully awakened for the safety of their master.

Among these was the celebrated Lord Craven. This was the gay courtier of the reign of James I., the hero of the "tremendous breach of Creutznach," and the supposed husband of the charming Queen of Bohemia; a man who, in the field of battle, had frequently dared death in the cause of his sovereign, and who, amidst the horrors of the Great Plague, had braved it with equal cheerfulness in the cause of humanity. Though now in his seventy-eighth year, he still retained the command of the royal guards, in which capacity he continued to perform his military duties with the

same zeal and alacrity, as when, in the vigour of his youth, he fought under the illustrious banner of the great Gustavus Adolphus.

One more duty was still left for the old soldier to perform. Ascertaining that the Dutch troops were on their way to London, he assembled his men before the palace of Whitehall, and placing himself at their head, prepared to die in defence of his sovereign. The minds of men were eagerly alive to the result, when, about eleven o'clock at night, the sound of the approaching Dutch was plainly perceptible. Learning that Lord Craven was prepared to receive them, they marched through the park in order of battle; their matches lighted and drums beating. In the midst, however, of the general suspense and trepidation, Lord Craven received positive orders from James to retire from his post; a sentence which seems to have been as reluctantly obeyed by his humblest follower, as by Lord Craven himself. It must, indeed, have been a bitter blow for the old soldier; nor would it be easy to analyze the feelings of that good and brave man, when, drawing off the noble troops,—whose fine discipline and gallant appearance constituted the pride and pleasure of his existence,—he left the threshold of his sovereign, and the palace of the ancient monarchs of his native country, to be insulted by the sight of a Dutch burgher-guard standing as sentries at its gates. When he fixed his eyes

on the windows of those apartments,—where, during more than half a century, he had seen four successive monarchs in their pride of place,—where he had mingled in many a scene of revelry, and had received the most substantial proofs of royal bounty,—and then found himself compelled to turn his back upon such a scene, without striking a blow for his unfortunate sovereign, the circumstance was doubtless regarded by him as the bitterest misfortune of his long life. He retired to the care of his beautiful garden at Hampstead-Marshall, where, occupied by the harmless philosophy of rural pursuits, he continued to reside during the few remaining years of his eventful life.

The Prince of Orange, by taking a circuitous route to St. James's, contrived to evade the immense crowds, and the sounds either of acclamation or dissent, which would otherwise have greeted his ears. "It happened," says Burnet, "to be a very wet day, and yet great numbers went to see him; but, after they had stood long in the wet, he disappointed them; for he, who neither loves shows nor shoutings, went through the Park." William, however, looked not for the applause of the vulgar, and those of higher rank were sufficiently forward in paying their adorations to the rising sun. Shortly after his arrival at St. James's, he received the congratulations of the bishops; of a deputation of

lawyers; and of the clergy of the metropolis; as well as of the whole body of Dissenters of the city of London. At the head of the lawyers appeared Sergeant Maynard, who had nearly attained the patriarchal age of ninety. William paying him some compliment on his extraordinary vigour, and remarking that he must have survived all his colleagues in the law,—"Sir," was the happy reply, "if your Highness had not come over, I should have outlived the law itself."* Three days afterwards, William was waited upon by about seventy of the peers, who signed their approval of his proceedings, and their dissent from the government of James; a document known at the time as the "Exeter Association." Of all the Whig noblemen, Lord Wharton, with a bitter sarcasm which must have come home to many present, alone refused his assent:—"I have signed," he said, "so many associations, that I look upon them as trifles."

* The fact is certainly a remarkable one, that the same man should have been introduced to King William, in 1688, who, nearly half a century before, had been actively engaged in the prosecution of the Earl of Strafford, and subsequently of Archbishop Laud. Sergeant Maynard afterwards warmly advocated the cause of Charles the First, when the life of that monarch was in danger, for which he incurred the temporary displeasure of Cromwell, though the Protector subsequently admitted him into favour. His death took place at Gunnersbury, in Essex, on the 9th day of October, 1690, in the 88th year of his age. There is a miniature of him by Hoskyns in the collection at Strawberry Hill.

One of the first steps of the Prince of Orange was to gratify, in a very characteristic manner, his dislike to Louis the Fourteenth, by ordering the French ambassador to quit London in twenty-four hours. Another, and less creditable instance of his early and undue assumption of power, was his keeping the Duke of Beaufort waiting, at least four hours, before he condescended to admit him to an audience.*

M. Barillon writes at this period to Louis the Fourteenth, that the Prince ruled London like a garrison town; and he especially dwells on the disgust conceived by the high-spirited English regiments, at the Dutch soldiers doing duty at the Tower and Whitehall. "I repaired to London," says Sir John Reresby, in his Memoirs, "on the 22nd of January, 1689; where, being arrived, I was presently sensible of a great alteration: the guards, and other parts of the army, which both for their persons and gallantry were an honour to the place, were sent to quarter at a distance, while the streets swarmed with ill-favoured and ill-accoutred Dutchmen, and other strangers of the Prince's army; and yet the city seemed to be mightily pleased with their deliverers, nor perceived their deformity, or the oppression they laboured under, by far more unsupportable than ever they had suffered from the English."

* Reresby's Memoirs, p. 375.

On the circumstances which immediately conduced to the establishment of the Prince of Orange on the English throne; on the genius he displayed in the difficult and delicate part which he was called upon to play; our histories dwell with such careful minuteness, that it would be impertinent to give more than a summary of passing events. The caution and capacity displayed by William at this difficult juncture, were equalled only by the dauntlessness and resolution which had previously distinguished his conduct. The House of Lords was at this period the only recognized branch of the legislature, and by this body it was recommended that the Prince should instantly call a Parliament by circular letters. It was evident to William, however, that a measure of this nature would indicate too great an appearance of usurpation. Accordingly, he deemed it more advisable to summon such members of the House of Commons as had sat in any of the Parliaments of Charles the Second; who, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and fifty of the Common Council, met him a few days afterwards by special invitation. By this assembly an address of thanks was unanimously voted to the Prince; and with their advice and concurrence, a free Parliament was summoned for the 22nd of January, to consult on measures for the settlement of the kingdom.

The day on which the Parliament was fixed to

assemble would of necessity give rise to events and discussions of such vast importance,—not only to the people of England, but to Europe at large,—that it was naturally looked forward to with the deepest anxiety. In the midst of the universal excitement, the phlegmatic Hollander alone appeared calm, rational, and unconcerned. Secluding himself as much as possible in his own apartments, he made no attempts to gain popularity; and was, indeed, coldly and barely civil to those who approached his person. His sole source of amusement appears to have been the chase; in the pursuit of which pleasure, during the general ferment, he seemed, whether affectedly or not, to be fully and agreeably occupied. Only two days before the meeting of Parliament, we find him quietly dining in the country with a private gentleman; apparently insensible to the various interests which were at stake, and to the result of those important deliberations which the short space of forty-eight hours must reveal.

The Parliament assembled on the appointed day; but contented themselves with voting an address of thanks to the Prince for the deliverance which he had brought them, and soliciting him to continue in the administration of affairs till they should have decided on the final settlement of the kingdom. They then adjourned their deliberations to the 28th of the month.

The result of their next meeting was of more

importance. By the Whigs it was maintained, that the flight of James from his kingdom must necessarily be regarded as a voluntary abdication of the supreme power;—that the breach, on the part of that monarch, of his solemn contract with his subjects, had left them at liberty to choose a new governor;—and consequently, that the throne, to all intents and purposes, was then vacant, and altogether at the disposal of the people. To this it was mutually conceded, both by Whig and Tory, that the crown was as much in a state of inability, as if the reigning Prince were either a lunatic or under age; and moreover, what was of still more importance, it was readily agreed to by both parties that a Roman Catholic was virtually incapable of wearing the crown.

A resolution was at length agreed upon by the Commons, — which appeared sufficiently satisfactory to meet the views of all parties, and which, indeed, was eventually voted by a large majority,—"That King James the Second, having endeavoured to subvert the constitution of the kingdom, by breaking the original contract between King and People, and having, by the advice of Jesuits and other wicked persons, violated the fundamental laws, and withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, has abdicated the government, and the throne is thereby vacant." It may be mentioned as rather a singular circumstance, that the person who carried up this celebrated vote to the

House of Lords was Hampden, the grandson of the celebrated patriot, so distinguished for his opposition to the Court during the civil wars.

Immediately after the message had been received from the Commons, a debate took place in the House of Lords, which was protracted till midnight. The point, however, more expressly at issue, was not whether the throne was vacant, for this was pretty generally conceded, but whether the government, in the present extraordinary crisis, should be carried on by a Regency, or by the immediate continuance of the kingly power in another branch. The question was at length carried by the Whig party, though by a majority of only two votes, in favour of the government of a King. The numbers were fifty-one to forty-nine.

It had been cautiously decided by the House of Peers, that the vote of the Commons should be canvassed article by article; and consequently, during the discussions which occupied the following days, there not only was found to exist a wide difference of opinion on many material points, but the more lengthened the debate, the less probability did there appear of its being brought to a satisfactory conclusion. On one point, however, the Lords fully agreed with the decision of the Commons, namely, that the profession of the doctrines of the Church of Rome of itself constituted exclusion from the throne; and on this ground, indeed, they positively refused to receive

a letter addressed to them by James. As regarded, however, another important question, in what channel the supreme power should hereafter be suffered to flow,—whether in the infant son of the deposed King,—in the Prince or Princess of Orange,—or in their joint persons,—debates not only ran extremely high, but some unpleasant recriminations ensued.

At length a free conference was agreed upon between both Houses, but, as it speedily appeared, with no better hope of a satisfactory termination. The same warmth of temper and violent altercations, the same conflicting interests, and the same strenuous, and frequently frivolous, obstructions were again opposed to the settlement of the question. By this time the patience of the Prince of Orange appears to have been completely exhausted. Perceiving that his individual interests were the last attended to, and his name the least often mentioned, he determined to bring his own influence to bear on the settlement of affairs. Assembling the Lords Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Danby, and some other influential persons, he addressed to them, in a memorable speech, such language and arguments as seemed best adapted to the character of his hearers, and most likely to be conducive to his own ends. He told them he could not fail to have heard the various propositions which had been brought forward for the settlement of the kingdom, but that, being unwill-

ing to influence their decisions, he had hitherto refrained from interfering in their debates. He added, that he had come over at *their* desire to defend the liberties of *their* country; that he had listened to their proposal of establishing a regency; that possibly such a measure might be a wise one; but, for his part, if the selection fell on him, he should certainly decline it. On the other hand, he observed, that if they decided on raising the Princess, his wife, to the throne, and making him dependent on her courtesy,—much as he respected her virtues, and willing as he was to acknowledge her rights,—yet he would accept of no dignity dependent upon the life of another. Crowns, he said, might have charms for others, but for him they had none; and therefore, he added, should any of these schemes be adopted, he would give them no aid in settling the government, but would return to his own country, satisfied that, however vain had been his endeavours, he had done his best to secure their freedom and repose.

This subtle and forcible appeal was found to produce the desired effect. The Prince's views and determinations were speedily promulgated, and after a lengthened debate in both houses, it was agreed, on a motion of Lord Danby in the House of Lords, that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be declared King and Queen. The numbers, on this occasion, were sixty-five to forty-five. Six days afterwards, the

same vote was carried in the House of Commons. In the lower House, however, the result was less gratifying to William; the gift of sovereignty being shackled with the famous Declaration of Power; a measure which wisely precluded an undue influence on the part of the Crown, at the same time that it secured the liberties of the people. To the restrictions thus entailed upon him, William, though unwilling to give them his sanction, had no choice but to subscribe.

The day on which these important measures were finally decided upon, was that on which the Princess of Orange returned to the palace of her ancestors, and usurped her father's hearth. That same day, the two Houses of Parliament waited, in state, on the Prince and Princess, and solemnly made them the proffer of the supreme power. The crown was tendered to them by Lord Halifax, and accepted. Immediately afterwards, they were proclaimed King and Queen of England, both Houses of Parliament attending the ceremony. It may be remarked, though more as a personal anecdote than one of historical importance, that previously to the sovereignty of the Prince and Princess of Orange being acknowledged by the legislature, large bodies of the London populace crowded round the Houses of Parliament, and called tumultuously to the members as they passed, to vote

for the settlement of the crown on their new favourites. William, however, though he might have converted these evidences of popularity to his own advantage, yet, with something of a scornful contempt for the vulgar, refused to be indebted to, or associated with, such discreditable partisans, and instantly issued an order for their dispersion.

On the 11th of April, 1689, the coronation of the new King and Queen took place in Westminster Abbey, with the customary splendour and rejoicings. "It was, as usual, a splendid sight," says Reresby: "the procession to the Abbey was quite regular, though not so complete in the number of nobility, as at the two last solemnities of the same kind. Particular care was had of the House of Commons, who had a place prepared for them to sit in, both in the church and in the hall. They had tables spread for them, to which I, among other friends, had the honour of being admitted, as well as to be with them throughout the whole of the show; so that I had a very fair opportunity of seeing all that passed. The Bishop of London crowned them both, assisted by the Bishop of Salisbury, the late Doctor Burnet, who preached the sermon, and two others." At the banquet in Westminster Hall, Dymoke, the Champion, made the usual challenge, but it does not appear to have been responded to.

In the mean time, the unshaken fidelity of the Irish, their extraordinary veneration for the person of their fallen monarch, as well as the succours proffered to James by Louis the Fourteenth, presented him with a favourable opportunity of attempting the recovery of his rights, or, at all events, promised for a time to continue him in his dominion over Ireland. Accordingly, on the 12th of March, 1689, accompanied by his natural sons, the Duke of Berwick, and Fitzjames the Grand Prior, James safely effected his landing at Kinsale, in that country. His appearance at Dublin was hailed by the populace with the loudest expressions of joy; the Roman Catholics everywhere received him with religious ceremonials and heart-felt welcomes; of all the Irish provinces, Ulster alone refused to acknowledge his authority; and, in almost every quarter, a combination of favourable circumstances seemed to promise him success. His first step was to lay siege to Londonderry, and notwithstanding his failure in that celebrated attempt, his affairs at the conclusion of the campaign presented a more promising aspect than might have been anticipated from this military disaster.

While James was thus prosecuting his affairs in Ireland, the affection of the English towards their Dutch liberator appeared visibly on the decline. The succours which he had so tardily despatched to the brave defenders of London-

derry; the victory obtained by the loyal Highlanders at Killicrankie; and the check which the English fleet had recently encountered at Bantry Bay, were circumstances that not only raised very angry clamours in England, but were even sufficient to induce William to quit his new dominions, and to determine on conducting in person the Irish campaign. Accordingly, landing at Carrickfergus on the 14th of June, 1690, and placing himself at the head of thirty-six thousand troops, he prepared, with his usual vigour and discretion, for the approaching contest. He was accompanied on this occasion by the Prince of Denmark. Thus the world not only beheld two powerful monarchs contending personally for empire, but witnessed the ungracious spectacle of a nephew fighting against his uncle, and two sons against their father-in-law.

At the opening of the Irish campaign, William even exceeded himself in the vigour and activity, which had so eminently distinguished him in his contests with former foes. It had, unfortunately, happened that some recent miscarriages in his army, previously to his arrival in Ireland, had in no slight degree depressed the ardour of his soldiers: it was, therefore, to remedy this evil, and to instil a proper confidence into his troops, that his most strenuous exertions were made. With this view he caused his fleet to sail leisurely in sight of the coast; he missed

no opportunity of addressing words of encouragement to the common men; he continued on horseback during the whole day, and at night slept in quarters with his army; while, on all occasions, he was seen the earliest at his post, in hours of either danger or alarm. When one of his generals cautioned him to advance his army by slower marches, — "I come not to Ireland," he said, "to allow the grass to grow under my feet." And, on another occasion, when consulted with regard to the particular wines he would require for his table,—"I intend," he said, "to drink water with my men."

From Loch Britland,—where William had in the first instance assembled his troops, and where he had inspected them in a splendid review, — he marched to Newry and Dundalk, and thence to Ardee. The army of James had, hitherto, continued to retreat before the invading force; but when, on the 29th of June, the latter came in sight of their foe, it was found that the Irish had taken up a strong position on the banks of the Boyne. The situation in which William now found himself was in every respect unfavourable for an attack. The river, which ran between the two armies, was, generally speaking, fordable only by men on foot, and was also rendered dangerous by its occasional depths. Moreover, in front of William's army there ran a deep and deceptive bog, and, in addition to

these disadvantages, the banks, in the occupation of the enemy, were not only extremely rugged, but were covered by old houses and rows of hedges. In the distance was a range of small hills, which also afforded considerable advantage to an army attacked.

William's first step was to proceed with his staff along the banks of the river, for the purpose of examining as closely as possible the advantages of the enemy's position, and deciding on the expediency of bringing them to an engagement. With the view of making his observations more leisurely, and of enabling him to commit his remarks to paper, he had dismounted from his horse, in the course of the morning's investigation, and had seated himself at his ease on the ground. In this position he remained for so long a period, that the enemy had sufficient time to contrive, and almost to put in practice, a deadly scheme for his destruction. Two light field-pieces were concealed in the centre of a troop of horse, which, in the course of their march from one post to another, they contrived to drop unperceived behind a neighbouring hedge. Aim was then taken at the King's horse, which stood beside him, and the moment when he was in the act of remounting the animal, the order was given to fire.

"With the first firing," says Burnet, "a ball passed along the King's shoulder, tore off some of

his clothes, and about a hand-breadth of the skin, out of which a spoonful of blood came; and that was all the harm it did him. It cannot be imagined how much terror this struck in all that were about him. He himself said it was nothing, yet was prevailed on to alight till it was washed, and a plaster put on it; and immediately he mounted his horse again, and rode about all the posts of his army." The Earl of Marchmont also remarks, in one of his memorandums,—"It was sometime believed by the army that the King was killed, and Earl Selkirk, who was with the King, and from whom I had these particulars, galloped to Count Solms, whom he found lying upon his face on the ground crying, and told him the King was well. He would not believe him, till Selkirk asked him if he did not see who it was that came riding along the line on a black horse, and then the Count embraced him in a transport of joy. The Count loved the King much, and was esteemed by him. The wound kept open above three months, mattered much, and did the King so much good, that he has much better health than usual, and was the reason why his physicians made him put an issue into his shoulder after, which did him much good."*

The report that William was killed extended to the Irish army, and subsequently travelled as

* Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 395.

far as Paris without being contradicted. The night that the agreeable tidings reached the French Court, the guns of the Bastille were fired, and Paris was universally illuminated: an outbreak of indecent satisfaction, as discreditable perhaps to Louis, as it was indirectly flattering to William.

On the eve of the battle of the Boyne, several hours were passed by William in privacy and deep meditation. However, having at length decided his plans, at nine o'clock he summoned a council of war, and without soliciting the advice even of his veteran favourite, the Duke of Schomberg, informed them that he had decided on an attack, and that each should receive his respective orders that same night. This cautious and unusual step appears to have been prompted by some distrust which he had conceived of his English followers. The want of confidence, thus implied, was little relished by his generals, and even Schomberg could not entirely conceal his pique:—"It was the first order of battle," he said, "that had ever been *sent* him."

The following morning, about six o'clock, amidst a spirited cannonading, the river was passed by the army of King William in three places. He himself appeared at the head of his cavalry on the opposite bank, where, with his drawn sword in his hand, he was seen, by his voice and gesture, urging on his men to the contest; his ap-

pearance presenting unusual interest, from his arm being bandaged in consequence of his recent wound. In the midst of the conflict which followed, a dragoon, mistaking him for one of the opposite party, pointed a pistol directly at his head. William calmly turned it aside with his hand, — "What," he said, "do not you know your own friends?"

The remaining details of this celebrated engagement are well known. After a brief but warm resistance, the Irish were the first to quit the field, leaving the French and Swiss auxiliaries to encounter the whole force of the English army. James himself is said to have been the first individual who fled. William, alluding to this circumstance, inquired of General Hamilton, who had been brought to him a prisoner, whether he thought the Irish, who as yet kept their ground, would continue the contest any longer? The other answering, — "Upon my honour, I think they will,"—William, alluding to a breach of faith of which Hamilton had recently been guilty, was heard to mutter between his teeth,— "*Your* honour! *Your* honour!" Shortly after this pithy dialogue the Irish were seen retreating from their posts; the order was given for pursuit, and William had the satisfaction of finding his victory complete.

Of the slain about eighteen hundred were Roman Catholics, and five hundred Protestants.

Among the latter was the veteran Schomberg,* who was said to have fought as many battles as he could reckon years. He had succeeded in crossing the water, and, with the impetuosity which had distinguished his youth, was hurrying into the thickest of the contest, when he received his death-wound from the fire of his own followers, who were ignorant their general had proceeded so far. This celebrated man, who, at the period of his death, had attained his eighty-second year, originally entered the service of the States General as a soldier of fortune, had subsequently fought under almost every government in Europe, and obtained the reputation of being one of the first generals of his time.

At the battle of the Boyne fell also the gallant Caillemote, who commanded one of the Protestant regiments. He was a follower of the fortunes of the Duke of Schomberg, and received his death-blow almost at the same moment as his

* Frederick Schomberg, son of John Meinhardt Schomberg, a German noble, by Anne, daughter of Edward Sutton, Lord Dudley. He accompanied King William to England in 1688, when he was created by that monarch, 10th April, 1689, Baron Teyes, Earl of Brentford, Marquis of Harwich, and Duke of Schomberg. He was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, where there is a monument to his memory, the inscription on which reflects little credit on his heirs. His titles were successively inherited by his two sons, Charles and Meinhardt Schomberg, and at the death of the latter in 1719, became extinct.

venerable leader. He was instantly carried back by four of his soldiers to the opposite side of the river. As they were bearing him along, the wounded man addressed himself cheerfully to those who were still crossing the stream:—"*A la gloire, mes enfans!*" he exclaimed, "*à la gloire!*" and shortly afterwards expired.

The day after the battle of the Boyne, William presented himself before the town of Drogheda, which immediately surrendered. He thence proceeded to Dublin, and subsequently, — having taken Wexford, Waterford, and Duncannon Fort, —on the 27th of July quitted his victorious army, for England. On his journey, however, ascertaining that affairs were progressing satisfactorily in his English dominions, and that the French fleet had retired from the coast, he again repaired to the camp, and presented himself under the walls of Limerick, which had become the last retreat of the Irish army. Shortly after his return, a message was sent by him to Boiselot, the governor of Limerick, calling upon him to surrender. When the messenger had duly performed his errand,—"Tell the Prince of Orange," said Boiselot, "that I am anxious to earn his good opinion, and I cannot expect it if I quit my post." It would be needless to dwell on the various particulars connected with this celebrated siege. Eighteen days after William had arrived beneath the walls, the trenches were opened, and

the storming commenced. The attempt, however, proved unsuccessful, and shortly afterwards, leaving Count Solms in command of his army, King William raised the siege and returned to England.

Previously to his being called to the English throne, William appears to have anticipated the same passive obedience from his new subjects, which he had invariably met with from the affectionate Dutch. He was soon destined to be undeceived. The appointment of a committee to inquire into the application of his private revenue;* the opposition he encountered in obtaining toleration for the Dissenting portion of his subjects; the failure of his favourite scheme to introduce, as much as possible, uniformity of worship throughout his dominions; and, finally, the dismissal of his Dutch guards, were sources of severe uneasiness and disappointment. "In England," says Walpole, "he met with nothing but disgusts. He understood little of the nation, and seems to have acted too much upon a plan formed before he came over, and, however

* It was a severe blow to William, when Parliament voted only £1,200,000 for his revenue, instead of the two millions which had been allowed the last King. Both Whig and Tory united in imposing this restriction, and, moreover, reduced the Civil List to £600,000. The motive of the Whigs seems to have been, to render the King subservient to their measures, and dependent on their party; that of the Tories, to disgust the King with their adversaries the Whigs.

necessary to his early situation, little adapted to so peculiar a people as the English. He thought that valour and taciturnity would conquer or govern the world; and vainly imagining that his new subjects loved liberty better than party, he trusted to their feeling gratitude for a blessing, which they could not help seeing was conferred a little for his own sake. Reserved, unsociable, ill in his health, and soured by his situation, he sought none of those amusements that make the hours of the happy much happier."* His anger and dissatisfaction occasionally broke out in a warmth of temper, originally foreign to his character. "The public interests," he said, "were lost in the private passions of party; a King, without a revenue for life, was no better than a pageant of state; the rulers of a Republic might be poor yet honoured; but a Prince, to be respected, must be rich; the worst of all governments was a monarchy dependent for subsistence on its subjects."†

The treatment King William experienced from the party who had invited him to England was unquestionably very different from what he had a right to expect. It was at the express solicitation of others that he had visited this country; he could not but feel that he had per-

* Anecdotes of Painting, Lord Orford's Works, vol. iii. p. 358.

† Dalrymple, vol. i. p. 403.

formed a most important service in behalf of freedom and humanity; and he might reasonably anticipate the gratitude, if not of the entire kingdom, at least of the party whom he had been the means of rescuing from oppression and raising to power. True it is, however, that to this very party he was indebted for the curtailment of his power as a sovereign, and for several encroachments on his personal comforts.

William, though he figures as a Whig monarch, and a Republican Stadtholder, seems to have entertained as high a notion of the royal prerogative as either Queen Elizabeth or Charles the First; and though neither desirous of exacting the personal deference so gratifying to the female representative of the Tudors, nor inclined to encroach on public liberty like the misguided Charles, still he was naturally unwilling to be denied the deference due to him as a sovereign Prince; and still more unwilling,—by being deprived of immunities and privileges which had belonged of right to his predecessors,—to be regarded as a puppet in the hands of a party, or the mere ornamental part of the machinery of a State.

His reign, however, comprehends a melancholy catalogue of disgusts and disappointments; nor could William fail to be aware, that the independent freedom of manner, with which he was frequently addressed by the English nobility,

would not have been obtruded upon him, had he been their legitimate sovereign, instead of the successful assertor of their rights. Among other instances of the imperiousness, with which it was occasionally his lot to meet, may be mentioned the following:—He was once closeted with Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, when, in the course of their conversation, the Earl thought proper to urge him to adopt a line of conduct to which William was extremely averse. At length, Rochester exclaimed with indecent warmth, "Princes must not only hear good advice, but must take it." He was no sooner gone, than William, who seems to have been sensibly affected by this insolent speech, proceeded to pace the apartment several times, muttering frequently between his teeth the words, "must—must." At length, turning to Lord Jersey, he said, "If I had ordered him to be thrown out of the window, he *must* have gone; I do not see how he could have hindered it."

The picture which Burnet draws of the state of the King's mind, immediately after his accession to the throne, is not without its interest or its moral. "That," he says, "which gave the most melancholy prospect, was the ill state of the King's health, whose stay so long at St. James's without exercise or hunting, which was so much used by him that it was become necessary, had brought him under such a weakness that it was

likely to have very ill effects; and the face he forced himself to set upon it, that it might not appear too much, made an impression upon his temper. He was apt to be peevish: it put him under a necessity of being much in his closet, and of being silent and reserved; which, agreeing so well with his natural disposition, made him go off from what all his friends had advised, and he had promised them he would set about,—of being more visible, open, and communicative. The nation had been so much accustomed to this during the two former reigns, that many studied to persuade him, it would be necessary for his affairs to change his way, that he might be more accessible and freer in his discourse. He seemed resolved on it, but he said his ill health made it impossible for him to execute it; and so he went on in his former way, or rather he grew more retired, and was not easily come at, nor spoke to. And in a few days after he was set on the throne, he went to Hampton Court; and from that palace he came into town only on council days; so that the face of the Court, and the rendezvous usual in the public rooms, was now quite broken: this gave an early and general disgust."

In addition to other causes of annoyance to which William was exposed, may be mentioned the circumstance of the number of traitors by whom he knew himself to be surrounded, and the difficulty of knowing where to repose con-

fidence. Lord Dartmouth observes, in one of his notes to Bishop Burnet's History:—"The Earl of Portland once in discourse with the King, (I had it from one that was present,) said the English were the strangest people he had ever met with; for by their own accounts of one another, there was never an honest nor an able man in the three kingdoms; and he really believed it was true. The King told him he was very much mistaken, for there were as wise and honest men amongst them, as were in any part of the world, (and fetched a great sigh,)—'but, he added, they are not my friends.'" King William's sentiments, with regard to the Scottish portion of his subjects, may be inferred from a witty remark that he made to the Duke of Hamilton. That nobleman,—with the kindly feeling of nationality which is the characteristic of his countrymen,—was once lauding Scotland to the skies, when William cut him short in his harangue:—"My Lord," he said, "I only wish the country was a hundred thousand miles off, and that you were the king of it."

CHAPTER VI.

Character and habits of the Scottish Highlanders.—Lord Dundee's opposition to William. — Sketch of his character.—Anecdote of Lord Dundee.—Battle of Killicrankie, and death of Dundee.—Epitaph on him by Dr. Pitcairn.—Flight of the survivors of his army to France, and their subsequent sufferings.—Their daring in battle.—They are ultimately disbanded.—Unsettled state of the Highlands.—Lord Breadalbane's proposal to distribute money among the disturbed districts.—Accepted at first by the English Government, but afterwards declined, at the instigation of his Lordship's enemies.—Circumstances that led to the massacre of Glencoe.—Details of that massacre. — Treachery of Captain Campbell of Glenlyon. — Extract from Sir Walter Scott's poems.—Anecdotes connected with the massacre.—Horror excited by it throughout the kingdom.—William's explanation of the affair.—Letters addressed to him by Lord Tarbet on the subject of the state of the Highlands, discovered after his death.—Probability that William was utterly ignorant of the extent to which it was proposed to carry on the massacre.

THE circumstances connected with the dreadful massacre of Glencoe are fraught with an interest of at once so romantic and so painful a nature, and the concurrence of William in that dark and detestable tragedy has fixed so indelible a blot upon his character, that it would be impossible to pass over such an event in silence. At the period

of which we are treating, the enthusiasm excited in favour of the exiled King had extended itself, almost universally, among the free hearts and wild fastnesses of the Highlands of Scotland. This singular and interesting people were then, as at the present day, divided into distinct clans, but united by stricter bonds and higher notions of partisanship, than at present constitute the distinguishing features of their national character. The sentiments with which each individual of his tribe regarded his brother clansman, resembled that sacred feeling which unites an attached family, rather than the cold ties of distant consanguinity. Each tribe could trace its descent from a single ancestor or common head, and, although, in the course of years, the parent stream might have branched off into various channels, still the simple fact, that even the most indigent clansman could claim a relationship with his chief, served to cement between them a bond of family union, and generated in the humblest Highlander an honourable self-respect. In fact, in honouring his chieftain each honoured himself; the dignity of the clan constituted a family compact; and an insult offered to a single individual was regarded as an injury and affront to the whole. The attachment with which the clansman regarded his chieftain partook of the character of enthusiasm, and, as it was invariably repaid by the latter with a fatherly and protecting kindness, obligations

were cemented on both sides, which were found mutually advantageous. The sword and the advice of the chieftain were always to be had in the hour of need; his hall was the common meeting-place of the clan, and afforded food to the hungry, and to the weary shelter and the hospitable blaze. The very walls of the chieftain's castle, from being associated with wild legends of battles and sieges, inspired an interest common to all. Its courts were still the general assembling-place in the hour of danger. In war they echoed with the clang of arms and the shrill notes of the pibroch, and in peace with the sounds of rude festivity and social mirth.

The character of the Scottish Highlander presented at this period a singular mixture of good and bad qualities. On the one hand, it was distinguished by an almost patriarchal simplicity, by romantic courage, and feelings of the most high-minded independence; while, on the other, it was tarnished by a savage ferocity, a mean cunning, and an invincible addiction to plunder, and even to low theft. It appears, indeed, almost incredible, that the same men, who gave up their bed to the weary and their food to the hungry,—who tended the sick stranger with an almost feminine interest and care,—could enter mercilessly on the most barbarous reprisals, and, losing sight of every feeling of humanity, alike rejoice in the burning of the castle or the cot;

could mingle their wild music with the screams of the widow and the orphan, and listen with scorn and derision to the dying curses and agonies of a brave though hereditary foe.

The light and picturesque garb of the Highlander was equally adapted to the romantic scenes among which he dwelt, as to the feats of strength and activity he was called upon to perform. None, indeed, but those who have seen the tartan floating on the free hills, and among the wild ravines of Scotland, can imagine the stirring interest excited, and the extraordinary beauty of the scene, when the gathering of a clan clothed the hills around with a host of warlike mountaineers; when the pibroch echoed from fastness to fastness; and when, inspirited by their native music to an almost frenzied courage, they advanced to meet the foe;—the eye now catching a glimpse of their polished weapons and gaudy habiliments as they wound round some rugged height, and then again losing sight of them, as some intervening promontory excluded them from the view.

The Highlander usually built his rude hut by the side of one of the mountain streams which flow through his beautiful valleys. Here, with the exception of the spring and autumn months, when he was employed in sowing and reaping his grain, his time was in general occupied in the tumult of war or the pleasures of the chase.

During the summer he invariably lived in the open air, the sky above him his only canopy, and his plaid his only covering; while, in winter, either in the hall of his chieftain or in his own cottage, he sat beside the cheerful blaze, listening with eager attention either to the bard of his clan, or to one of the grey-headed fathers of the tribe as he recounted some wild tale or tradition, the story of almost superhuman valour on the field of battle, or,—what was more intensely absorbing to the superstitious Highlander, —a legend of the re-appearance of the dead.

The tastes of the Highlander were rude; his pleasures few, and his wants fewer: his enjoyments, however, were suited to his condition, and his means sufficient for his wants. The notes of his native bagpipe, however discordant and repulsive to more refined ears, served alike to soften him to pity, to arouse his valour on the field of battle, or to enliven and inspirit him in the dance.

It was chiefly from among these gallant mountaineers that the brave and unfortunate Dundee contrived to fill his ranks, when, for the last time, he drew his sword in the cause of his exiled sovereign. Having determined to oppose by force the claims of King William, his first step was to fly to Inverness, in the neighbourhood of which town the Highland clans were in open arms against each other. Having ascertained

that the cause of their animosity was merely a difference on some pecuniary question, Dundee instantly paid the sum in dispute:—"Is this the time," he said, "when King James most wants your services, to draw those daggers, which ought alone to be thrust into the hearts of his enemies?" His arguments had the desired effect; and, accordingly, having recruited his ranks in the neighbourhood of Inverness, he proceeded to wander over various parts of the Highlands, encouraging the cautious and animating the brave, till, after the lapse of a few months, he found himself at the head of as many as six thousand men.

The character and capacity of Dundee were singularly adapted to the peculiar duties which he found himself called upon to perform. His heart was inflamed, as well by the freshest feelings of loyalty, as by the most chivalrous aspirations after glory and renown. In his childhood he had listened with rapture to the wild and inspiriting strains of the Highland bards; and as he increased in years, the taste, thus early conceived, was improved by perusing the poetry of other countries and the effusions of more gifted minds: moreover, the pages of the historian were opened to him, and as he read the deeds of the many great men who had preceded him, he is said to have been inflamed with the most ardent longing to emulate their renown.

With a view of instructing himself in the mode of warfare of other nations, as well as of acquiring a knowledge of foreign languages and an insight into mankind, Dundee had early absented himself from his native country. Before many years had passed, he had served in the ranks of almost every monarch in Europe; obtaining a command whenever it was in his power, and at other times serving cheerfully as a volunteer. His military services,—especially against the Scottish Covenanters,—had obtained him a regiment from Charles the Second and from James the Second a peerage. In performing his last mentioned service he has been accused of cruelty, and the charge is perhaps not unfounded; however, his own apology for his conduct is undoubtedly the best:—"If terror," he said, "either ends or prevents war, it is then true mercy." Something of personal animosity seems to have influenced him in his opposition to King William. At the battle of Seneffe, Dundee, then in the Dutch service, had saved the life of William; and as he might naturally expect so valuable a service would be gratefully repaid, he shortly afterwards applied for the command of a regiment. This, for some reason, being refused, Dundee instantly quitted the Dutch service. "The soldier," he said, "who has not gratitude, cannot be brave."

Although at the head of six thousand gallant

men, Dundee was undoubtedly not in a condition to oppose himself to the large body of regular troops which had been sent against him by King William. His hopes, however, rested on a large reinforcement which James had promised to send him from Ireland, till whose arrival he was compelled to shut himself up in the rugged fastnesses of the Highlands. Heartbreaking to the ardent soldier as this restraint is described to have been, it nevertheless afforded eminent proofs of the peculiar genius of the individual, as well as of the extraordinary faithfulness and courage of his men. Nothing, indeed, could exceed the sufferings endured by this gallant band. For the purpose either of procuring food or of distressing the enemy, they were constantly compelled to shift from fastness to fastness, performing their journeys by the most astonishing marches, and under the most painful privations from hunger and fatigue. During the whole of this period the sufferings of Dundee were voluntarily those of his humblest follower. He exempted himself from no danger and no difficulty. His food he sent to the sick, and he even carried the arms of the weary. He marched on foot with his men, sometimes walking by the side of one clan, sometimes of another, and on these occasions animated them either by recounting the deeds of their ancestors, by relating some merry tale, or reciting

to them some spirited passage from their ancient bards.

With all this ingratiating freedom and familiarity, his discipline at times appears to have been almost intolerably severe. Of this we have a memorable instance on record. A youth, of good family, in a skirmish with the enemy, was so overcome by his fears, as to run away; however, as it was his first engagement, Dundee, with equal policy and good nature, expressed to the young soldier the interest he took in his welfare, and to save him from irremediable disgrace, pretended that he had sent him with a message to the rear. This act of generosity was unfortunately but ill requited; and in the next encounter with the enemy the youth again fled. Dundee sent for him to the front of his army,—"It is not right," he said, "that the son of a gentleman should suffer by the common executioner,"—and drawing a pistol from his belt, instantly shot him dead with his own hand. Death, indeed, was his penalty for almost every offence: "All other punishments," he said, "disgraced a gentleman."

Dundee had been shut up in the Highlands about two months, when he was at length joined by his expected reinforcements from Ireland: as they consisted, however, of no more than five hundred raw and undisciplined recruits, they proved but an indifferent accession of strength.

Nevertheless, with the force now under his command, Dundee made up his mind to encounter the royal forces under M'Kay, who were at this period encamped at Dunkeld. Near this place was the celebrated and romantic pass of Killicrankie, extending in length about two miles, and presenting, to the lovers of scenery and romance, one of the most interesting spots in the Highlands. The pass itself, which was then merely sufficient to allow a few men to walk abreast, winds along the side of a lofty mountain, which rises almost perpendicularly above it. Beneath is a fearful precipice, at the bottom of which flows a dark-coloured mountain stream, forming, to the present day, a scene of unusual sublimity and grandeur.

This pass it would have been very easy for Dundee to defend against any force that could have been brought against him. On the other hand, an advantage of so negative a nature could only have tended to prolong the warfare, while it would afford time to M'Kay's remaining forces to join their general: moreover, at the present moment, Dundee's great and paramount object was, by a decisive victory, to inspire confidence into his own troops, and induce others to join the standard of the exiled King. Such were his own views in the present juncture. To his followers, however, he contented himself with recalling an ancient prejudice which existed among the Highland

clans,—that it was dishonourable to attack an enemy at a disadvantage:—"I think not so meanly of you," he said, "as to believe you have degenerated from the ancient maxims of your forefathers."

The following day, the 16th of July, 1689, the fearful pass of Killicrankie was entered by the troops of M'Kay. To their astonishment, probably to their satisfaction, not a Highlander appeared to oppose them. The dreadful precipice was below; the weak must have yielded to the strong, and, had a contest taken place, thousands of the living and the dead must have rolled promiscuously into the horrible ravine. No sooner, however, had they wound their way to the end of the pass, than the Highlanders were discovered in close array drawn up on the side of the mountain. Dundee displayed his usual foresight and sagacity in the selection of this spot. Not only would the bushes, with which it was covered, conceal the paucity of his followers, and prevent the onset of cavalry, but, moreover, in the event of defeat, it would enable his people to escape over rugged and broken tracks, where it would be impossible for regular troops to make their way.

For the space of two hours the opposing forces remained in sight of each other. The evening, however, closing in, about half an hour before sunset Dundee gave the order to charge. His

last words to his followers were characteristic of the man:—"If any of us," he said, "shall fall upon this occasion, we shall have the honour of dying in our duty, and as becomes true men of valour and conscience; and such of us as shall live and win the battle, shall have the reward of a gracious King, and the praise of all good men. In God's name, then, let us go on, and let this be your word, —King James and the Church of Scotland, which God long preserve."*

Immediately, the Highlanders poured down the side of the mountains: for a short period victory appeared as doubtful as the conflict was furious; but at length the Royalists were seen flying in dismay. Dundee, who had hitherto fought on foot, now mounted his horse, and appeared the foremost in pursuit. Unfortunately, his zeal cost him his life. Perceiving how far he had outridden his gallant Highlanders, he was in the act of raising his sword in the air for the purpose of hastening their speed, when a ball struck him in an opening in his armour under the arm, and compelled him to desist from the pursuit. He was almost immediately overtaken by some of his own followers, but had scarcely time to enjoin them to keep his wound a secret, ere he fell fainting from his horse.

When he had in some degree recovered, he

* Macpherson's Original Papers, vol. i. p. 372.

expressed a wish to be raised up, and gazed earnestly upon the late scene of conflict. His first inquiry was as to the result of the day. Being told that all was well,—"Then," he said, "I am well." Before he expired, he had time enough to dictate a characteristic letter to King James. "Both officers and common men," he writes, "Highlands, Lowlands, and Irish, behaved themselves with equal gallantry to whatever I saw in the hottest battles fought abroad by disciplined armies; and this M'Kay's old soldiers felt on this occasion. My wounds forbid me to enlarge to your Majesty at this time, though they tell me they are not mortal. However, Sir, I beseech your Majesty to believe, whether I live or die, I am entirely yours." * Having performed this last act of duty to his sovereign, the hero, a few minutes afterwards, expired.

The following fine epitaph, which received the compliment of being translated by Dryden, was written shortly after Dundee's death, by Dr. Pitcairn :—

Ultime Scotorum, potuit quo sospite solo
Libertas patriæ salva fuisse tuæ:
Te moriente, novas accepit Scotia cives,
Accepitque novos, te moriente, deos.
Illa tibi superesse negat, tu non potes illi:
Ergo Caledoniæ nomen inane vale.
Tuque vale, gentis priscæ fortissime ductor,
Ultime Scotorum, atque ultime Grame, vale.

* Macpherson, vol. i. p. 372.

The following is Dryden's translation:

O last and best of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign.
New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thou did in each other live,
Nor wouldst thou her, nor could she thee survive.
Farewell, who dying didst support her state,
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

On the spot where Dundee received his death-wound, the Highlanders raised a large stone, which may be seen at the present day. When King William was told that the news of the defeat of Killicrankie had reached Edinburgh by express,—"Then I am sure," he said, "that Dundee must be dead, or otherwise he would have reached Edinburgh before it." Again, when he was advised to despatch a large force to the Highlands, in consequence of M'Kay's recent defeat,—"No," he replied, "it is quite useless: the war ended with the life of Dundee."

After the fall of their gallant leader, the greater number of Dundee's officers retired to France, where a small pension was conferred on them by the French King. When this boon was subsequently withdrawn, deprived of all honourable means of subsistence, and finding themselves a burden to their unfortunate master, King James, these brave exiles solicited permission to form themselves into a regiment of private soldiers, merely stipulating that the selection of their

officers should be left in their own hands. "James," says Dalrymple, "assented: they repaired to St. Germains to be reviewed by him, before they were modelled in the French army. A few days after they came, they posted themselves, in accoutrements borrowed from a French regiment, and drawn up in order, in a place through which he was to pass as he went to the chase; an amusement of which he became passionately fond after the loss of his kingdom. He asked who they were? and was surprised to find they were the same men, with whom, in garbs better suited to their ranks, he had the day before conversed at his levee. Struck with the levity of his own amusement, contrasted with the misery of those who were suffering for him, he returned pensive to the palace. The day he reviewed them, he passed along the ranks, wrote in his pocket-book, with his own hand, every gentleman's name, and gave him his thanks in particular; and then, removing to the front, bowed to the body, with his hat off.* After he had gone away, still thinking

* The following is said to have been the speech of King James on this occasion to the Scottish brigade. If genuine, and there is no reason to believe the contrary, it does credit to the kindly feeling of that monarch.

"My own misfortunes are not so nigh my heart as yours. It grieves me beyond what I can express, to see so many brave and worthy gentlemen, who had once the prospect of being the chief officers in my army, reduced to the stations of private sentinels. Nothing but your loyalty, and a few of my subjects

that honour enough was not done them, he returned, bowed again, and burst into tears. The body kneeled, bent their heads and eyes steadfast upon the ground; and then, starting up at once, passed him with the usual honours of war, as if it was only a common review they were exhibiting."

It is almost a painful duty to record the subsequent fate of these gallant men. From St. Germains they were sent, on a march of nine hundred miles on foot, to the frontiers of Spain. "Wherever they passed," we are told, "they were received with tears by the women, with respect by some of the men, but with laughter at the awkwardness of their situation, by most of them." Brave and uncomplaining; obedient to orders; ever the foremost in an onset and

in Britain, who are forced from their allegiance by the Prince of Orange, and who I know will be ready upon all occasions to serve me, and my distressed family, could make me willing to live. The sense of what all of you have done, and undergone for your loyalty, hath made so deep an impression in my heart, that if ever it please God to restore me, it is impossible for me to be forgetful of your services and sufferings. Neither can there be any posts in the armies of my dominions, but what you have just pretensions to. As for my son, and your prince, he is your own blood, capable of any impressions; and as his education will be from you, it is not supposable he can forget your merits. At your own desires, you are now going a long march, far distant from me. I have taken care to provide you with money, shoes, stockings, and other necessaries. Fear God and love one another. Write your wants particularly to me, and depend upon it always to find me your parent and king."

Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 18, *Appendix*.

the last in a retreat; forgetting their own sufferings and misfortunes in the all-absorbing attachment which they conceived for their legitimate sovereign; during the course of six years, these noble-minded exiles encountered a series of vicissitudes and privations, which were only exceeded by the dignity with which they were endured. On two occasions alone are they said to have disobeyed orders. The first time was at the siege of Roses, where their ranks had become so thinned by disease, that, with a view to their recovery, they were ordered to quit the camp. Distressed, however, as was their condition, the order was deeply resented as an affront, and, till they had despatched a remonstrance to Marshal Noailles, they positively refused to retire. The second occasion of their breaking orders was in making a lodgment in an island on the Rhine. The French, believing the river to be impassable on foot, had ordered a number of boats for this service: previously, however, to their arrival, the gallant exiles, tying their clothes and accoutrements to their shoulders, and placing their strongest men where the current was most impetuous, joined hand in hand, and in the sight of both armies, drove ten times their number from the island. The French were unable to conceal their admiration, and were loud in their applause:— "*Le gentilhomme,*" they exclaimed, "*est toujours gentilhomme.*"—"A gentle-

man, in every situation, is still a gentleman." So highly, indeed, did the French appreciate this gallant service, that they conferred on the island the title of L'Isle d'Ecosse, a name which it retains to the present day.

The remaining particulars concerning the fate of the Scottish brigade may be related in a few words. Neglected by the French government, and with few of their wants attended to, they were ordered from the frontiers of Spain to Alsace. During this long march, their clothes are said to have fallen from them in tatters, and they were frequently in want of food, and the commonest necessaries of life. To add to their distressing condition, the face of the country, after they passed Lyons, was covered with snow; and yet, amidst all these miseries and privations, not a single complaint appears to have passed their lips, and the cry of "Long live King James," was sufficient to enliven them even in the extremity of their misfortunes. At the close of the war, they were disbanded on the banks of the Rhine, fifteen hundred miles from their own home, without the slightest provision being made for them. At this period, owing to the ravages of disease and war, their numbers were reduced to sixteen, and of these only four made their way to Scotland. The survivors of Thermopylæ had less to boast of on their return to Sparta, than had the heroes of Killicrankie and

Roses, the last remaining companions of the gallant Dundee.

We must now return to those circumstances which led more immediately to the fearful massacre of Glencoe. Notwithstanding the death of Dundee, the Highlands of Scotland continuing in a discontented and unsettled state, it was proposed to the English government, by the Earl of Breadalbane, that the sum of twelve or fifteen thousand pounds should, on certain conditions, be distributed among the disturbed districts; and, moreover, that pensions should be settled on the principal Highland chiefs. Breadalbane's propositions were listened to by the English ministry; a sum of money, of the amount required, was actually transmitted to him; and a satisfactory understanding with the more influential chieftains appeared on the point of being established, when, in consequence of the machinations of Breadalbane's enemies, the treaty was suddenly broken off.*

Among the foremost of these persons were

* When the treaty with the Highland chieftains was finally broken off, the Earl of Nottingham, it is said, wrote to Breadalbane, calling upon him to account for the large sum which he had received, when the latter replied as follows to the demand:—"My Lord, the Highlands are quiet; the money is spent; and this is the best way of accounting among friends."—*Dalrymple*, vol. ii. p. 221, *Appendix*.

Macky says of Breadalbane:—"He is as cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, but as slippery as an eel. No government

the Duke of Hamilton, and Macdonald, chieftain of Glencoe; the latter a man especially offensive to the Earl of Breadalbane, not only from the hereditary animosity which had long divided their families, but from the fact that he had ravaged the Earl's estates during the recent hostilities. The powerful position and high station of the Duke of Hamilton probably saved him from Breadalbane's revenge, but on the unfortunate Macdonald he was determined to wreak his vengeance to the full.

During the recent negociations with the Highland chieftains, a proclamation had been issued by the Government, offering pardon and indemnity to all rebels who should take the oath of allegiance by a stated day. It was followed, however, by a denunciation,—termed in the law of Scotland, "Letters of Fire and Sword,"—on whomsoever should neglect to avail themselves of the indulgence. The first of January, the day fixed by the proclamation, was close at hand, and Macdonald of Glencoe was the only one of the rebel chieftains who had failed to take the oath. However, he seems to have

can trust him but where his own private interest is in view. He knows neither honour nor religion, but where they are mixed with interest, and then they serve as specious pretences. He is of a fair complexion; has the gravity of a Spaniard; now sixty years old."—*Memoirs of the Secret Services of John Macky*, pp. 199, 200.

been subsequently convinced of the necessity of submission, and on the last day of December, presented himself before Colonel Hill, the governor of Fort William, and requested that he would administer to him the oath. This, on the ground of his not being a civil officer, was declined by Hill, and accordingly Macdonald repaired with the utmost despatch to Inverary, the county town of Argyle, in hopes of meeting with better success. Unfortunately, the snow lay so thick upon the ground, that he was unable to present himself before the proper authorities till the day prescribed in the proclamation had elapsed. The oath, however, though tardy, was tendered and accepted, and Macdonald returned to his own people in the valley of Glencoe, believing that he had virtually conformed to the spirit of the treaty, and fully confiding in the forbearance and protection of the ruling powers.

This slight, and almost unavoidable, departure from the strict terms of the proclamation, was sufficient for the diabolical purposes which Breadalbane had in view. Accordingly, he represented Macdonald to King William as one of the bitterest and most dangerous opponents of his government; he spoke of him as a man whose course of rapine and bloodshed had long rendered him the scourge of the surrounding districts, and unhesitatingly recommended, that Macdonald himself, as well as his family and his

dependants, should be swept for ever from the face of the earth.

Whether William was ever made aware of Macdonald's tardy, though unqualified submission, there is unfortunately no evidence to decide. Certain, however, it is, that the terrible order for exterminating a whole people, innocent as well as guilty, was both signed and countersigned by the King's own hand. The order for execution appears to have been transmitted to the Master of Stair, Secretary for Scotland, and by him forwarded to Livingstone, the general commanding the troops in that country. It was further accompanied by some barbarous instructions, that the victims of this terrible policy should on no account have any warning of their fate; that no quarter should be allowed them; that no prisoners should be made, but that all should indiscriminately be put to the sword.

After passing through several hands, the warrant for execution was eventually intrusted to a Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, who, in the month of February, 1691, placed himself at the head of two companies of Argyle's regiment, and marched them into the beautiful valley of Glencoe. Macdonald, hearing of their approach, sent to inquire their business. He was assured that their errand was a peaceable one; that they merely came to collect the usual land-tax and hearth-money; and that no inhabitant of the valley should re-

ceive the slightest injury at their hands. Satisfied with this explanation, Macdonald and his gallant clansmen, with the almost proverbial hospitality of Highlanders, lost no opportunity of rendering the stay of the intruders as agreeable as possible. Friendships were unsuspectingly formed; Campbell, who headed the intended assassins, and who was a relation of Macdonald's wife, became the guest of the chieftain; the soldiers were provided with free quarters in the houses of the tenantry; and for a space of fourteen days the harmony of the valley remained unbroken.

On the night of the fourteenth day, Campbell supped as usual with the family of his host. There happened to be several relatives and retainers of Macdonald in the house, and, among other guests, the Laird of Auchintrincken, who at this very moment had a protection from the Government in his pocket. With these persons Campbell passed the evening in social mirth, and, with his officers, joined the family in a game of cards. About seven o'clock, taking leave of them with the warmest professions of friendship and good-will, Campbell passed from the door of his host.

It was only a few hours afterwards, that the fire of muskets, mingled with the shrieks of women and children, was heard distinctly through the valley. The house of the chieftain was suddenly surrounded by soldiers; the doors

were broken open; the bedchamber of Macdonald was entered, and its occupant shot through the head. A terrible and promiscuous slaughter followed. Thirty-eight individuals, among whom was the Laird of Auchintrincken, were killed outright; women were slain in the act of defending their children: in one place, nine men, who were quietly enjoying themselves at table, were butchered by the soldiers; and in Campbell's own quarters, the same number of victims were first bound, and afterwards deliberately shot at intervals, one by one. A boy, only eight years old, was stabbed by one Drummond, a subaltern, in the act of praying for his life; and the wife of Macdonald, distracted by the sight of her husband's death, and the scene of slaughter she had witnessed, expired the next day.

Nor was this the conclusion of the tragedy. On the night of the massacre, the whole of the cottages, belonging to the devoted clan, were burnt to the ground; their goods and cattle were carried off; and, in the midst of winter, with the snow lying deep on the ground, women and children were seen wandering through the valley, without food to eat or garments to cover them. Suffering from the inclemency of the elements, and trembling with apprehension, lest the terrible assassins should be still near them, several of these wretched and persecuted indivi-

duals survived the sight of their blazing homes only a few hours: indeed, it was believed that almost as many expired in the neighbouring mountains from the effects of the intense cold, as had previously perished by the sword.

Their flag was furled, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.
His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality!
The friendly hearth which warmed that hand,
At midnight armed it with the brand,
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

Then woman's shriek was heard in vain;
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery!
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that clothed the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than Southern clemency.

Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-haired master's misery.

Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring
'Revenge for blood and treachery!' *

Great as was the actual slaughter at Glencoe, it seems to have been in no slight degree owing to the following fortunate, and, it may be said, providential occurrence, that the number of the slain was not considerably greater. One of Macdonald's sons, remarking that on this particular night the guards had been doubled, entertained a painful suspicion that treachery was near. He communicated his apprehensions to his brother, and their mutual anxiety was not lessened, by a remark which they overheard one of the soldiers address to a comrade:—"He liked not the work," observed the man; "he feared not to fight the Macdonalds in the open field, but he could scarcely persuade himself to murder them in their sleep." The brothers, at this time, were at some distance from their father's house: though unable to reach it before the dreadful massacre had commenced, they were, however, fortunately in time to prepare others for the scene that was to follow.

Another circumstance, which had the effect of diminishing the number of the slain, was the fact that the passes, which led to the valley, had been less carefully secured than was originally intended.

* Sir Walter Scott, Miscellaneous Poetry.

The design of the assassins was to have slaughtered every individual below the age of seventy; but in consequence of this neglect of orders, as many as one hundred and sixty individuals appear to have escaped from the sword.

The extreme horror and indignation excited throughout the whole of the British dominions, by the tale of this fearful tragedy, could not fail to reach the ear of King William. Whether affectedly or not, he expressed the strongest commiseration for the unfortunate sufferers, and unhesitatingly affirmed that he had no remembrance of having given the fatal order, and that it must have been signed by him, among a mass of other papers, without knowing its contents. Such was William's own explanation of the affair: however, as he screened the offenders, few gave him the credit of ignorance, or placed any faith in the abhorrence which he professed for the deed. Few, indeed, will be inclined to believe, that a document of such importance could be laid before the King for his signature, unaccompanied by some explanation from his ministers in regard to its contents.

The fact is undoubted, that, for some time, a correspondence had been carried on between Lord Tarbet and the English government, respecting the propriety of adopting a ruthless policy, similar to that which was enacted at Glencoe. After King William's death, several letters were found,

addressed to him by Lord Tarbet, in which, in the event of the Highlanders refusing the oath of allegiance,—it was proposed that they should be massacred in cold blood. Lord Tarbet affirms in this correspondence, that the last Highland campaign had cost the government £150,000, and gives it as the opinion of many of his Majesty's counsellors, that it were "better to root them out by war, than to give them any favour."*

As regards William's personal share in the massacre of Glencoe, the presumption seems to be, that, when he signed the death-warrant of the Macdonalds, he imagined that it merely comprehended the execution of a dangerous enemy and a few of his more daring retainers. Indeed, that he knowingly consented to the annihilation of a whole clan,—to the promiscuous slaughter of the helpless and the young,—not only our preconceived notions of his character, but our regard for the common credit of human nature, most undoubtedly prompt us to disbelieve.

* Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 209, Appendix.

CHAPTER VII.

William determines on paying a visit to his native country.—Leaves Kensington, January 16, 1691.—Embarks at Gravesend.—On nearing the Dutch coast, he quits the ship, and is exposed for eighteen hours in an open boat.—His calmness in the midst of danger.—Lands at Goree, and proceeds to the Hague.—Magnificent preparations made for his arrival.—Calamy's description of the public rejoicings.—William appoints Von Tromp to the command of the Dutch fleet.—His meeting with the States General.—Anecdote illustrative of his love of country.—He prevails on the States to join the confederacy against France.—Capture of Namur by the French.—Lampoon suggested by William's return to England.—Burnet's account of his behaviour at the battle of Landen.—Compliment paid to his bravery by the Prince de Condé.—His right to the British throne acknowledged by the French King.—Peace of Ryswick.—Addison's Latin poem on the subject.—William's offer to Swift of a captaincy of horse.—Anecdote related by the Duchess of Marlborough.—William's ungracious conduct to the English nobility.—Death of the Queen, in 1694, deeply felt by the King.

In the month of January 1691, William, being anxious to meet in person the princes who were at this period in confederation against France, departed on the first visit paid by him to his native country since his elevation to the English throne. Splendour and ostentation were

not in general to his taste, but on this occasion he determined to make his public entry into the Hague with extraordinary magnificence, and, with this view, selected several of the first nobility in England to accompany him during the visit. In thus departing from the usual simplicity of his tastes, he seems to have been influenced partly by a desire of striking awe into the foreign Congress, over which he was about to preside, and partly by a wish to exhibit his accession of splendour to his own countrymen, thus at the same time gratifying their pride and his own.

Everything being prepared for the journey, on the noon of the 6th of January William quitted Kensington, attended by a large retinue, and, after passing the night at Sittingbourn, arrived next day at Canterbury. The wind, however, proved adverse; and, moreover, it being represented to him that large shoals of ice had collected on the coast of Holland, he was induced to relinquish his journey for the time, and returned disappointed to Kensington.

On the 16th, the frost having broken up, the journey was again commenced; and, under a convoy of twelve ships, commanded by Admiral Rooke, William embarked at Gravesend for Holland. The voyage was not unprosperous till they arrived off the Dutch coast, when the weather became hazy and unfavourable. William was ex-

tremely impatient to reach the land, and as a fisherman, whom they hailed, informed them that they were not above a league and a half distant, the King resolved to take boat. Accordingly, accompanied by the Duke of Ormond, the Earls of Portland and Monmouth, the Lord Steward and Lord Chamberlain, and two of his Dutch attendants, he quitted the ship and proceeded in the direction of the land. His position very shortly became not only uncomfortable but alarming. Night came on; the haze increased with the darkness; and, in this dilemma, drenched with sea-water, and surrounded by floating masses of ice, the King and his courtiers were compelled to pass as many as eighteen hours.

At one time, such was their apparent danger, that, although in the presence of the King, the sailors were unable to conceal their apprehension. Nothing could be more characteristic than the manner in which William rebuked their timidity:—"What!" he said, "are you afraid to die in my company?" Fortunately, the following morning, they came in sight of land, and about eight o'clock, miserable and dripping with wet, the whole party were landed safely at Goree. William obtained some refreshment at a fisherman's hut, consisting of a small room and a kitchen, after which he again took boat, and was conducted to the neighbourhood of Maeslandsluys.

From hence he proceeded to the Hague, where he arrived about six in the evening.

The most magnificent preparations had been made by the faithful Dutch, for the purpose of receiving with due honour the man whom they regarded at once as the glory and the saviour of their country. The meeting, moreover, between William and his countrymen, was one of pride and affection on both sides. Edmund Calamy, the divine, was at this period in Holland, and thus describes the rejoicings of which he was a witness:—"At the King's first coming to the Hague after these things, being attended by a good number of English noblemen, that made a splendid appearance, he was received by the States with abundance of pomp and solemnity, and as great acclamations as ever were known. Upon this occasion there was a mighty resort thither from all parts, and my curiosity led me also to be a spectator. The triumphal arches, that were erected at the public charge, were very stately and magnificent, and represented his Majesty's great achievements. The burghers appeared in arms, adorned in an unusual manner, and in the evening there were very noble fireworks. The great number of sovereign princes and potentates, together with ambassadors, and other illustrious persons, who came to attend his Majesty in the Congress, at that time when they were to settle the grand alliance against France,

was a most glorious sight, the like to which has been but seldom met with."*

In another account by a contemporary writer, we discover still further particulars respecting the King's reception by his countrymen. The narrator, who was himself present, thus describes the interesting scene:—"The three triumphal arches surpassed, in beauty and magnificence, all that was ever made in France, under the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, upon the like occasions. There you might see represented the principal actions of the King, in honour of whom they were erected, accompanied with several inscriptions and devices perfectly corresponding with the subjects to which they were applied, and which appeared to be done by the hand of a master. There you might particularly see Europe delivered from the gripe of her ravisher; the liberty of Holland defended and preserved; that of England restored; Ireland subdued, and the Protestant religion maintained. The noble ceremony ended in the evening with fire-works in several places in the city, several peals of cannon, and volleys of small shot discharged, as well by the burgesses, as by the regiment of Trison which was in arms, with bonfires and fire-works before the Court. After all was over, they still continued giving several testimonies of their satis-

* "An Historical Account of My Own Life, by Edmund Calamy, D.D." vol i. p. 186.

faction to see once more a Prince so highly beloved by the Hollanders; and in regard the whole proceeded from a sincere affection, there is a great probability that these rejoicings will long endure."*

William acquired a considerable accession of popularity by the attention he paid to the celebrated Admiral Von Tromp, whom he appointed to the command of the Dutch fleet during the approaching summer expedition. "His coach," says the writer whom we have just quoted, "was environed with crowds of people, that followed him wherever he went, and by a thousand acclamations testified their satisfaction, that William the Conqueror would command their army by land; and Tromp, who justly may be called a second Neptune, was to command their fleet by sea." There was undoubtedly more compliment than wit in this awkward flattery.

Nothing could be more affectionate than the meeting of William with the States General. "From my earliest youth," he said at their first interview, "I have loved my country; could that love be heightened by anything, the consciousness of the returns of kindness I have met with from you all, could alone effect it: I should die well satisfied, could I once secure your repose."

After the breaking up of the Congress, William

* "A late Voyage to Holland, written by an English Gentleman attending the Court of the King of Great Britain, 1691."

retired for a short time to his favourite seclusion, at Loo, where he was anxious to pass a few days with some of his earliest and most trusted friends. If anything, indeed, could compensate him for the disgusts and annoyances which he daily encountered in England, it was these kind of reunions with the companions of his youth, and the visits which henceforward he occasionally paid to his native country.

His regard for Holland constituted one of the leading features in his character, and a love of country he always looked upon as a virtue in others. In illustration of this fact, the following pleasing anecdote may be related. During the discontents in Scotland in 1689, Lord Basil Hamilton was deputed by the Scottish Parliament to lay their grievances at the foot of the throne. He remained a considerable time in the metropolis, unnoticed by William and avoided by his ministers; till after some trouble, a day was at length fixed for his being heard before the Council. Fresh obstacles, however, subsequently arose; preference was given to other business; and, at the close of the day on which Lord Basil had been ordered to attend, there was evidently little intention of giving him a hearing. Disgusted at these perpetual delays, Lord Basil, perceiving the King on the point of retiring from the council-chamber, carefully watched his opportunity, and placing himself in a passage through

which his Majesty must necessarily pass, boldly opposed himself to the egress of his sovereign:— "I come," he said, "deputed by one of your Majesty's kingdoms to lay their grievances before your royal feet: I have a right to be heard, and I will be heard." The King at first gave him a civil answer and bade him go on: Lord Basil, however, showing but little symptoms of obedience, William turned to one of his courtiers,— "This young man," he said, "is too bold, if any one can be too bold in his country's cause." This anecdote Dalrymple tells us he had from Lord Basil's grandson, the Earl of Selkirk.*

William having prevailed on the States to join the confederacy against France, the first campaign commenced in 1691, and was principally distinguished by the French attacking and making themselves masters of Mons. The following year William marched in person to the relief of Namur, where, however, he arrived too late to save the town, although some fierce but unimportant skirmishes, took place beneath the walls. It was during the siege of this town that the King was heard repeatedly to exclaim with great emotion,—"See, my brave English!—See, my brave English!"† At the close of the season, he sent his army into winter quarters, and returned to England.

* Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 375, note.

† Crichton's Life and Diary of Col. Blackader, chap. vi. p. 134.

According to a clever lampoon of the period, entitled "The Campaign," the King's return to his English subjects was celebrated with but indifferent rejoicings, and questionable enthusiasm.

The Tower guns were all prepared,
And fire-works on lighters reared;
But what came on 'em I ne'er heard
a verbum.
In windows most folks set up lights,
Excepting saucy Jacobites,
That had their glazing broke to mites,
to curb 'em.
First came some guards to clear the way;
And next a squire with boots of hay,
And on a nag most miserably
bejaded.
Two men came next, who cringed and bowed,
And humbly did beseech the crowd,
To make a noise and bawl aloud,
as they did.
Next came a coach in which there sat
Four lords, who went, as people prate,
His Highness to congratulate
and flatter.
Next twenty mob, the chief o' the town,
In left hand club, in right hand stone,
Those windows which had candles none,
to batter.
Four horses next a chariot drew
In which of Dutchmen there sat two,
Whose very looks would make one spew,
as I did.
At last the fierce life-guards appeared,
Who at the candles gazed and stared;
And thus his triumph you have heard
described.

The following campaign, that of 1693, was principally distinguished by the celebrated battle of Landen, at which the English and Dutch, commanded by King William, were defeated by the French under Marshal Luxembourgh. William, however, though he lost the day, is said to have exceeded even the chivalrous deeds of his youth, by the personal valour which he displayed on this occasion. "He supported the whole action," says Burnet, "with so much courage and so true a judgment, that it was thought he got more honour that day, than even when he triumphed at the Boyne. He charged himself in several places: many were shot round about him with the enemy's cannon; one musket-shot carried away part of his scarf, and another went through his hat, without doing him any harm." —"The King," says Oldmixon, "escaped three musket-shots; one through his peruke, which deafened him for a time; one through the sleeve of his coat; and a third, which carried away the knot of his scarf, and left a small contusion on his side. Nay, so far did his majesty gain the respect and admiration of his enemies, that it was a common saying among them, we want only such a King to make ourselves masters of Christendom."

The greatest compliment, however, paid to William on this occasion was that of his old antagonist, the Prince de Condé. "I saw the

King," he writes to his Princess, "exposing himself to the greatest dangers; and surely so much valour very well deserves the possession of the crown he wears." It was at the battle of Landen that the Duke of Berwick was taken prisoner by his uncle, General Churchill; an event of which the Duke, in his private Memoirs, gives an interesting account. When brought before King William, he says, it struck him forcibly that the King's eye was like that of an eagle. He adds, that when his name was mentioned to King William, the latter courteously touched his hat, but did not exchange a syllable. It must be remembered that the Duke of Berwick was the natural son of James the Second, and, consequently, that William was his first cousin.

From this period, to the signing of the peace of Ryswick, in 1697, the History of William, as far at least as regards his campaigns abroad, is merely the narrative of an uninteresting warfare. Throughout this, his last struggle with France, he exhibited the same valour, the same energy of mind and coolness in the hour of danger, which had distinguished him from the commencement of his career. Although his campaigns were not brilliant, and although signally defeated at Steinkerque and Merwinde, he yet proved himself a formidable opponent: his successes were not unfrequent, and at the termination of the war he had the per-

sonal satisfaction of having his right to the British throne acknowledged by the French King.

The ratification of the peace of Ryswick was celebrated by the poets with more than their usual enthusiasm, and, among others, was commemorated by Addison in a copy of Latin verses, which Smith styles "the best Latin poem since the Æneid," and Granger eulogizes as worthy of the age of Augustus. Few monarchs, indeed, have received greater homage from the muses than King William; and yet, with the exception of the early Georges, no English sovereign has ever shown less taste for the beauties of poetry, or rewarded the poets with a more niggardly hand. Anthony Wood, indeed, informs us that the King once presented a hundred pounds to Congreve for his wretched poem on the death of the Queen; and, moreover, he is known to have knighted Blackmore and presented him with a gold chain and medal. His gift to Congreve, however, was unquestionably prompted by a regard for the memory of his deceased wife, rather than by any admiration of a poem which probably he never read; while, in the case of Blackmore, that voluminous versifier seems to have been indebted for the honours conferred on him, less to his poetry than his physic, and, apparently, more to his politics than either. William, indeed, is known to have expressed some kindness, and appears to have taken pleasure in

the society of Swift, who was at this period domesticated in the family of Sir William Temple. Literature, however, had little to do with the partiality, and so entirely were all the King's ideas of a military cast, that his mode of showing his regard for Swift, was by offering him a captaincy of horse. On another occasion, when the celebrated St. Evremond was introduced to him, —"I think," he said, "you were a Major-General in the French service?" What greater affront could be offered to a poet and a wit! Swift once did the honours of Sir William Temple's garden to the King, when their host was confined to the house by the gout. The most important incident which seems to have occurred on the occasion, was the King doing Swift the honour of instructing him how to cut asparagus after the Dutch fashion.

There was little of suavity or courtesy in the King's address; little that was calculated to conciliate a stranger, or procure him personal friends. His manners, indeed, seem to have been homely almost to coarseness, and were unquestionably better suited to the camp than the Court. The Duchess of Marlborough observes, in her Apology for her Conduct, — "I give an instance of his vulgar behaviour at his own table, when the Princess * dined with him. It was in the begin-

* His sister-in-law, the Princess of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne.

ning of his reign, when she was with child of the Duke of Gloucester. There happened to be a plate of peas, the first that had been seen that year. The King, without offering the Princess the least share of them, eat them every one himself. Whether he offered any to the Queen I cannot say: but he might do so safely enough, for he knew she durst not touch them. The Princess confessed, when she came home, she had so much mind to the peas, that she was afraid to look at them, and yet could hardly keep her eyes off them."

To the English nobility, as soon as he had ascended the throne, the conduct of William appears to have been particularly offensive. Carte was assured by a Mr. Dillon, in 1724, that the latter, in his youth, had frequently attended at St. James's when the King dined in public, and that on no single occasion had he known an English nobleman to be invited to the royal table. He added, on the other hand, that the Duke of Schomberg, and others of the Dutch general officers, were frequently the King's guests; on which occasions Schomberg invariably sat at the King's right hand. But what particularly aggravated the affront, was the fact that while the Dutch officers were feasting with their Stadtholder, such of the English nobility as filled offices in the royal household were compelled to stand, as state menials, behind the King's chair.

Dillon further added, that on several occasions of his being present when the King dined in public, he never remembered to have heard him utter a word. He once asked Keppel* whether his master was always as silent; to which the other replied that the King talked enough at night, when seated over a bottle of wine with his friends.†

The death of the Queen, in 1693, was not only deeply felt by William, but effected a considerable change both in his feelings and habits. Bishop Burnet says,—"He turned himself much to the meditations of religion and secret prayer; the Archbishop was often and long with him: he entered upon solemn and serious resolutions of becoming in all things an exact and exemplary Christian."

That the affection which William bore to his wife's memory was as sincere as it was deep there is every reason to believe. Anthony Wood mentions, in his Life of Himself, that when the University of Oxford presented their address of condolement to the royal widower, on the occasion of the Queen's death, the tears, during the whole time that the address was being read, were visible in the King's eyes. His subsequent conduct to Queen Anne, then Princess of Denmark,

* Arnold-Joost van Keppel, the King's Dutch favourite, created in 1696 Earl of Albemarle.

† Macpherson, vol. i. p. 284.

affords still further evidence of the sincerity of his grief. He had long conceived a personal dislike to the Princess; yet so affected was he by a letter of condolence which he received from her in the hour of his affliction, that repugnance yielded to tenderness and gratitude, and he even went so far as to make her a present of her sister's jewels.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Czar Peter the Great visits England in the year 1698.—Remains a month in London, and receives many civilities from William.—Curious anecdote of the Czar's favourite monkey.—His dislike of crowded assemblies.—Anecdotes illustrative of this peculiarity in his character.—He goes with his Ciceroni, the Marquis of Carmarthen, to the theatre, and takes a fancy to an actress named Cross, who is afterwards introduced to him.—Character of this lady.—The Czar's encounter with a porter in the streets of London.—He retires to Saye's Court, near Deptford.—Sketch of his mode of life here.—Works as a common shipwright at Deptford.—His admiration of the British navy, and of Greenwich Hospital.—His drinking-parties in Great Tower Street.—Anecdote illustrative of his prodigious appetite.—He quits England, and on parting presents William with a magnificent ruby valued at ten thousand pounds.—Reduction of William's standing army by order of the House of Commons.—His great vexation at this step.—Meditates an abdication of the Sovereignty.—Imbibes a taste for wine and ardent spirits.—Anecdotes of his boon companions, Lord Wharton and the Earl of Pembroke.—Decline in William's health.—His undue admiration of women.—Anecdote of his English chaplain in Holland.

In the year 1698, the Court of England received a visit from the Czar Peter of Russia, one of the most extraordinary men who figures in the history of any age or country. He had for some time been improving his knowledge of

naval architecture in the Dutch dockyards, where he daily performed the duties, and wore the garb, of a common shipwright, and now came to England for the purpose of perfecting himself in those branches of his favourite profession, in which this country was supposed to have a superiority over the States. The Muscovite had already formed a personal acquaintance with the English monarch, having visited him on two different occasions; once at Utrecht, and again at William's favourite residence at Loo. Peter, accompanied by his early favourite, Menzikoff, and a few other followers, arrived in London on the 21st of January, 1698. A spacious mansion had been previously secured for him in York Buildings, and the Marquis of Carmarthen was appointed his guide and companion during his residence in England.

It appears by the public journals of the period, that the day after his arrival the Czar waited on the King at Kensington; that he again repaired thither in a hackney-coach on the Sunday following; and that, during the month the Autocrat remained in London, an agreeable interchange of civilities passed constantly between the two monarchs. Considering this mutual feeling of good will, and the undoubted fact that each admired the peculiar character, and enjoyed the society, of the other, it would be interesting to discover any authentic particulars respecting

their social intercourse. Unfortunately, however, there is little to be gleaned on the subject. It is alone certain that they frequently met; that William was unremitting in his attentions to his distinguished guest, and that, on more than one occasion, he paid a social visit to the Czar's lodgings in York Buildings. During one of these interviews there occurred an accident, which in a more stately and polished court would have been strangely subversive of regal etiquette. "The King," says Lord Dartmouth, "made the Czar a visit, in which an odd incident happened: the Czar had a favourite monkey, which sat upon the back of his chair: as soon as the King was sat down, the monkey jumped upon him in some wrath, which discomposed the whole ceremonial, and most of the time was afterwards spent in apologies for the monkey's misbehaviour."*

The Czar's aversion to mix in crowded societies, and his dislike to encounter the gaze of the mob, kept him almost entirely aloof from the gay parties of the Court. It was only on the celebration of the birth-day of the Princess Anne,—when a grand ball was given by the King at Kensington, that curiosity so far prevailed over his diffidence, as to induce him to express a wish to be present. But even on this occasion, instead of mingling with the rest of the company, he contented himself with occupying a small apartment which

* Burnet's History of his Own Time, vol. iv. p. 406, note.

had been prepared for him, where, without being observed himself, he could be a spectator of the gay scene passing in his vicinity.

His dinners with the King at Kensington were probably conducted with as little state, and as much privacy, as was compatible with the etiquette of a court. The Czar was one day dining with King William, when the latter was called away at an early hour to the House of Lords, to sign some Bills which were waiting his assent. Peter, expressing a wish to witness the ceremony, the King invited him to accompany him to the House; but no persuasion could induce him to be more than a distant spectator of the scene. Lord Dartmouth, who was probably present, describes what follows:—"The Czar," he says, "had a great dislike to being looked at, but had a mind to see the King in Parliament; in order to which he was placed in a gutter upon the house-top, to peep in at the window, where he made so ridiculous a figure, that neither King nor people could forbear laughing, which obliged him to retire sooner than he intended."* "His extraordinary aversion for a crowd," says Sir John Barrow, "kept him away from all great assemblies. Once, indeed, he attempted to subdue it, from a desire to hear the debates in the House of Commons, but even then the Marquis of Carmarthen could not prevail upon him to go into the body

* Burnet's History of his Own Time, vol. iv. p. 407, note.

of the House: he therefore placed him in some situation where he could hear and see what was going on, without being himself noticed."* It was probably from what was styled the "lantern," in the roof of the old House of Commons, that the all-powerful sovereign of the Russian empire beheld the sight,—to a despot perhaps as unpalatable as it must have appeared extraordinary,—of the representatives of a free people asserting the rights of their fellow citizens, and discussing the privileges, and perhaps the actions, of their sovereign.

The Marquis of Carmarthen, whom we have mentioned as being appointed his *ciceroni*, appears to have been an especial favourite with the Czar. Under the auspices of this nobleman, a visit was privately paid to the Opera, and, on more than one occasion, to the playhouse. The Czar, indeed, was so far prevailed upon to overcome his dislike to a crowd, as to mingle in the motley absurdities of a masquerade; and, subsequently, we even find him accompanying Carmarthen to the "Redoubt," a place of most questionable respectability, and which, shortly afterwards, was suppressed by the strong arm of the law. During one of his visits to the theatre, the Czar conceived a strong predilection for a handsome actress of the name of Cross. According to the scandalous gossip of the time, the young lady was shortly afterwards

* Barrow's Life of Peter the Great, p. 17.

introduced to her imperial admirer, and gave him no reason to believe himself an object of dislike. We are assured that this was the only amour in which he engaged during his residence in England.*

The Czar was one day walking with Lord Carmarthen in the streets of London,—annoyed as usual by the crowds who persisted in gazing upon him, — when a porter, bearing a heavy weight on his back, pushed with so much violence against him as actually to overturn him in the kennel. Indignant to the last degree, the Czar instantly, on recovering his legs, prepared to strike the offender: Carmarthen, however, apprehending that in a pugilistic encounter the

* In his own country, the Czar's amours were notoriously of the very grossest character. As regards his English mistress, however, it may be remarked, that she was an actress of considerable talent; that she was celebrated for the modest expression of her countenance, and her great beauty. She seems to have been successively under the protection of numerous lovers, and it was on an occasion of her visiting Paris with a libertine baronet, that the celebrated Mrs. Oldfield was brought forward to supply her place, and made her first appearance on the stage. Mrs. Cross, among other persons, is said to have been the mistress of the first Duke of Devonshire, and also of Leach, the printer of "The Postman," and a cousin of Swift, by whom he is frequently mentioned in his Journal to Stella. It appears, by one of Swift's letters, that Leach made his appearance on the stage in the character of Oroonoko, in Southern's play of that name, on which occasion he probably formed the acquaintance of Mrs Cross. There is a portrait of this lady by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

porter would in all probability have the advantage of his antagonist, interfered with so much promptitude as to prevent further hostilities. Turning angrily to the porter,—"Do not you know," said Carmarthen, "that this is the Czar?" —The man's countenance instantly lighted up into an impudent grin,—"Czar!" he said; "we are all *Czars* here."

On another occasion we find the Autocrat and Carmarthen sauntering into Westminster Hall. It happened to be term-time, and the hall was alive, as usual, with wigs and gowns. Peter appeared to be struck with the sight; and inquired who those persons might be? Being informed they were all lawyers, nothing could exceed his astonishment:—"Lawyers!" he said, "why I have but *two* in all my dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home."

After a month's residence in London, the Czar began to be weary of its vast crowds and noisy amusements, and gladly retired to the more congenial neighbourhood of Deptford. Saye's Court, the delight of the virtuous and classical Evelyn,—with its beautiful trees, its retired shrubberies, and velvet verdure,—was hired for his residence, and a door broken through the boundary wall, to afford him a more easy access to the dockyard. Peter appears to have had but little sympathy with the lovely spot in which he was now fixed, and the havoc made by the Muscovite and his tasteless at-

tendants, in the neat and picturesque grounds of Saye's Court, must have been heart-rending to their refined proprietor. Evelyn's servant thus writes to him at this period:—"There is a house," he says, "full of people right nasty: the Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock, and sups at six at night; is very seldom at home a whole day; very often in the King's yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King is expected there this day; the best parlour is pretty clean for him to be entertained in: the King pays for all he has." Evelyn himself says, in his Diary of the 9th of June, 1698,—"I went to Deptford to see how miserably the Czar had left my house, after three months making it his Court. I got Sir Christopher Wren, the King's surveyor, and Mr. London, his gardener, to go and estimate the repairs, for which they allowed 150*l.* in their report to the Lords of the Treasury."* The Czar is even said to have daily amused himself, while at Saye's Court, with trundling a wheel-barrow through the beautiful and favourite hedge of the naturalist,—that "impregnable hedge" which Evelyn himself describes so feelingly, as "glittering, at any time of the year, with its armed and variegated leaves; the taller standards, at ordinary distances, blushing with their natural coral."

The fact seems to be questioned by Sir John

* Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 60.

Barrow, in his life of Peter the Great, whether, during his residence in England, the Czar ever actually performed the work of a common shipwright. That he did employ himself, however, in this capacity, is distinctly stated by Bishop Burnet. "The Czar," he says, "is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. This was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here. He wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships." Sir John Barrow himself mentions the "testimony of an old man, a workman of Deptford Yard some forty years ago, that he had heard his father say, the Czar of Muscovy worked with his own hands as hard as any man in the yard." Sir John considers, that if the Czar did so employ himself, it was merely to prove to the admiring shipwrights, that he understood their business as well as they did themselves.

One of the favourite pursuits of the Czar during his stay at Deptford, was to select two or three of his countrymen, with whom he embarked on board a small decked boat, belonging to the dock-yard, and amused himself by instructing them in the art of managing the vessel: on these occasions he always himself presided at the helm. So charmed was he with every thing which he witnessed in the British navy, that he once observed to Admiral Mitchell—"I consider the condition of

an English admiral to be superior to that of a Czar of Russia." At the sight of Greenwich Hospital he expressed unfeigned astonishment and delight. King William afterwards inquiring of him what he thought of the building,—"If I were the adviser of your Majesty," he said, "I should counsel you to remove your Court to Greenwich, and convert St. James's into a hospital."

After his return from his boating expeditions, it was the Czar's usual custom to resort with his friends to a public-house in Great Tower Street, in the neighbourhood of the Tower of London, where the evenings were spent in imbibing large quantities of beer and brandy. The house in question still bears the sign of the "Czar of Muscovy." The Muscovite's prowess in drinking appears to have been a matter of astonishment to all who approached him. "He is a man," says Burnet, "of a very hot temper, soon influenced, and very brutal in his passion: he raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application." We are told that, at their social meetings, the usual drink of the Czar and Lord Carmarthen, was "hot pepper and brandy." On an occasion when the Muscovite accepted an invitation to a Mr. Morley's, he either became so intoxicated, or the hour was so inconveniently late, that Lord Carmarthen found it necessary to lodge him for the night at his brother-in-law's. The next day, we are assured that he

not only disposed of a pint of brandy and a bottle of sherry, but afterwards drank eight bottles of sack, and yet was able to attend the theatre in the evening.

His powers of eating appear to have been scarcely less extraordinary than his capacities over the bottle. In returning from a visit to Portsmouth, he happened to pass some hours at Godalming, in Surrey, when his suite and himself, amounting in all to thirteen persons, are said, on the authority of an eye-witness, to have devoured the following extraordinary meals:—At breakfast, half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, three quarts of brandy, six quarts of mulled wine, seven dozen of eggs, with salad in proportion: at dinner,—five ribs of beef, weight three stone; one sheep, fifty-six pounds; three quarters of lamb; a shoulder and loin of veal boiled; eight pullets, eight rabbits, two dozen and a half of sack, and one dozen of claret.

After a residence of about three months in England, the Czar, under the conduct of Admiral Mitchell, and accompanied by a small squadron of ships, returned to his old quarters in Holland. Previously to taking his leave of King William, he presented that monarch with an unpolished ruby, valued, it was said, at ten thousand pounds. It may be mentioned as an evidence of the simple character of the donor, that he actually carried this valuable gift to the King in his waistcoat pocket,

and even presented it to him wrapped up in a piece of brown paper. William, on his part, engaged the Czar to sit to Sir Godfrey Kneller for his picture. This portrait, the likeness of which to the original is said to be remarkable, is still in the royal collection at Windsor.

From the period of the Queen's death, happiness appears for ever to have deserted the mind of King William; a blow, however, almost as severe, was still in waiting for him. In 1699, shortly after the peace of Ryswick, a bill had passed the Commons, by which it was ordered that the whole of the troops, which had been raised since 1680, should be disbanded, and the standing army reduced to seven thousand men. To a monarch, whose whole happiness consisted in the affairs of war and military parade, such a measure must of itself have been sufficiently unpalatable. But that which affected him most deeply was the necessity it entailed on him of sending back to their native country his favourite regiment of Dutch guards; — men who had invariably been the nearest to him in the field of battle; whose courage and affection had ever remained unshaken; and whose presence daily reminded him of agreeable events in his own beloved country, or of heart-stirring campaigns in others.

In Parliament, at this period, William not only spoke warmly and affectionately of the faithful services of his old followers, but en-

deavoured by every possible exertion to arrest the progress of the bill. To Lord Galway he writes:—"It is not possible to be touched more sensibly than I am, at my not being able to do more for the poor refugee officers, who have served me with so much zeal and fidelity. Assuredly, on all sides, my patience is put to the trial. I am going to breathe a little beyond sea, in order to come back as soon as possible."* Severe, however, as was the blow, William succeeded in maintaining his usual calmness of demeanour, almost till the day fixed upon for the departure of his favourites had arrived. It was then that all his tenderness towards his veteran followers appeared to be painfully revived. He even went so far as to send a message, written in his own hand, to the House of Commons, in which he movingly, and almost humbly, petitioned them to reconsider their judgment, and to allow him to retain his countrymen in his service. The message was delivered by Lord Ranelagh, Paymaster of the Forces; but, notwithstanding the remission of the order was pleaded for as conferring a personal favour on the King, the Commons remained deaf to his entreaties, and the Dutch were commanded instantly to embark.

When the final decision of Parliament was made known to William, his usual equanimity entirely deserted him. During a moment

* Dalrymple, vol. iii. p. 130.

or two he continued pacing the apartment in silent grief, with his eyes fixed wildly on the ground:—"By G—," he at last exclaimed, "if I had a son they *should* stay."* To Lord Galway he also writes,—"I am afraid the good God will punish the ingratitude of this nation." Nor are these the only evidences of the fretful impatience excited in the King's mind at this period. "Well!" he said, "they use me very ill; but my head will be but a short while under ground, before they will be glad to scratch me out again with their nails."† At another time he observed;—"I am a Protestant; but if I was a Popish King I would leave this people to themselves;"‡ and to the Duke of Hamilton he observed,—"I wish I were ten thousand miles from England, and that I had never been King of it."§

Equable as was the natural temper of the King's mind, and accustomed as he had been from infancy to keep his passions under proper control, still, the system of real grievances and petty annoyances, to which he was constantly subjected, alike soured his disposition and imbittered his life. In his latter years he became fretful and impatient; he was frequently known to strike his servants in moments of irritation;

* Dalrymple, vol. iii. p. 129.

† Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 395.

‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 396.

§ Ralph's History of England, vol. ii. p. 186.

and on these occasions was in the habit of indulging in profane oaths; a practice which he had always hitherto deprecated as irreverent and unprofitable.

It was during one of the paroxysms of rage and perturbation, consequent on the frequent opposition which he encountered from his Parliament, that William formed the extraordinary determination of resigning the splendid sovereignty of England, and retiring to the peaceful enjoyments of his native dykes. In communicating this project to Lords Shrewsbury and Carmarthen, so sensibly was he affected by the mere recurrence to his misfortunes as actually to shed tears. He even went so far as to compose a speech to Parliament,—the original draught of which, in the King's own hand-writing, is still preserved among the MSS. in the British Museum,—in which he formally tendered his resignation of the supreme power.* When the King's extraordinary threat of abdicating the throne was related to the Earl

* This interesting document, which is in the French language, is printed by Sir Henry Ellis in one of the notes to his "Original Letters." "The Countess of Suffolk," says Sir Henry, "who was Lady of the Bed-chamber to Queen Caroline, told the late Dr. Norton that she communicated the original draught to the Queen, who chose to keep it, returning her only a copy. After the Queen's death, it came into the possession of the Princess Amelia, who gave it Lord Berkeley of Stratton, for the Museum."—*See Original Letters*, vol. iv. p. 216. Second Series.

of Sunderland,—"Does he intend so?" was the sarcastic remark: "then there's Tom of Pembroke," (meaning the Earl of that title) "who is as good a block of wood as a King can be cut out of: we'll send for him and make him our King."*

The sorrows and disappointments which assailed him at the close of his career, were probably the origin of that taste for wine and ardent spirits, which latterly he had the misfortune to imbibe. The indulgence, which was probably limited at first, was at times carried to such a blameable excess, that not unfrequently his private and social parties were converted into a disreputable debauch. Among his boon companions on such occasions were Lord Wharton and the Earl of Pembroke. The former he used to style familiarly Tom Wharton. In one of his moments of hilarity,—"I know, Tom," he said, "what you wish for: you wish for a republic; but I mean to disappoint you: I shall bring over King James's son."† Lord Wharton replied, with a

* Dalrymple, vol. iii. p. 131.

† The fact was not generally known to our ancestors, that, after the death of his Queen, William actually signified his assent to the exiled Court at St. Germains, that if the young son of James were sent to England to be educated in the Protestant faith, he would consent to his succeeding him on the throne. This singular fact is placed beyond a doubt from some passages which were discovered among King James's Memoirs.—*See Dalrymple's Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 87.

pretended low bow and an evident sneer,—"That is as your Majesty pleases."

When his drinking acquaintance with the Earl of Pembroke first commenced, William, having accepted an invitation to one of the Earl's parties, was subsequently told that Pembroke was quarrelsome over his cups. "I will defy any one to quarrel with me," said William, "as long as I can make the bottle go round." The result, however, proved that he was wrong in his conceptions. At night, notwithstanding the wine passed as freely as the King could wish, Pembroke gave sufficient evidence of the truth of the libel by using language personally offensive to the King, and, in the midst of his noisy squabbles, was carried drunk from the apartment, and put to bed. The next morning, abashed and alarmed at his conduct, he hastened to the palace, and falling upon one knee, was proceeding humbly to ask forgiveness, when he was stopped by the King,—"Make no apologies," said William; "I was told you had no fault in the world but one, and I am glad to find it is true, for I dislike people who have no faults." He then took him kindly by the hand; "Don't be uneasy," he added; "such accidents over a bottle are nothing among friends."*

Burnet, as is well known, accuses King William of practising a particular vice in secret, the

* Dalrymple, vol. i. p. 132.

nature of which he omits to state. This is now known to have been dram-drinking; a practice which (added to the fatigues to which the King had for many years been subjected,) had latterly so undermined his constitution, as to reduce him to a most distressing state of debility. So feeble, indeed, had he become towards the close of his career, that it was found necessary to lift him on his horse: and yet, when once in his saddle, his appearance is said to have instantly changed, and his eye to have lighted up with all the fire which had distinguished it in former days.

Another charge which Burnet brings against King William is an undue admiration of women. The Countess of Orkney, however, was his only acknowledged mistress; and Burnet admits that he was particularly tenacious of offending against public decency, and (whatever were his private failings) avoided that open and shameless display of profligacy which had sullied the conduct of so many of his predecessors. In his own country, secrecy appears to have been less the object of his solicitude. A Dr. Covell writes to Mr. Skelton, in a letter from Dieren, dated 15th of October, 1685, — "I wonder what the devil makes the Prince so cold to you: none but princes and bawds must expect any tolerable usage here."* When in

* Correspondence of the Earls of Clarendon and Rochester, vol. i. p. 165. The Earl of Hardwicke remarks, in one of his

Holland, also, we find him highly exasperated with his English chaplain, Dr. Ken, for compelling one of his favourites to fulfil a marriage contract, by uniting himself to a young lady whom he had seduced. Ken, singularly enough, met with very different treatment from Charles the Second, under somewhat similar circumstances. When the Court was at Winchester, Ken, then one of the prebendaries, notwithstanding the King's express orders, positively refused to admit Nel Gwyn into his lodgings. Charles, however, was so far from showing any anger on the occasion, that he took Ken into favour, and shortly afterwards conferred on him the bishopric of Bath and Wells.

notes to Bishop Burnet's History,—"I have seen a letter of the Queen's, containing a strong but decent admonition to the King for some irregularity in his conduct. The expressions are so general, that one can neither make out the fact or person alluded to. This was thought improper to be published by Sir J. Dalrymple."—*Burnet, History of His Own Time*, vol. iv. p. 249, *note*.

CHAPTER IX.

William's continued ill-health.—Anecdotes of the celebrated physician, Dr. Radcliffe.—William's want of confidence in his medical attendants.—Re-visits Holland in 1701.—Dislocates his collar-bone by a fall from his horse, while riding in Hampton Court Park.—Is conveyed to Kensington the same evening.—His conviction of his approaching dissolution.—A defluxion is discovered in his knee.—He is seized with a violent shivering fit.—Assents to the Oath of Adjuration.—His alarming condition.—Is visited by his friend and favourite, the Earl of Albemarle.—Extraordinary council of physicians summoned.—William expresses his thanks to Dr. Bidloo.—Is waited on by the Archbishop of Canterbury.—Receives the Sacrament, and bids farewell to the Duke of Ormond, and other friends.—Inquires of Dr. Bidloo how long he has to live.—Sends for the Earl of Portland.—William's Death on the 8th of March, 1702.—Summary of the leading points in his character.—Extract from a poem on his death.—He is interred in a vault beneath Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster.

For a considerable period preceding the death of William, it was evident to all who approached him that the ravages of disease, as well as the fatigues, both mental and bodily, to which he had been subjected almost from his childhood, had made melancholy inroads on his constitution. His voice had become weakened by an asthmatic affection; his legs had swollen to an unusual

size; while the rest of his body was evidently wasting away. When William pointed out these symptoms to the celebrated physician, Dr. Radcliffe, — "I would not," said the doctor, "have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms." This unfeeling and irreverent speech was never forgiven by William; and though he continued to make use of Radcliffe's prescriptions till within three days of his death, he could never again be persuaded to bear him in his presence. Dr. Radcliffe, on one occasion, told the King plainly that his years would be few, and he added, that unless he discontinued his drinking parties, they would be still fewer. Radcliffe, from his knowledge of the King's constitution, is said to have predicted to him the very year in which he would die, and William, from his implicit confidence in his physician's abilities, is stated to have been thoroughly convinced that the prophecy would prove correct. According to Radcliffe's biographer, the result proved, at the same time, the accuracy of the King's judgment and of the doctor's calculation.

William, however, generally speaking, appears to have placed but little confidence in his medical attendants; indeed, from the proofs which we possess, not only that the nature of his own disorders was misunderstood by the royal physicians, but that their remedies hastened the end, of both his consort Queen Mary, and of his nephew, the

Duke of Gloucester, we cannot wonder that he looked with contempt on their art. On the 2nd of July, 1700, James Vernon, Secretary of State, writes to the Duke of Shrewsbury,—"I was at Hampton Court this morning, and the King seemed a little heavy: I asked him if he were out of order. He said he should be very well, if they would leave off giving him remedies. He had taken something that had put his stomach out of order. I wished him at Loo, that he might be a little eased of the cares and chagrins he met with here." Vernon again writes to the Duke on the 15th of May following, — "The King is much as he was as to the swelling of his legs: he will not confine himself to doctor's rules; and this week he has had a small aguish fit or two, but he seems to be very well this morning." Vernon seems to have entertained as contemptible an opinion of the doctors as William himself; and, in his letters to the Duke of Shrewsbury, expresses a hope that the King's projected visit to Holland will rid him of their presence, and that he will be better when "out of their hands."*

Distressing as were the evidences of decay, which had for some time been exhibited in the King's person, it was plain that his bodily infirmities had in no degree affected the vigour of his

* Letters illustrative of the Reign of William the Third, vol. iii. pp. 105, 107, 145.

mind. There was the same fire in his eye; the same indomitable spirit continued to distinguish his actions; and when, in June, 1701, he paid a visit to his native country, he not only exerted himself in every possible manner to conceal from his affectionate countrymen the ravages which disease had made on his constitution, but spoke with apparent ardour and satisfaction of winning fresh laurels and commencing new campaigns.

Some months after this period, the King was riding in Hampton Court Park, when his horse, Sorrel, suddenly stumbled and threw him. He was instantly conveyed to Hampton Court Palace, when his collar-bone was found to be dislocated. The bone was dexterously set by one of the royal surgeons, who strongly recommended rest to his royal patient; William, however, for some reason, was anxious to reach Kensington the same night, and accordingly, with his usual restless activity of mind, ordered his coach to be in readiness, and set out on his journey.

On arriving at Kensington, about nine o'clock in the evening, one of the first persons whom he encountered was Dr. Bidloo, another of the royal surgeons. The King called to him to examine his arm:—"I was riding," he said, "in the Park at noon, and was endeavouring to make my horse change from a walk into a gallop, when he fell upon his knees. I attempted to raise him

with the bridle, but he fell forwards on one side, and I came with my right shoulder upon the ground. It was a singular accident," added the King, "for I was riding upon smooth level ground."*

On the injury being examined by Bidloo, it was discovered that, owing to the jolting of the carriage, the bandages had become loosened, and that the parts were again disunited. The King, however, slept well during the night, and for

* Kennet, vol. iii. p. 835. The horse which the King rode on this occasion was affirmed to have belonged to the ill-fated Sir John Fenwick, who had been executed for high-treason about a year before. The circumstance, — as Fenwick died much lamented for his manly qualities, and, as it was affirmed that, in signing the warrant for his execution, the King had indulged in feelings of personal rancour and hostility,—was eagerly caught at and canvassed by the vulgar. That a feeling of personal ill-will existed between the Prince and Fenwick, can scarcely be questioned. It seems to have originated in a severe reprimand, which Fenwick received from William at the siege of Maestricht, and which the former repaid by taking every opportunity of heaping abuse on the Prince. So violent indeed were his invectives, that William once observed that "had he been a private person he must have cut Sir John's throat." King James tells us in his Diary,—"The Prince of Orange had a personal pique against Sir John Fenwick, for some reflecting expressions, when he served in Holland; and, according to his wonted clemency, was resolved to move heaven and earth to have his life." Notwithstanding these assertions, and much as we may lament the fate of a brave man, there can be little question that in signing the death-warrant of the unfortunate Fenwick, William merely followed the strict line demanded of him by both policy and justice.

See Burnet, vol. iv. p. 331. *Macpherson*, vol. i. p. 257.

several days, notwithstanding he was painfully weakened and emaciated from the effect of other disorders, no immediate danger was apprehended. William, however, appears to have long considered himself in a precarious state. "He himself," says Burnet, "had apprehended all this winter that he was sinking; he said to the Earl of Portland, both before and after this accident, that he was a dead man: it was not in his legs, nor now in his collar-bone, that he felt himself ill, but all was decayed within, so that he believed he should not be able to go through the fatigue of another campaign."

On Sunday, the 1st of March, a defluxion discovered itself in the King's knee, which was regarded as an unfavourable symptom, although on the 3rd he was so far recovered as to be able to take several turns in the gallery at Kensington. Finding himself fatigued by this exercise, he seated himself on one of the couches, and shortly afterwards fell asleep. It was on waking from this short slumber, that he was attacked by the shivering fit, which shortly afterwards turned into the illness that carried him off. He was immediately attended by several physicians, and, for a time, so successful were the remedies they administered, that, during the two following days he showed some signs of improvement. On the Friday, however, he suffered another relapse; his pulse sank; he refused to

take food, and experienced a considerable difficulty of breathing; and it now began to be generally understood that his state was alarming.

The following day, Saturday, he was able to take a cup of chocolate; and a composing draught being administered to him, he slept for three hours. About noon he took some broth and a cordial, and though extremely weak, his condition appeared to be somewhat improved, and he was able to converse upon public affairs. Almost the last act of his life was the assent which he gave to the Oath of Adjuration, so emphatically styled by the adherents of the exiled family, "King William's cursed legacy;" — "thus," says Toland, "confirming to posterity with his expiring breath, that liberty, civil and religious, for which, during his life, he had so often fought in the field."

William was by this time unable to write his name, and accordingly a commission was ordered for passing such bills as were waiting his assent, and a stamp was prepared to answer the purpose of his signature. His friend and favourite, the Earl of Albemarle, had arrived from Holland about five o'clock in the morning, and instantly went to wait on his master. William, however, refused to converse with him at the time, and telling him that he required rest after his journey, bade him come in a few hours. When the Earl again entered the sick chamber, he endeavoured to re-

vive the spirits of the dying monarch by dwelling upon the favourable posture in which he had left affairs in Holland. William, however, by the coldness with which he received the tidings, showed but too clearly that the affairs of this world had almost ceased to interest him. Shortly afterwards he said, "*Je tire vers ma fin.*" — "I draw near my end."

The King's strength, as well as his pulse, continuing gradually to sink, and his difficulty of breathing increasing, it was thought expedient, on the Saturday night, to summon an extraordinary council of physicians. It was the general opinion of these persons, that proper remedies had throughout been administered, and that on the effect which they should be found to produce, and especially on the King being induced to take some slight sustenance, depended all their hopes, under God, of his final recovery. On this, the Duke of Devonshire, and some other nobleman, desired Dr. Bidloo to endeavour to prevail on his Majesty to take some nourishment. Bidloo communicated his entreaties in the Dutch language, to which the King replied,—"Lift me up, and I will take as much as I can of what is proper." A cordial, as well as some hot claret, were then administered to him, and the King was able to express his strong sense of gratitude to Bidloo, for the care and kindness with which he had attended him:—"I know," he said, "that you and the other physicians have

done all that your art can do for my relief, but finding all things ineffectual, I submit." About three o'clock on the Sunday morning he again called for Dr. Bidloo, and complained that he had passed a bad night, and could not sleep. He then raised himself up, and leaning on Bidloo,—"I could sleep," he said, "in this posture; sit nearer me, and hold me so for a little time." In this attitude he slept for about half an hour, and when he awoke,—"You can bear me up no longer," he said. After this he was carefully supported by two of his attendants, who relieved one another by turns.

As the day advanced, it became evident to the physicians that the King's last moments were at hand. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who had prayed with him on the preceding day, again waited on him in his extremity. Bishop Burnet, who was present, describes the scene:—"He was then so weak, that he could scarce speak, but gave him his hand, as a sign that he firmly believed the truth of the Christian religion, and said he intended to receive the sacrament: his reason and all his senses were entire to the last minute: about five in the morning he desired the sacrament, and went through the office with great appearance of seriousness." After this he took a solemn farewell of the Duke of Ormond, and several persons who were in the adjoining apartment; he appeared easy and even cheerful under his sufferings; he thanked Overkirk for his long and faithful ser-

vices; and gave the keys of the desk and closet, in which he kept his papers, to the Earl of Albemarle.

About seven o'clock, the King, whose respiration had become extremely difficult, took Dr. Bidloo by the hand, and inquired faintly,—"Can this last long?" The physician answering in the negative, the King again inquired,—"How long?"—"It may an hour," was the reply of the other, "or an hour and a half; though you may be snatched away in the twinkling of an eye." Bidloo feeling his pulse, William again took him by the hand; —"I do not die yet," he said, "hold me fast" Shortly before he expired, he sent a message to the Earl of Portland to attend him. By the time the latter approached the sick bed, the King's voice had nearly deserted him, and notwithstanding the Earl placed his ear as close as possible to the mouth of the dying monarch, he was unable to catch the import of his words. Finding himself unable to articulate, the King contented himself with taking the Earl's hand, which he carried affectionately to his heart. Between seven and eight o'clock the death-rattle was heard in his throat; the prayers for the sick were offered up; and about eight, while sitting in his bed supported by one of the pages of the back-stairs, he gave one or two low gasps, and closing his eyes, and falling a little backwards towards the left, expired. After his death, a black ribband was observed to be at-

tached to his left arm. Lords Lexington and Scarborough, who were in waiting, desired one of the medical attendants to remove it, when, on examination, there was found suspended from it a gold ring, containing some of the hair of his deceased Queen.

The character of William, like that of the generality of mankind, was distinguished by qualities of a mixed order. On the one hand, he was sincere in his relations both of public and private life; he was constant in his friendships; brave, even to heroism; and neither downcast in adversity, nor elated in prosperity. Though frequently severe, he was never vindictive; he was cool, enterprising, and sagacious; and, though a fatalist in religion, he was sincere in his professions of reverence for the Divinity, and exemplary in the exercise of his devotional duties. To these qualities, however, we must add others less amiable and pleasing. Disliking people of acknowledged talent, and associating only with persons of mean capacity; impatient of contradiction; too apt to form unfavourable impressions; and sacrificing every thing to ambition; we find him alike reserved and ungracious as an individual, and frequently imperious and overbearing as a sovereign. With a constitutional rigidity of disposition which seldom yielded to a soft emotion, he was alike a cold husband and an unfeeling relative. Though calm and collected in the hour of difficulty and danger,

at other times his temper could be ruffled by the merest trifles, and among his physicians and dependants frequently vented itself in transports of unseemly rage.

William, also, was entirely without feeling for music, literature, and the fine arts; he was injudicious in the distribution of his favours, and lavished vast sums in enriching favourites, or enlarging buildings, which had been better expended in encouraging genius, or rewarding talent. Ignorant of the character of the people over whom he came to rule; reserved and distant where he should have been gracious and conciliating; either incapable of winning the affections of his subjects, or careless of acquiring them; unable, when the storm arose, to guide with steadiness the vessel which had been intrusted to him; certain it is that, however respectable he may have been as Stadtholder of Holland, he had no sooner become the sovereign of a great country, than he grew to be an object of aversion and contempt.

"The Prince of Orange," says Hume, "throughout his whole life, was peculiarly happy in the situations in which he was placed. He saved his own country from ruin; he restored the liberties of these kingdoms; he supported the general independency of Europe. And thus, though his virtue, it is confessed, be not the purest which we meet with in history, it will be difficult to find any person whose actions and conduct have con-

tributed more to the general interests of society and mankind."

That William, indeed, in the cause of freedom, did laudable service, — not only for his native country, but for Europe at large,—is a fact we are free to admit. In considering, however, the amount of gratitude for which England is individually his debtor, we cannot altogether dismiss from the question how far William was actuated by motives of self-interest, when he became her champion in the hour of need. On this subject we have already had occasion to dwell. After all, England derived but scanty and doubtful benefit from his administration. Admitting the merit which he deserves,—no small one, indeed, in those days,—of having been the staunch champion of religious toleration; his remaining services were confined to his having established the Bank of England on its present basis, and to the support which he extended to the East India Company. On the other hand, he laid the foundation of the national debt; he was the cause of a standing army being established in England, and, moreover, burdened the nation with expensive wars, and forced her into the most unfortunate connexions with foreign powers.

The misfortunes which William is presumed to have entailed on England are thus recapitulated in a contemporary poem, written on the occasion of his death:—

In sable weeds your beaus and belles appear,
And cloud the coming beauties of the year.
Mourn on, you foolish fashionable things,
Mourn for your own misfortunes,—not the King's.
Mourn for your mighty mass of coin mispent,
So prodigally given, and idly spent.
Mourn for your tapestry and statues too,
And Windsor gutted to adorn his Loo. *
Mourn for the mitre long from Scotland gone,
And much more mourn your Union coming on.
Mourn for a ten years' war, and dismal weather,
And taxes, strung like necklaces together,
On salt, malt, paper, cyder, lights, and leather.
Much for the Civil List need not be said,
They truly mourn who 're fifteen months unpaid.
Well then, my friends, since things you see are so,
Let 's e'en mourn on: 'twould lessen much our woe,
Had Sorrel † stumbled thirteen years ago. ‡

The education of William had unfortunately been miserably neglected in his youth, and consequently his accomplishments were almost entirely confined to a knowledge of mathematics and the rudiments of war. He was gifted, however, with an excellent memory, and was not only intimately acquainted with the English, French, German, and Dutch languages, but had also some knowledge of the Latin, Spanish, and Italian.

The manners of William, as we have already mentioned, were cold and ungracious, and his

* The King's favourite residence in Holland.

† The horse on which William was mounted when he met with his fatal accident.

‡ "The Mourners," State Poems, vol. ii. p. 320.

address was singularly inelegant. He was seldom seen to laugh but when he had outwitted others, and then it was in the most ungraceful manner. His conversation rarely rose above a disagreeable dryness, and he was never known to be cheerful but with a chosen few. His person was scarcely more prepossessing than his manners. In stature he was of the middle height; thin and ill-shaped; his shoulders somewhat round; his hair of a light brown; his forehead large, and his nose aquiline. His eyes, however, were sparkling and agreeable, and, when lighted up, gave a not unpleasant expression to his countenance.

King William died at Kensington Palace, on the 8th of March, 1702, in the fifty-second year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign over England. His body, having been previously embalmed and laid in state, was interred on the 12th of April in a vault beneath Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster. The funeral, which Burnet speaks of as "scarce decent," was conducted in an almost private manner. As an excuse for omitting the customary solemnities, it was affirmed that the expensive war, in which the country was on the point of embarking, would have rendered magnificence alike impolitic and indecent. The true reason seems to have been the want in his successor of affection for him when living, and of respect for his memory when dead.

MARY,

QUEEN OF WILLIAM III.

Mary's birth in 1662—Eldest daughter of James the Second, by Anne Hyde, daughter of Lord Clarendon.—Married to William, Prince of Orange in 1677.—Anecdote of Mary related by the Duchess of Orleans.—Curious letter from James the Second to his son-in-law.—Mary warmly espouses the cause of her husband.—Displays a total want of sympathy for her father's sufferings.—Evelyn's account of her behaviour on her arrival in England.—Severely handled in the lampoons of the period.—Cutting reproof administered to Mary by Archbishop Sancroft.—Anecdote of her coronation.—Her dislike to hear her father maligned by the Courtiers.—Her affection for her husband.—Decency and propriety of her Court.—Horace Walpole's sarcasm against her.—Curious extract from a letter written by the Earl of Nottingham.—Mary's attachment to the Duke of Shrewsbury.—Anecdote illustrative of Mary's partiality for Shrewsbury.—Her affectionate letters to her husband when on his Irish campaign.—Ill-treated by William.—His distress on her death attested by Calamy and Burnet.—The latter's account of Mary's last illness.—Archbishop of Canterbury's funeral sermon.—James the Second's notice of Mary's death in his Diary.—Memoranda found among her papers.—Her obsequies performed with the greatest magnificence.—Extract from Pomfret's Elegy on her Death.

THIS uninteresting Princess was the eldest daughter of James the Second, by Anne Hyde,

daughter of the great chancellor, Lord Clarendon. She was born at St. James's Palace on the 30th of April, 1662, and passed the first years of her life at the residence of her celebrated grandfather at Twickenham. The mansion in question, which bore the name of York House, (probably from the circumstance of one or two of the Duke of York's children having been nursed there,) was usually the retreat of Lord Clarendon on the occasions of Charles the Second residing at the neighbouring palace of Hampton Court.*

Horace Walpole, in a poetical trifle entitled "The Parish Register of Twickenham," alludes to the Chancellor's residence in this classical village,—

> Twickenham, where Hyde, majestic sage,
> Retired from folly's frantic stage;
> While his vast soul was hung on tenters,
> To mend the world and vex dissenters.†

Of the early history of the Princess Mary,—of her infantine foibles or early virtues,—little appears to be known. The report, however, of her character was sufficiently satisfactory to the Prince of Orange; and accordingly, when she was but fifteen, he caused a formal application to be made to the English court for her hand. His overtures having been favourably received, they

* Granger's Letters, p. 168.
† Walpole's Works, vol. iv. p. 382.

were married at St. James's Palace, at eleven o'clock at night, on the 4th of November, 1667; the King giving the bride away, and the Duke and Duchess of York, and several of the principal nobility, being present. At the end of the month the Prince repaired with his young wife to Holland.

The court of the Prince and Princess of Orange at the Hague appears to have been remarkable only for dulness and decorum; while on her part, (notwithstanding the cold disposition of her husband, and his repeated absences,) Mary seems to have laudably confined herself to her domestic duties, and to have avoided mingling in such amusements and pursuits as were likely to attach scandal to her name. The Duchess of Orleans, in her Memoirs, alone raises some doubt as to the entire purity of Mary's conduct at this period. "It seems," she says, "that Queen Mary of England was a bit of a coquet when in Holland. I was told by the Count d'Avaux, Ambassador from France, that she admitted him to a private interview at the house of Madame Treslaine, one of her ladies of honour. The Prince of Orange, having been apprised of the fact, dismissed the lady; for which, however, he gave out a different reason than the truth." With the exception of an attachment to the Duke of Shrewsbury, to which we may presently have occasion to allude, this appears to be the only

occasion in which the conduct of Mary as a wife can in the slightest degree be impugned.

It was regarded as a great misfortune by William that his wife produced him no children; and the disappointment was perhaps the greater, since, on more than one occasion, she had given promise of becoming a mother. Her father, King James, then Duke of York, writes to the Prince of Orange, 19th April 1678,—"I was very sorry to find by the letters of this day from Holland, that my daughter has miscarried; pray let her be carefuller of herself another time: I will write to her to the same purpose."* And again, in the following letter from James to his son-in-law, we not only find that the Princess was shortly afterwards a second time with child, but the letter itself is otherwise curious, as announcing a secret visit which the Duchess of York and the Princess Anne about this period paid to the Hague.

London, September 27, 1678.

"We came hither on Wednesday last, and are preparing to go to Newmarket the beginning of next week, the Parliament being prorogued till the 21st of next month. Whilst we shall be out of town, the Duchess and my daughter Anne intend to make your wife a visit very incognito, and have yet said nothing of it to

* Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 155.

anybody here but his Majesty, whose leave they asked, and will not till the post be gone. They carry little company with them, and send this bearer, Robert White, before, to see to get a house for them as near the Court as they can: they intend to stay only whilst we shall be at Newmarket. I was very glad to see by the last letters that my daughter continued so well, and hope now she will go out her full time. I have written to her to be very careful of herself, and she would do well not to stand too much, for that is very ill for a young breeding woman. The incognito ladies intend to set out from hence on Tuesday next if the wind be fair, and have bid me tell you they desire to be very incognito, and have Lord Ossory for their governor. I have not time to say more, only to assure you that I shall always be very kind to you."*

It appears, by a subsequent letter from James, dated the 18th of October following, that the visit not only took place, but that the Duchess returned equally charmed with the pleasure of the journey, and the reception she met with from the Prince.†

The great blot upon the character of Mary was the indecent zeal with which she espoused the cause of her husband against that of her

* Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 201. † Ibid. vol. ii. p. 202.

father, during the Revolution of 1688. Burnet, who was admitted to an interview with her a few days before the Prince of Orange sailed on his memorable expedition to England, describes her as fully impressed with the lawfulness of the undertaking, and adds that she prayed to God earnestly to bless and direct it. The Bishop further informs us that when the Dutch fleet was dispersed by a storm, and was compelled to return to Helvoetsluys, she ordered prayers to be offered up four times a day, and was seen to assist at them herself with the greatest devotion.*

That Mary, in thus leaguing with the deadly enemies of her unfortunate father, was influenced by the strong affection which she bore her husband, as well as by a conscientious belief that she was pursuing the path of duty, there is every reason to believe. On the other hand, the total want of sympathy which she displayed for her father's sufferings, and the undisguised air of pleasure and satisfaction with which, after the expulsion of that father, she installed herself in the very apartments whence he had only just been driven, can scarcely be sufficiently reprobated. The Duchess of Marlborough, after remarking that the Queen "*wanted bowels*," observes,—"Of this she seemed to me to give an unquestionable proof the first

* Burnet, vol. iii. 311, 314.

day she came to Whitehall. She ran about it, looking into every closet and conveniency, and turning up the quilts upon the bed, as people do when they come to an inn, and with no sort of concern in her appearance; behaviour which, though at that time I was extremely caressed by her, I thought very strange and unbecoming; for whatever necessity there was of deposing King James, he was still her father, who had so lately been driven from that chamber and that bed; and if she felt no tenderness, I thought she should still have looked grave, or even pensively sad, at so melancholy a reverse of his fortune."*

Had the truth of this picture rested entirely on the prejudiced narrative of so virulent a partisan as the Duchess of Marlborough, we might be inclined to regard it as exaggerated and malicious. But the description which the respectable Evelyn gives of Mary's behaviour, on her first arrival, sufficiently substantiates the veracity of the Duchess:—"She came," he says, "into Whitehall laughing and jolly, as to a wedding, so as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and in her undress, as it was reported, before her women were up, went about from room to room to see the convenience of Whitehall; lay in the same bed and apartments where the late Queen lay,

* "Account of the Duchess of Marlborough's Conduct," p. 15. See also "The other Side of the Question," p. 24, &c.

and within a night or two sat down to play at Basset, as the Queen, her predecessor, used to do. She smiled upon, and talked to everybody, so that no change seemed to have taken place at Court since her last going away, save that infinite crowds of people thronged to see her, and that she went to our prayers. This carriage was censured by many. She seems to be of a good nature, and that she takes nothing to heart; whilst the Prince, her husband, has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderful serious and silent, and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on affairs."* Even her panegyrist, Burnet, admits that he could not witness the Queen's unseemly levity without censure. He attributes her conduct, however, to the instructions which she had received from her husband, who had conjured her to wear an air of cheerfulness on her first arrival, lest others should be discouraged by her looks.

The conduct of Mary, as may be well supposed, was severely handled in the lampoons of the period. In a poem entitled "Tarquin and Tullia," we find,—

> The elder Tullia, as some authors feign,
> Drove o'er her father's corpse a trembling wain.
> But she, more guilty, numerous wains did drive,
> To crush her father, and her king, alive:

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* Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 6.

In glad remembrance of his hastened fall,
Resolved to institute a weekly ball.
She, jolly glutton! grew in bulk and chin,
Feasted in rapine, and enjoyed her sin.
With luxury she did weak reason force,
Debauched good nature, and crammed down remorse.
Yet when she drunk cool tea in liberal sups,
The sobbing dame was maudlin in her cups.*

The loss of three kingdoms appears to have been less severely felt by the unfortunate James, than the unlooked-for defection of his children. When the report reached him, that his daughter Mary was in league with her husband to deprive him of his throne, the pang which he felt seems to have been exceeded only by the agony of a later period, when informed of the desertion of his favourite child the Princess Anne. Possibly it was by the directions of James himself, that on receiving the first news of the intended invasion, the Queen, Mary of Modena, addressed a letter to her step-daughter, in which she affected altogether to discredit the reports of her disobedience. The Queen writes, on the 28th of September, 1688,—"I am much put to it what to say, at a time when nothing is talked of here but the Prince of Orange's coming over with an

* State Poems, vol. iii. p. 322. Spence informs us, on the authority of Pope, that this "very hot copy of verses," was written by Mainwaring, who shortly afterwards changed his principles and became a stanch Whig.—*Spence's Anecdotes*, p. 145.

army. This has been said a long time, and believed by a great many; but I do protest to you I never did believe it, till now very lately, that I have no possibility left of doubting it. The second part of this news I will never believe, that is, that you are to come over with him; for I know you to be too good, that I don't believe you could have such a thought against the worst of fathers, much less perform it against the best, that has always been kind to you, and I believe has loved you better than all the rest of his children."* But the severest rebuke which the conduct of Mary drew down upon her, was from Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury. Shortly after her arrival in England, having sent to that prelate to request his blessing, — "Tell her," was the cutting reproof, "that she must ask her father's, for mine would not otherwise be heard in Heaven."†

* Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iii. p. 349, First Series.

† This unaffected prelate and benevolent man was one of the seven Bishops who were sent to the Tower in 1688, for opposing the iniquitous purposes of King James, and who was subsequently deprived of his archbishopric for refusing to take *new oaths* for King William. He gave a thousand pounds towards rebuilding the Deanery-house of St. Paul's, and it was in a great degree owing to his personal exertions that we are indebted for the erection of the present magnificent structure. He died on the 24th of November, 1693, and was buried agreeably with his particular desire, in a spot which he had pointed out in his life-time in the churchyard of Fresingfield in Suffolk.—*Biog. Brit,* vol. v. p. 3582.

The fact, that Mary not only leagued with her husband against her father, but that she willingly consented to wear the crown of which she had helped to deprive him, and to reap, with apparent cheerfulness, all the worldly advantages which were contingent on her undutifulness, was unquestionably the worst feature in her conduct. "Those," remarks Dalrymple, "who thought that the fates of Princes were the objects of humanity, as well as the fates of their subjects, grieved to see the Princess receive the crown in the hall of that palace, from which her father had been driven; and at the gate of which her grandfather had, by some of those who now placed the crown on her head, and by the fathers of others, been brought to the block."

During her coronation in Westminster Abbey, the weight of her robes and the length of the ceremony causing her to look heated and fatigued, her sister, the Princess of Denmark, drew near her, and whispered how sorry she was to see her so distressed:—"Sister," is said to have been the heartless reply, "a crown is not so heavy as it seems to be."*

The circumstance of his daughter consenting to wear the crown, was an additional, and apparently unlooked-for misfortune to the exiled James. Of his distress on the occasion, the best proof is afforded by the following memorandum, which was

* Oldmixon's History of the Stuarts, p. 780.

found among the papers of the Earl of Nottingham, Secretary of State to King William:— "April 9th. Letter from King James to the Queen, that he had hitherto been willing to make excuses for what had been done, and thought her obedience to her husband, and compliance with the nation, might have prevailed, but that her being crowned was in her own power; and if she did it, while he and the Prince of Wales were living, the curses of an angry father would fall on her, as well as of a God who commanded obedience to parents. The Princess of Denmark had a letter also. *King William declared there is nothing he has done, but he had the Queen's advice and approbation.*"

King James acquaints us in his Memoirs, that when the news of his having landed in Ireland, in 1689, reached the English court, and King William appeared much disconcerted in consequence, Mary plainly told him,—"he might thank himself for it, for letting the King go as he did." This anecdote, King James informs us, he had from "a very good hand." *

Notwithstanding Mary's undutiful conduct towards her father, and her apparent indifference to his misfortunes, we find her on more than one occasion speaking of him in terms of the strongest affection and respect, and listening indignantly to

* Clarke's Life of James the Second, vol. ii. p. 328. Macpherson's Original Papers, vol. i. p. 151.

those who thought to pay their court to her by maligning him. "The Duke of Leeds told me," says Lord Dartmouth, "that King William, before he went abroad, told him, that he must be very cautious of saying anything before the Queen that looked like a disrespect to her father, which she never forgave anybody; and the Marquis of Halifax, in particular, had lost all manner of credit with her, for some unseasonable jests he had made upon this subject. The Earl of Nottingham, who was much in her confidence, told me he was very sure, if she had outlived her husband, she would have done her utmost to have restored her father; but under such restrictions, as should have prevented his ever making any attempts upon the religion or liberties of his country."* The affection of Mary for her husband; the extraordinary influence which he exercised over her mind; and the splendid temptation of a throne, probably overcame those natural feelings of filial piety which could not fail to have had existence in her mind. The fact of her intending to restore her father to his crown, is the best proof that she questioned the propriety of that conduct, which had assisted in depriving a parent of his happiness and his rights.

With the single exception of her continued disobedience towards her father, it must be admitted

* Burnet, vol. iv. p. 241, note.

that the conduct of Mary, after her elevation to the English throne, was distinguished by discretion and good sense in her public capacity, and by piety and goodness in her private career. "She was exactly regular," says Burnet, "both in her private and public devotions; she was much in her closet and read a great deal; she was often busy at work, and seemed to employ her time and thoughts in anything rather than matters of state; her conversation was lively and obliging, every thing in her was easy and natural, and she was regular in great charities to the poor."

Her Court also, if not splendid, was remarkable for decency and decorum. "The Queen," adds Burnet, "continued to set a great example to the whole nation, which shined in all the parts of it. She used all possible methods of reforming what was amiss; she took ladies off from that idleness, which not only wasted their time, but exposed them to many temptations; she engaged many both to read and to work; she wrought many hours a-day herself, with her ladies and her maids of honour working about her, while one read to them all. The female part of the Court had been in the former reigns subject to much censure, and there was great cause for it, but she freed her Court so entirely from all suspicion, that there was not so much as a colour for discourses of that sort: she did divide her time so regularly, between her closet and business, her work and diversion, that every

minute seemed to have its proper employment." We can scarcely doubt that it was this passage in Bishop Burnet's history, which suggested to Horace Walpole his well known sarcastic allusion to the Queen's sober enjoyments and homely pursuits. "Mary," he says, "seems to have had little more propensity to the arts than the King: the good Queen loved to work and talk, and contented herself with praying to God that her husband might be a great hero, since he did not choose to be a fond husband." *

That Mary was not entirely adverse to the frivolities which gratify her sex,— and, indeed, that her pursuit of pleasure, at least on one occasion, provoked a rebuke from her phlegmatic husband, — is evident from the following extract of a letter from Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham. The singular coincidences therein referred to, or rather the striking similarity between the Queen's peculiar position and the passages which are quoted from Dryden's beautiful tragi-comedy of "The Spanish Fryar,"† (a play which the Queen had been unfortunate enough to select for representa-

* Anecdotes of Painting, Walpole's Works, vol. iii. p. 359.

† It was objected against this celebrated performance, on its first appearance, that many of the materials were stolen from other writers. When this fact was insisted upon in the presence of Charles the Second,—"Od's fish!" he said, "steal me such another play any of you, and I'll frequent it as much as I do 'The Spanish Fryar.'"—*Biographia Dramatica*, vol. iii. p. 292.

tion,) as also the light which the letter itself throws on the fashionable manners of the period, render it equally valuable and entertaining.

"The only day," says Lord Nottingham, "that her Majesty gave herself the diversion of a play, and that on which she designed to see another, has furnished the town with discourse for near a month. The choice of the play was 'The Spanish Fryar,' the only play forbid by the late King.* Some unhappy expressions, among which those that follow, put her in some disorder, and forced her to hold up her fan, and often look behind her and call for her palatine, and hood, and anything she could next think of, while those, who were in the pit before her, turned their heads over their shoulders, and all in general directed their looks towards her, whenever their fancy led them to make any application of what was said. In one place, where the Queen of Aragon is going to church in procession, 'tis said by a spectator,—

—— Very good! she usurps the throne,
Keeps the old King in prison, and, at the same time,
Is praying for a blessing on the army. †

* The reflections which it cast on the Roman Catholic clergy, and more especially the offensive character of Dominick, the Fryar, were the reasons of its representation being forbidden by James.

† King William was at this period in Ireland, conducting the war against James the Second.

"And when 'tis said,—

'Tis observed at court who weeps, and who wears black,
For good King Sancho's death.

"Again,

Who is it that can flatter a court like this?
Can I soothe tyranny? seem pleased to see my royal master
Murdered, his crown usurp'd,—a distaff on the throne?

"And,—

What title has this Queen but lawless force? and force
Must pull her down.

"Twenty more things are said, which may be wrested to what they were never designed; but, however, the observations then made furnished the town with talk, till something else happened which gave as much occasion of discourse; for another play being ordered to be acted, the Queen came not, being taken up with other diversion. She dined at Mrs. Graden's, the famous woman in the Hall, that sells fine ribands and head-dresses; from thence she went to the Jew's that sells Indian things, to Mrs. Ferguson's, De Vetts, Mrs. Harrison's, and other Indian houses; * but not to Mrs. Potter's, though in her way, which caused Mrs.

* The fashionable places of resort known to our ancestors as *Indian houses*, were warehouses for the sale of tea, china, and various Indian goods. They are also said to have afforded convenient facilities as places of assignation. Colley Cibber makes Lady Townley "take a flying jaunt to an Indian House;" and

Potter to say, that she might as well have hoped for that honour as others, considering that the whole design of bringing in the Queen and King was managed at her house, and the consultations held there; so that she might as well have thrown away a little money in raffling there, as well as at the other houses; but it seems that my Lord Devonshire has got Mrs. Potter to be laundress; she has not much countenance of the Queen; her daughter still keeping the Indian house her mother had.

"The same day the Queen went to Mrs. Wise's, a famous woman for telling fortunes, but could not prevail with her to tell anything, though to

Prior says,—

> To cheapen tea, or buy a screen,
> What else could so much virtue mean?

They seem to have continued fashionable for many years, for Lord Chesterfield writes to Mrs. Howard in August, 1728,—"If I can be of any use to you here, especially in an *Indian house way*, I hope you will command me."—*Suffolk Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 309. Perhaps the best notion that can be conveyed of an "Indian House" is afforded by some lines in Lady M. W. Montague's "Town Eclogue" of "The Toilette":

> Strait then I 'll dress and take my wonted range,
> Through Indian shops, to Motteux's or the Change;
> Where the tall jar erects its stately pride,
> With antic shapes in China's azure dyed;
> There careless lies a rich brocade unrolled,
> Here shines a cabinet with burnished gold.
> But then, alas! I must be forced to pay,
> And bring no penn'worths, not a fan away.

others she has been very true, and has foretold that King James shall come in again, and the Duke of Norfolk shall lose his head: the last I suppose will naturally be the consequence of the first. These things, however innocent in themselves, have passed the censure of the town. And besides a private reprimand given, the King gave one in public, saying to the Queen, that he heard she dined at a b——y-house, and desired the next time she went he might go too. She said she had done nothing but what the late Queen had done. He asked her, if she meant to make her her example. More was said on this occasion than ever was known before, but it was borne with all the submission of a good wife, who leaves all to the direction of the King, and diverts herself with walking six or seven miles a-day, and looking after her buildings, making of fringes, and such like innocent things; and does not meddle in government, though she has better title to do it than the late Queen had." *

Evelyn, in his Diary of the 13th of July, 1693, has bequeathed us a description of the interior of the Queen's private apartments, which enables us to form a tolerable notion of her particular tastes: —"I saw," he says, "the Queen's rare cabinets and collection of chinas; which was wonderfully rich and plentiful; but especially a large cabinet

* Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 79, Appendix.

looking-glass, frame and stands all of amber; much of it white; with historical bas-reliefs and statues, with medals carved in them; esteemed worth four thousand pounds; sent by the Duke of Brandenburgh, whose country, Prussia, abounds with amber cast up by the sea: divers other China and Indian cabinets, screens, and hangings. In her library were many books in English, French, and Dutch, of all sorts; a cupboard of gold plate; a cabinet of silver filigree; which I think was our Queen Mary's,* and which, in my opinion, should have been generously sent to her."

Another proof that the mind of Mary was not entirely absorbed in devotion and the work-table, is afforded by the attachment, already alluded to, which she conceived for her husband's minister, Charles, first Duke of Shrewsbury. As the name of this nobleman figures so conspicuouly in the annals of the period, it may be interesting to introduce a few words respecting him.

"Never," says Macky, "was a greater mixture of honour, virtue, and good sense, in any one person, than in him: a great man, attended with a sweetness of behaviour, and easiness of conversation, which charms all who come near him: nothing of the stiffness of a statesman, yet the capacity and knowledge of a piercing wit. He speaks French and Italian as well as his native

* Mary of Modena, Queen of James the Second.

language; and although but one eye, yet he has a very charming countenance, and is the most generally beloved by the ladies of any gentleman of his time."

"The Duke of Shrewsbury," says his acquaintance, Lord Dartmouth, "was a man of a very noble family, a clear understanding, had an education that qualified him for any employment, extremely agreeable in his person, and of a very lively conversation; but with all these advantages was a very unhappy man. He was ambitious, but naturally so timorous, and quick of apprehension, that he enjoyed more imaginary dangers than any man ever did. He could give very bold advice, but always shrunk in the execution; an instance of which lessened his esteem with the Queen [Anne], who did not want courage herself, to a degree of contempt. I believe his father and brother having been killed * might contribute to his unaccountable faint-heartedness."

Notwithstanding his constitutional timidity, the Duke had a considerable share in effecting the Revolution of 1688, in which, according to Swift, he freely exposed both his fortune and his life. It is also owing to the promptitude he displayed at the council-table, — at the memorable

* Both father and brother were killed in a duel;—the former in an encounter with the witty and profligate George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; the latter by Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, natural son of Charles the Second.

meeting which immediately preceded the death of Queen Anne,—that, to all appearance, the reigning family of England are indebted for the sovereignty of these realms.* "He has ever," remarks Swift, "been the favourite of the nation, being possessed of many amiable qualities."

The life of the Duke of Shrewsbury was imbittered by a domestic misfortune. During a long residence in Italy he had become acquainted with a lady belonging to the powerful family of Paliotti, and descended, in the female line, from Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Whatever may have been the circumstances which rendered their union an imprudent one, certain it is that when the Duke quitted Rome on his return to his native country, he did so without having made her a previous offer of his hand. According to Burnet, the lady followed him to Augsburg, where, having declared herself a Protestant, the Duke married her, and she accompanied him to England. Speaker Onslow, however, informs us, that it was owing to the intervention of a "furious brother," with whom, owing to his natural timidity, the Duke was unwilling to quarrel.† "How-

* See Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. i. p. 135.

† The Duchess of Marlborough styles their union a "strange marriage." In her "Characters of her Contemporaries," she says,—"The Duke of Shrewsbury had been abroad at Rome for many years, and brought over with him, at his return, a very old woman, his wife, an Italian Papist, who had upon this mar-

ever," adds Onslow, "to avoid the scandal of that upon himself, the Duke had skill and temper to preserve ever afterwards all appearances to the world of affection and respect for her, and laboured to procure the latter to her from all other people, and carried it so far as to get her made one of the ladies to the Princess of Wales. But after his death, she was very little considered, and was in truth a vain, impertinent woman, without virtue or sense, not even enough for the art of her country. By the means of a relation of mine, I had an opportunity of knowing a great deal of her character, and the Duke's management of it, which seemed to take up more of his time and thoughts than all his other private and his public concerns did; and all this from the hopes he had of concealing what all the world did really know."

The punctilious brother (to whom we have already alluded,) followed his sister to England, and owing to his perpetual demands on the Duke and Duchess, for means to supply his pecuniary

riage professed herself a Protestant."—*Private Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough*, vol. ii. p. 131. As the Duchess of Shrewsbury, at a subsequent period, openly paid her court to the rival favourite, Mrs. Masham,—"humbling herself to the lowest degree of fawning and flattery, even in too gross and nauseous a manner to succeed,"—this, and some other abuse heaped upon her by the Duchess of Marlborough, may be easily accounted for. By the peerages, the Duchess of Shrewsbury is styled Adelhida, daughter of the Marquis of Paliotti, of Bolonia, in Italy.

necessities, appears to have been a constant source of annoyance to his noble brother-in-law. After Shrewsbury's death, Paliotti (or whatever may have been his name,) having murdered a chairman in a fit of rage, was found guilty of the offence, and suffered death on the gallows.*

The Queen's partiality for the Duke of Shrewsbury appears to have been tolerably notorious at the time. Lord Dartmouth says:—"Jack Howe, who was vice-chamberlain to her sister, told me that if she had outlived the King, she would certainly have married him. The first time he perceived anything extraordinary was in leading of her to chapel. When the Duke stepped forward to speak to her, she trembled all over; and he often observed the like commotions afterwards, whenever he came into her presence."† Mary once inquired of some of the ladies of her court, what a squeeze of the hand was intended to indicate. Being told that it usually denoted "love;" "Then," she said, "my Vice-Chamberlain must be violently in love with me, for he always squeezes my hand."

Imprudent as Mary may have been in allowing her affections to stray to another, her conduct as a wife was, generally speaking, exemplary; and, indeed, the respect she entertained for her ungracious husband, and her passive obedience to

* Burnet, vol. v. pp. 452, 453.

† Ibid, vol. v. p. 453, MS. note by Lord Dartmouth.

his will, appear to have almost amounted to a weakness. That she regarded his person also,—at least till within the last few years of her life, — with the strongest attachment, is evident from the affectionate letters she addressed to him when he was absent on military service, of which many are still extant. If any diminution subsequently took place in that attachment, it was unquestionably caused by his occasional ill-treatment of her, and by the intrigue in which he latterly engaged with Lady Orkney.

The letters, to which we more particularly allude, are those which Mary addressed to her husband, when he was absent on his Irish campaign, and which breathe throughout a spirit of tenderness and affection, that not only does credit to her heart, but renders them very interesting epistolary compositions. She frequently speaks of her great joy at receiving one of his "dear letters;" appears vividly alive to the dangers which he is incurring; and whenever she allows herself to anticipate his early return, dwells with transport on the happiness it will restore to her. On the 1st of July, 1690, she writes from Whitehall,—"The Queen Dowager has been here, but did not stay a moment, nor speak two words; since she went I have been in the garden, and find my face pretty well; but it is now candle-light, therefore I dare say no more. I have still the same complaint to make, that I

have not time to cry, which would a little ease my heart; but I hope in God I shall have such news from you as will give me no reason; yet your absence is enough, but since it pleased God, I must have patience; do but continue to love me, and I can bear all things else with ease." And again she writes on the following day,— "That which troubles me most in all things is your absence and the fear I am in, something may be done to hinder us from hearing from you; in that case I don't know what will become of us. I still trust in God, who is our only help. Farewell, I will trouble you with no more, but only desire you, whatsoever happens, to love me as I shall you, to death."*

The vast quantity of business which Mary, from being left by her husband at the head of affairs, was called upon at this period to transact, fortunately prevented her indulging too constantly in private sorrow. She writes to her husband, on the 15th of July, 1690, — "I have really hardly had time to say my prayers, and was feign to run away to Kensington, where I had three hours of quiet, which is more than I have had together since I saw you. The place made me think how happy I was there when I had your dear company; but now——I will say no more, for I shall hurt my own eyes, which I want more now than ever. Adieu, think of me,

* Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 118, Appendix.

and love me as much as I shall you, who I love more than my life."*

On the approach of a battle, and whenever she conceives her husband to be exposed to more than ordinary danger, the letters of Mary abound with the most eloquent expressions of affection and alarm. In a letter dated the 5th of September, 1690, she writes,—"I am in greater fears than can be imagined by any one who loves less than myself. I count the hours and the moments, and have only reason enough left to think, as long as I have no letters, all is well. I believe, by what you write, that you got your cannon Friday at farthest, and then Saturday I suppose you began to make use of them; judge then what cruel thoughts they are to me to think what you may be exposed to all this while. I never do anything without thinking now, it may be, you are in the greatest dangers, and yet I must see company upon my set days: I must play twice a week; nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will: I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me, at least 'tis a great constraint to myself, yet I must endure it: all my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed, that if I eat less or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost in the opinion of the world; so that I have this misery added to that of your absence and my fears for

* Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 129, Appendix.

your dear person, that I must grin when my heart is ready to break, and talk when my heart is so oppressed I can scarce breathe." Mary concludes the same letter,—"My letter is already so long, but 'tis as if I were bewitched to-night, I can't end for my life; but will force myself now, beseeching God to bless you and keep you from all dangers whatsoever; and send us a happy meeting again here upon earth, and at last a joyful and blessed one in Heaven in his good time. Farewell; do but continue to love me, and forgive the taking up so much of your time to your poor wife, who deserves more pity than ever any creature did, and who loves you a great deal too much for her own ease, though it can't be more than you deserve."*

Her satisfaction at the prospect of her husband's early return, and her description of the various domestic arrangements which she is making for his reception, are described by Mary in the same natural and agreeable manner. On the 5th of August 1690, after alluding to the tardy progress of the new works at Kensington, she proceeds,—"The outside of the house is the fiddling work, which takes up more time than one can imagine: and while the scaffolds are up, the windows must be boarded up; but as soon as that is done, your own apartment may be furnished; and

* Dalrymple, vol. ii. pp. 166, 168, Appendix.

though mine cannot possibly be ready yet awhile, I have found out a way, if you please, which is, that I may make use of Lord Portland's, and he lie in some of the other rooms. We may lie in your chamber, and I go through the council-room down, or else dress me there; and as I suppose your business will bring you often to town, so I may take such times to see company here; for 'tis no matter what inconveniencies any else suffers for your dear sake; and this way I think the only one yourself will have, will be my lying in your chamber, which you know I can make as easy to you as may be: our being there will certainly forward the work."

On the 9th of the same month, Mary again refers to her projected household arrangements at Kensington. The concluding part of this letter shall complete our extracts from her very creditable correspondence. "I writ you word in my last, how I thought you might shift at Kensington, without my chamber, but I have thought since to set up a bed (which is already ordered) in the council chamber, and that I can dress me in Lord Portland's, and use his closet. M. Neinburg is gone to get ready other rooms for him: thus I think we may shift for a fortnight, in which time I hope my own will be ready; they promise it sooner. This letter, I hope, will meet you at Chester; it shall stay for you there, so that if there be anything else

you would have done, do but let me know it by one word, and you shall find it so, if it be in my power. I have one thing to beg, which is that, if it be possible, I may come and meet you upon the road, either where you dine, or anywhere else, for I do so long to see you, that I am sure, had you so much mind to see your poor wife again, you would propose it; but do as you please: I will say no more, but that I love you so much it cannot increase, else I am sure it would."*

The ardent affection with which Mary regarded her husband, was repaid by the phlegmatic Dutchman with harshness and ill-treatment during her lifetime, and with passions of grief at her death. "She was generally thought," observes Lord Dartmouth, "to submit to the King's ill-humours and temper more than she had reason to do, considering the insolent treatment she frequently received from him, which she was never known to complain of herself, but I have heard most of her servants speak of it with great indignation."† And yet it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of his distress, after the patient sufferer, the meek victim of his ill-temper, was no more. Dr. Calamy, the nonconformist, alluding to his accompanying a deputation of Dissenting ministers

* Dalrymple, vol. ii. pp. 151, 153, Appendix.

† Burnet, vol. iv. p. 249, note.

to present an address of condolence to the King, and speaking of the "affecting speech" made by Bates, who headed the address,—"I well remember, he says, that, upon this speech, I saw tears trickle down the cheeks of that great Prince, who so often appeared undaunted in the field of battle."* The account which Burnet gives of his distress is even more striking. "The King's affliction for her death," he says, "was as great as it was just: it was greater than those who knew him best thought his temper capable of; he went beyond all bounds in it. During her sickness he was in an agony, that amazed us all, fainting often, and breaking out into most violent lamentations. When she died, his spirits sunk so low, that there was great reason to apprehend that he was following her. For some weeks after, he was so little master of himself, that he was not capable of minding business or of seeing company."† We have already mentioned that, after his own death, a ring, containing some of the hair of the deceased Queen, was found suspended to his left arm.

* Life of Calamy, vol. i. p. 356. See also *ante*, p. 143.

† The truth of this affecting picture of William's affliction is corroborated by a letter from the Duke of Shrewsbury to Admiral Russell. "I know," he writes, "that you will be as much concerned to receive the melancholy account, as I am to send it, that the Queen fell ill of the small-pox, the 20th of December, and died the 28th, in the morning. Certainly there never was any one more really and universally lamented; but the

The account which Burnet gives of the Queen's last illness is too interesting not to be introduced in his own words. "She was taken ill," he says, "but the next day that seemed to go off. I had the honour to be half an hour with her that day; and she complained then of nothing. The day following, she went abroad; but her illness returned so heavily on her that she could disguise it no longer. She shut herself up long in her closet that night, and burnt many papers, and put the rest in order. After that she used some slight remedies, thinking it was only a transient indisposition; but it increased upon her, and within two days after, the small-pox appeared, and with very bad symptoms. I will not enter into another's province, nor speak of matters so much out of my way; but the physician's part was universally condemned, and her death was imputed to the negligence or unskilfulness of Dr. Radcliffe.* He was called for;

King, particularly, has been dejected by it, beyond what could be imagined; but I hope he begins to recover out of his great disorder, and that a little time will restore him to his former application to business."—*Shrewsbury Correspondence*, p. 218. Two years after the Queen's death, William is spoken of, in a letter of the period, as keeping a "strict observance" of the day on which she died.—*Letters illustrative of the Reign of William III*, vol. i. p. 158.

* Bishop Kennet remarks,—"On Wednesday, April 13, 1695, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tenison, then confined to his bed, told me, that he was sent for to the Queen at her first

and it appeared but too evidently that his opinion was chiefly considered, and was most depended on. Other physicians were afterwards called; but not till it was too late. The King was struck with this beyond expression. He came, on the second day of her illness, and passed the bill for frequent parliaments; which, if he had not done that day, it is very probable he would never have passed it. The day after, he called me into his closet, and gave a free vent to a most tender passion: he burst out into tears; and cried out, that there was no hope of the Queen: and that, from being the happiest, he was now going to be the miserablest creature upon earth. He said, during the whole course of their marriage he had never known one single fault in her; there was a worth in her, that nobody knew besides himself; though, he added, that I might know as much of her as any other person did.

illness; and that her greatest danger was owing to the different opinions of the two physicians. Sir Thomas Millington said rightly, it would be the small-pox, and would have had some suitable evacuations; but Dr. R — fe said, it would be the measles only, and would not agree to any proper prescriptions till it was too late. When I came to visit her at the beginning of her distemper, (thus the Archbishop,) she bid the company withdraw; and when they seemed to be all gone out, she bid me again look behind the screen; for, says she, 'Dr. R — fe has put a Popish nurse upon me, and she is always listening to what is said about me; that woman is a great disturbance tome.'"—*Kennet's Complete History*, vol. iii. p. 666, note.

"Never was such a face of universal sorrow seen in a court, or in a town, as at this time; all people, men and women, young and old, could scarce refrain from tears; on Christmas-day, the small-pox sunk so entirely, and the Queen felt herself so well upon it, that it was for a while concluded she had the measles, and that the danger was over. This hope was ill-grounded and of a short continuance; for before night all was sadly changed. It appeared, that the small-pox was now so sunk, that there was no hope of raising them. The new Archbishop attended on her; he performed all devotions, and had much private discourse with her: when the desperate condition she was in was evident beyond doubt, he told the King, he could not do his duty faithfully unless he acquainted her with the danger she was in: the King approved of it, and said, whatever effect it might have, he would not have her deceived in so important a matter. And, as the Archbishop was preparing the Queen, with some address, not to surprise her too much with such tidings, she presently apprehended his drift, but showed no fear nor disorder upon it. She said, she thanked God she had always carried this in her mind, that nothing was to be left to the last hour; she had nothing then to do, but to look up to God, and submit to his will; it went further indeed than

submission; for she seemed to desire death rather than life; and she continued to the last minute of her life in that calm and resigned state. She had formerly wrote her mind, in many particulars, to the King; and she gave order, to look carefully for a small scrutoire that she made use of, and to deliver it to the King; and, having despatched that, she avoided the giving herself or him the tenderness, which a final parting might have raised in them both.

"She was almost perpetually in prayer. The day before she died she received the Sacrament; all the bishops who were attending, being admitted to receive it with her. We were, God knows, a sorrowful company, for we were losing her who was our chief hope and glory on earth; she followed the whole office, repeating it after the Archbishop. She apprehended, not without some concern, that she should not be able to swallow the bread, yet it went down easily. When this was over, she composed herself solemnly to die; she slumbered sometimes, but said she was not refreshed by it; and said often, that nothing did her good but prayer. She tried once or twice to have said somewhat to the King, but was not able to go through with it. She ordered the Archbishop to be reading to her such passages of Scripture, as might fix her attention, and raise her devotion: several cordials were

given, but all was ineffectual; she lay silent for some hours, and some words that came from her, showed her thoughts began to break."

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in the funeral sermon which he preached to her memory, gives a no less interesting account of the painful scene of which he was a witness. "On Monday," he says, "the flattering disease occasioned some hopes, though they were but faint ones. On the next day, the festival of Christ's birth, these hopes were raised into a kind of assurance, and there was joy, a great joy, seen in the countenances of all good people: that joy endured but for a day, and that day was closed with a very dismal night. The disease showed itself in various forms, and small hopes of life were now left. Then it was, that he who performed the holy offices believed himself obliged to acquaint the good Queen with the apprehensions all had of an unlikelihood at least of her recovery. She received the tidings with a courage agreeable to the strength of her faith. Loath she was to terrify those about her; but for herself, she seemed neither to fear death, nor to covet life. It was, you may imagine, high satisfaction to hear her say a great many most Christian things, and this among them: '*I believe I shall now soon die; and I thank God, I have from my youth learned a true doctrine, that repentance is not to be put off to a death-bed.*' That day she called for prayers a third

time, fearing she had slept a little when they were the second time read; for she thought a duty was not performed if it was not minded.

"On Thursday she prepared herself for the blessed Communion, to which she had been no stranger from the fifteenth year of her age. She was much concerned that she found herself in so *dozing a condition:* so she expressed it. To that she added,—'*Others had need pray for me, seeing I am so little able to pray for myself.*' However, she stirred up her attention, and prayed to God for his assistance. And God heard her; for from thenceforth, to the end of the office, she had the perfect command of her understanding, and was intent upon the great work she was going about; and so intent, that when a second potion of a certain draught was offered her, she refused it, saying, '*I have but a little time to live, and I would spend it a better way.*'

"The holy elements being ready, and several bishops coming to be communicants, she repeated piously and distinctly, but with a low voice, (for such her weakness had then made it,) all the parts of the holy office which were proper for her, and received, with all the signs of a strong faith, and fervent devotion, the blessed pledges of God's favour, and thanked him with a joyful heart, that she was not deprived of the opportunity. She owned also, that God had been good to her beyond her expectation, though in a circumstance

of smaller importance; she having, without any indecency or difficulty, taken down that bread, when it had not been so easy for her, for some time, to swallow any other.

"That afternoon she called for prayers somewhat earlier than the appointed time, because she feared (that was her reason) that she should not long be so well composed. And so it came to pass; for every minute after this, 'twas plain, death made nearer and nearer approaches. However, this true Christian kept her mind as fixed as possibly she could upon the best things; and there were read, by her direction, several Psalms of David, and also a chapter of a pious book concerning trust in God. Toward the latter end of it, her apprehension began to fail; yet not so much but that she could say a devout *Amen* to that prayer, in which her pious soul was recommended to that God who gave it.

"During all this time, there appeared nothing of impatience, nothing of frowardness, nothing of anger. There was heard nothing of murmuring, nothing of impertinence, nothing of ill sound, and scarce a number of disjointed words.

"In all these afflictions, the King was greatly afflicted; how sensibly, and yet how becomingly, many saw, but few have skill enough to describe it: I am sure I have not. At last the helps of art, and prayers and tears not prevailing, a quarter before one, on Friday morning, after two

or three small strugglings of nature, and without such agonies as in such cases are common, she fell asleep."

Dr. Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, in a preface to his Discourse on the Queen's death, bears additional testimony to her extraordinary calmness and resignation in her last moments, and informs us that so struck was one of her physicians at the serenity with which she endured her sufferings, that he exclaimed, — "She seemed to me more like an angel than a woman." We learn from the same authority, that when the Queen received the Sacrament, as many as seven bishops communicated at the same time. Queen Mary died 28th of December, 1694, in the thirty-third year of her age, and the sixth of her joint reign with her husband.

The fact appears somewhat singular, that, on her death-bed, Mary should have expressed no regret for her former conduct towards her father, and, indeed, (as far as we can glean from contemporary accounts,) that she should have abstained from all allusion to the subject. Shortly after her decease, an attack was made on the Archbishop of Canterbury, by Dr. Ken, the deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells, for having neglected to exhort her to express contrition on the subject. The fact of his daughter dying in her disobedience, appears to have been a severe blow to King James. That monarch, speaking

of himself in the third person, observes in noticing her death in his Diary,—"The Princess of Orange dies December 28, O.S. The King made no efforts upon her death. Her proximity of blood was the Prince of Orange's chief support. He hoped the government might shake and unhinge itself. All that the King got was an additional affliction to those he had already undergone, by seeing his child he loved so tenderly persevere, to her death, in such a signal state of disobedience and disloyalty; and to hear it extolled as for the highest virtue, by the mercenary flatterers of the times. Even Archbishop Tenison reckoned, among her virtues, her contradictions; and that she had got the better of her duty to a parent, in consideration of her religion and her country. But his own children had lost all bowels of compassion and duty for the King. The King was much afflicted at her manner of dying."*

After the Queen's death, a memorandum was found among her papers of her personal debts, which, however, amounted but to a small sum. A paper was also discovered, in which she expressed a desire that her body should not be opened, and that no extraordinary sum should be expended on her funeral. This document was found too late to be acted upon.† Her

* Macpherson's Original Papers, vol. i. p. 246.

† Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 45.

obsequies, indeed, were performed with the greatest magnificence. The streets from Whitehall to Westminster were covered with boards; and divided, on each side the foot-paths, by railings hung with black cloth. The Duchess of Somerset, supported by two Duchesses, twelve Countesses, and four Baronesses, acted as chief mourner. The Sergeants-at-Law, the Judges, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, as well as the House of Commons, in long cloaks, and the Peers in their robes, attended the ceremony. The body of the late Queen, in a purple velvet coffin, covered with a rich pall of cloth of gold, was conveyed to the Abbey in an open chariot drawn by eight horses; the latter caparisoned in purple velvet, and decorated with feathers and escutcheons. No ceremonial, indeed, was omitted which could possibly add to the splendour of the mournful scene, or tend to show respect for the deceased. The burial service was performed by the Dean of Westminster, after which the body was interred in a vault on the south side of Henry the Seventh's chapel. Evelyn, who saw the Queen's body lying in state, informs us that the expenses of her funeral amounted to fifty thousand pounds. As a particular mark of respect, it was ordered that, on the day of her interment, the great bell in every church in England should toll for three hours.

"Probably," says Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Prior, "no funeral was ever so poetically attended as that of Queen Mary." As a specimen of the numerous elegies and other funereal lamentations, which celebrated the nation's loss and the King's grief, we may insert the following lines from Pomfret's "Pastoral Essay on the Death of Queen Mary," with which we will conclude our notice of her life:—

How good she was, how generous, how wise
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes!
How charming all, how much she was adored
Alive; when dead, how much her loss deplored!
A noble theme and able to inspire
The humblest muse with the sublimest fire;
And since we do of such a Princess sing,
Let ours ascend upon a stronger wing;
And while we do the lofty numbers join,
Her name will make their harmony divine.
Raise, then, thy tuneful voice, and be the song
Sweet as her temper, as her virtue strong.
All that was noble beautified her mind;
There wisdom sat, with solid reason joined;
There too did piety and greatness wait,
Meekness on grandeur, modesty on state:
Humble amidst the splendours of a throne;
Placed above all, and yet despising none.
And when a crown was forced on her by fate,
She with some pain submitted to be great.

WILLIAM BENTINCK,

EARL OF PORTLAND.

His descent from an old Dutch family.—His birth in 1649, and appointment as Page of Honour to the Prince of Orange. —Instance of his early attachment to the Prince.—Sir W. Temple's opinion of him.—Bentinck accompanies the Prince on his invasion of England. — Is shortly afterwards created Earl of Portland, and made a Knight of the Garter. — Is lampooned in consequence. — Accompanies William to Ireland, and distinguishes himself at the battle of the Boyne. —His disinterestedness with respect to a bribe offered him. —He is sent Ambassador-Extraordinary to France.—Is disliked by the English. — Is rivalled in the King's favour by Arnold Van Keppel, afterwards Earl of Albemarle.—Dies of a pleurisy and malignant fever in 1709.

WILLIAM, Earl of Portland, the early favourite of King William, was the third son of Henry Bentinck, Herr Van Diepenham, and was descended from a family who had long resided in Overyssel, one of the United Provinces of the Netherlands. He was born in 1649, and at an early age was appointed page of honour to William, then Prince of Orange, from which post he was shortly afterwards advanced to be a gentleman of his bedchamber.

On an occasion of William being attacked with

the small-pox, the young page gave a proof of personal attachment to his master, which the latter, to his credit, never forgot. The disease, to use a medical term, not rising properly, it was recommended by the physicians, that, if possible, a young person should be procured, who should lie nightly in the same bed with the Prince. Some difficulty was found in discovering a youth of respectable birth who had courage enough to expose himself to contagion; till at last, Bentinck, though he had never had the small-pox, consented, from personal regard for his master, to run the obvious risk.

Sir William Temple observes in his Memoirs,— "I cannot forbear to give Monsieur Bentinck the character due to him, of the best servant I have known in princes' or private families. He tended his master during the whole course of his disease, both day and night; and the Prince told me, that whether he slept or no he could not tell; but in sixteen days and nights, he never called once that he was not answered by Monsieur Bentinck as if he had been awake. The first time the Prince was well enough to have his head opened and combed, Monsieur Bentinck, as soon as it was done, begged of his master to give him leave to go home, for he was able to hold up no longer. He did so, and fell immediately sick of the same disease, and in great extremity, but recovered just soon enough to attend the Prince

into the field." From this period Bentinck became the established favourite of the Prince; his station was always next to his master in the day of battle; and, on these occasions, he as carefully watched over his safety amidst the roar of cannon, as he had formerly regarded it in the silence of the sick chamber.

Previous to the Revolution, Bentinck had been employed by his master in several important missions; and when, in 1668, the Prince embarked on his expedition to England, the former accompanied him in the same vessel. On the accession of William to the English throne, the tried attachment and faithful services of his Dutch favourite were not forgotten, and he received the appointments of Groom of the Stole, Privy Purse, and First Gentleman of the Bedchamber. On the 13th of February, 1689, he was sworn of the Privy Council, and, two days previous to the Coronation, was created by letters patent, dated 9th April, 1689, Baron of Cirencester, Viscount Woodstock, and Earl of Portland. William, moreover, conferred on him the command of the Dutch regiment of Horse Guards which had accompanied him to England; and, some years afterwards, gave him the rangerships of the Great and Little Parks at Windsor, and honoured him with the Order of the Garter. The latter dignity was much grudged by the English nobility, and was such as should never

have been conferred on a Dutchman of indifferent birth and of no very splendid qualities. In a lampoon of the period, we find:—

> Next cringing B——k place, whose earth-born race
> The coronet and garter does disgrace;
> Of undescended parentage, made great
> By change,—his virtues undiscovered yet.
> From his ignoble neck the collar tear,
> Let not his breast the rays of honour wear.
> Of black designs and lusts let him remain
> A servile favourite, and grants obtain:
> While ancient honours, sacred to the crown,
> Are lavished to support the minion.
> Pale envy rages in his cankered breast,
> And to the British name a foe profest.*

The military services of the Earl of Portland, if not brilliant, were at least respectable. In 1690 he accompanied the King to Ireland, where he displayed considerable skill and gallantry at the celebrated battle of the Boyne. He was present with his master during the foreign campaigns of 1692 and 1693, and distinguished himself at the celebrated battle of Landen, where he received a wound in his hand. Bentinck again accompanied King William to Flanders in 1694, and during the campaign of that and the following year, acquired fresh laurels by the gallantry he displayed in the field, and by other services which he performed for his master. At the close of the war, William, pleased to have an oppor-

* Advice to a Painter, State Poems, vol. ii. p. 429.

tunity of distinguishing his Dutch favourite, proposed to reward him by a large grant of crown lands in the principality of Wales. But on this, as on other occasions, the King was destined to have his views thwarted by the pertinacious jealousy of his new subjects. Partly on the ground of the splendour of the grant, and partly owing to a reasonable doubt, whether the lands in question could be legally alienated from the Principality, the King's proposal met with a very violent opposition in the House of Commons. William, though doubtless he was secretly annoyed at this interference with his prerogative, nevertheless listened to the remonstrance of the Commons with apparent indifference, and returned the following characteristic answer to their address:—

"Gentlemen,

"I have a kindness for my Lord Portland, which he has deserved of me by long and faithful services; but I should not have given him these lands, if I had imagined the House of Commons could have been concerned. I will therefore recall the grant, and find some other way of showing my favour to him."*

Favourites are naturally objects of national jealousy; and the magnificent grants conferred

* Dalrymple, vol. iii. p. 148.

by a Whig monarch on a Dutch minion, very naturally excited the disgust of the English. In perusing the following list of revenues which the Earl of Portland received at the hands of King William, we must acknowledge that a similar display of unworthy favouritism is scarcely to be found even among the worst annals of the House of Stuart.

A grant of certain buildings in Whitehall for forty-five years, at the rent of six shillings and eight-pence.
A grant of the manor of Grantham in the county of Lincoln.
The Honour of Penrith in the county of Cumberland.
The manor of Dracklow and Rudneth in Cheshire.
The manor of Torrington in Norfolk.
The manors of Partington, Bristol-Garth, Hornsey, Thwing, Burnisley, and Leven, in the county of York.
The manor of Pevensey in the county of Sussex.
The manor of East Greenwich in the county of Kent, under the rent of £4. 13*s*. 4*d*. a year.*

William, in addition to these grants, subsequently rewarded the services of his favourite in a still more liberal manner, by conferring on him the royal palace of Theobalds, with the lands attached to the domain, and also the Rangership of Windsor Great Park. Cupidity, however, can scarcely be said to have been a failing of the Earl of Portland. When pressed to receive the large bribe of £50,000, on the understanding that he would exert his influence with the King to pass an act for the establishment of an East India

* Debates in Parliament, by Chandler, anno 1696.

Company, he not only steadily resisted the splendid temptation, but added, that he would ever consider that person as his enemy who should dare to make the offer to him in future.

Such is the usual version of this story, which, in its primary points, is corroborated by Tyson, (the Deputy-Governor of the East India Company,) in his evidence before the House of Commons. It was freely admitted by this person that, in order to induce the King to meet the views of the Company, he had been authorised to place £50,000 in Portland's hands for his Majesty's use: he added, however, that when he tendered this large sum to the favourite, the latter instantly declined all interference, observing that he was satisfied the King would have nothing to do with the matter. Tyson, being interrogated whether he had made any offer of money to the Earl himself,—"If I had," he said, "I must never have seen his face again."

In the month of June, 1697, the Earl of Portland was despatched by his master to negotiate with Marshal Boufflers the preliminaries of the treaty which led to the peace of Ryswick in September following. At the commencement of the ensuing year he was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to Paris, to congratulate Louis the Fourteenth on the cessation of hostilities, on which occasion his mission is said to have exceeded in magnificence anything that had been witnessed

by the French court, since the memorable embassy of the Duke of Buckingham to demand for Charles the First the hand of Henrietta Maria. According to Bishop Kennet, the French King, Louis the Fourteenth, as an especial mark of honour, not only admitted the Earl to an audience in his bed-chamber, but received him, standing with the three young Princes his grandsons, within the rails which surrounded the bed.

Portland, during his embassy, appears to have been exceedingly forward in affecting English habits and tastes. "His Excellency," says Oldmixon, "had frequently sirloins of English beef sent him from Dover, which being landed at Calais, were despatched thence by messengers on purpose, to come fresh to Paris. This he did for the honour of England. He had also large quantities of the finest Herefordshire cyder and Burton ale, which were so fine, that the Custom-house officers on the Seine said it was *vin d'Espagne,* Canary, and would have seized it if it had not belonged to his Excellency." According to Salmon, in his "Modern History," the Earl of Portland's embassy to Paris cost King William as much as £150,000; and we are assured by another authority, that notwithstanding this vast expenditure, the Earl was himself £25,000 out of pocket by his journey.

Although a taste for expense and parade was

far from being an ingredient in William's character, he seems, at least on this occasion, to have resolved on doing honour to his country and his favourite, and to have indulged in the natural pride of exhibiting to Louis the Fourteenth, that their long struggle had not entirely exhausted his finances, and that cost and magnificence were not altogether confined to the French capital. Portland was accompanied on his mission by Matthew Prior, the poet; a man whose fame as a negotiator has long since been eclipsed by the celebrity of his verse. Prior was one day escorted by a French courtier through the splendid apartments at Versailles, when the latter, calling his attention to the painted achievements of Louis which decorated the walls of the palace, inquired whether similar honour was paid to King William at Whitehall. "My master's actions," replied Prior, "are celebrated everywhere but in his own house."

Macky, speaking of the Earl of Portland, observes in his "Characters,"—"He is supposed to be the richest subject in Europe; very profuse in gardening, birds, and household furniture, but mighty frugal and parsimonious in everything else; of a very lofty mien, yet not proud; of no deep understanding, considering his experience; neither much beloved, nor hated by any sort of people, English or Dutch." Burnet says of him,—"He could never bring himself to be ac-

ceptable to the English nation;" and informs us, at a subsequent period, that such were the dryness and frigidity of the Earl's manners, that he seemed to possess the unfortunate qualification of creating for himself a number of enemies, without attaching to himself a single friend. Lord Dartmouth observes, in a note on this passage in Burnet's History, — "The Earl of Sunderland had a very mean opinion of the Earl of Portland; and said, upon Keppel's being sent to him by the King upon some business, — 'This young man brings and carries a message well; but Portland is so dull an animal, that he can neither fetch nor carry.'"

That the Earl failed in conciliating the English nation, and that the favour with which the King regarded him, rendered him a marked object of jealousy and dislike, is a fact which many circumstances tend to prove. Not only did the Commons strenuously oppose the liberal grant which William had proposed to confer on him, but they proceeded to such lengths as to impeach him for his share in negotiating the unpopular treaty for partitioning the Spanish monarchy. On both occasions, the King's well-known partiality, so far from proving of service to the Earl, was the secret of his being deprived of wealth in the one case, and of his having been threatened with ruin and disgrace in the other.

It was the misfortune of the Earl of Portland to survive, if not the good opinion, at least the long-cherished attachment of his master. The appearance at court of Arnold Van Keppel, afterwards created Earl of Albemarle,—a man as remarkable for his agreeable qualities as the other was deficient in them,—proved a death-blow to Portland's influence over the King. Nevertheless, William, though he neglected, did not entirely forget his early favourite, and when the King was on his death-bed, one of his last acts was to order the Earl to be summoned to his presence. When Portland entered the sick chamber William was unfortunately speechless. The King, however, recognised his early friend, and gave an affecting proof that his services and attachment were not forgotten, by carrying the hand of the Earl to his heart.

After the death of King William, the Earl of Portland was deprived by Queen Anne of the Keepership of Windsor Great Park, which she conferred on her favourite the Duchess of Marlborough. It was a source of revenue of which he could well afford to be stripped, as he was regarded at this period as one of the richest subjects in Europe. Portland had latterly lived in great retirement at his seat at Bulstrode, in Buckinghamshire, where he died, after a week's illness, of a pleurisy and malignant fever, on the 23rd of November,

1709, in the sixty-first year of his age. His remains were interred under the east window of Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster.

The Earl of Portland was twice married; first to Anne, daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, and sister of Edward Earl of Jersey, by whom he had three sons and five daughters; and secondly, to Jane, sister of Henry Viscount Palmerston, and widow of John Lord Berkeley of Stratton, by whom he had also a large family. By his first wife he was the father of Henry, second Earl, and first Duke of Portland, ancestor of the present Duke.

ARNOLD VAN KEPPEL,

EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

Descended from an ancient Dutch family, and born in 1670.—Accompanies William to England as Page of Honour in 1688.—His rise owing to the intrigues of Lord Sunderland, and the King's mistress, Mrs. Villiers.—Is appointed to several distinguished posts, and created Earl of Albemarle.—Made a Knight of the Garter in 1700.—Is highly honoured in Holland, and made General of the Dutch forces.—His popularity with the English nobility.—His character by Burnet.—Reflections on William's system of favouritism.—Albemarle's gallantry in the field.—Is favourably noticed by Queen Anne, after William's death.—Deputed by the States General of Holland to congratulate George the First on his accession to the English throne. — Is afterwards appointed to receive Peter the Great on his arrival at Amsterdam in 1717.—Duke of Marlborough's interview with him at Tournay.—Died at the Hague in 1718.

THE name of this nobleman is seldom mentioned without praise, and as the Dutch companions of King William were not, generally speaking, favourites with the English nation, the encomiums were probably deserved. As the character of a royal favourite has ever been eminently odious in this country; and, more especially, as the fact of the favourite being a foreigner was unlikely to render his position more popular, or his elevation less envied, it was undoubtedly a great triumph

to the Earl of Albemarle to have overcome the host of prejudices which he encountered at the commencement of his career, and finally to have rendered himself as agreeable to the English nation, as he was beloved by the monarch who exalted him.

Arnold Joost van Keppel was descended from an ancient Dutch family, who appear to have been Lords of Keppel in Guelderland at least as early as the twelfth century. He was the son of Asewolt van Keppel of the Voorst, by Reineza-Anna-Gertruyde, daughter of Johan van Lintello tot de Mars, and was born in 1670. The names of his father and mother are sufficiently uninteresting and unpronounceable to deter us from diving more deeply into a Dutch pedigree.

The story of the Earl of Albemarle,—which varies between the pleasures of a courtier's life and the occasional fatigues of a military campaign,—unfortunately presents but few particulars likely to interest the reader. In 1688, he accompanied King William to England as one of his pages of honour, at which period also he seems to have been occasionally employed in the Secretary's department. In the performance of such subordinate offices he would probably long have continued unnoticed and unknown, but for the intrigues of Lord Sunderland and the King's mistress, Mrs. Villiers, whose object it was that he should supersede the King's early favourite, the Earl of Port-

land, in the royal favour. Their project proved successful, and to the interested intrigues of these court profligates the young Hollander was indebted for his extraordinary rise.

The progress made by Keppel in the King's affection seems to have exceeded even the sanguine expectations of his libertine patrons. The first appointments conferred on him were those of Groom of the Bedchamber and Master of the Robes; and he was still but twenty-one when William despatched him on a mission of ceremony to congratulate the King of Bohemia on his arrival in the Flemish territories. Fresh honours rapidly followed. On the 10th of February, 1696, he was created, by letters patent, Baron Ashford, of Ashford in Kent, Viscount Bury in Lancashire, and Earl of Albemarle in Normandy;—the latter a proud title, as it had been selected by the Plantagenets to grace their own line. The last occasion on which it had been conferred on a subject was when Monk recovered England for their successors.

In addition to these distinctions, the King appointed his favourite a Lord of the Bedchamber; in 1699, he conferred on him the command of the First Life Guards; and on the 14th of November, 1700, honoured him with the Order of the Garter. Among other and more substantial favours, he made over to him his favourite seat of Loo in Holland, and by his last will bequeathed him the lord-

ship of Brevost and the large sum of two hundred thousand guilders. The honours conferred on the Earl in his own country, if not so valuable, were quite as numerous. We find him, at one and the same time, a Noble of Holland, Deputy Forester of that State, Colonel of a regiment of Swiss, Colonel of a regiment of carabineers; a General of horse; General of the Swiss in the service of Holland, and Governor of Bois-le-duc. The Dutch also, in 1702, appointed him General of their forces. The last proof which he received of the confidence of his royal master, was being intrusted by William with his private papers when on his death-bed.

There was probably no individual at the court of William the Third on whom nature had conferred so many advantages as on the Earl of Albemarle, and consequently he seems to have rendered himself, with little difficulty, as agreeable to the English nobility as the other Dutch retainers of William made themselves unpopular and absurd. "About this time," says Burnet, "the King set up a new favourite. Keppel, a gentleman of Guelder, was raised, from being a page, into the highest degree of favour that any person had ever attained about the King. He was now made Earl of Albemarle, and soon after Knight of the Garter, and by a quick and unaccountable progress, he seemed to have engrossed the royal favour so entirely, that he disposed of everything that was in

the King's power. He was a cheerful young man, that had the art to please, but was so much given up to his own pleasures, that he could scarce submit to the attendance and drudgery that was necessary to maintain his post. He never had yet distinguished himself in anything, though the King did it in everything. He was not cold nor dry, as the Earl of Portland was thought to be, who seemed to have the art of creating many enemies to himself, and not one friend; but the Earl of Albemarle had all the arts of a court, was civil to all, and procured many favours. The Earl of Portland observed the progress of this favour with great uneasiness: they grew to be not only incompatible, as all rivals for favour must needs be, but to hate and oppose one another in everything, by which the King's affairs suffered much."

In the reign of Charles the Second, the female favourites of that monarch unquestionably shared too much both of the public money and the royal favour; but since the days when Somerset and Buckingham squabbled for the smiles of James the First, so marked and unworthy a system of male favouritism, as that with which William distinguished his countrymen, had never been resorted to by any English monarch. That the Earl of Portland was disgraced by no vices, and that the Earl of Albemarle was possessed of personal merit, are scarcely arguments for the invidious distinction which he made in their favour.

Still less were they arguments for his having conferred on them those honours which of right belonged to the English nobility; for the vast sums which he heaped on them; or for his having intrusted to them the direction of public affairs, in a country, of the interests and character of which they could know nothing, and for which they apparently cared less. Under these circumstances, the Dutch favourites of William the Third could scarcely be surprised at finding themselves severely handled by the wits of the day. In the lampoons of the period, the Earl of Albemarle is openly accused of filling the same situation at the court of William that Ganymede did near the person of Jupiter; and in a poem entitled "The Foreigners," we find,—

> Proceed, my muse, the story next relate
> Of Keppech, the imperious chit of state;
> Of foreign birth, and undescended too,
> Yet he, like Bentir, mighty feats can do.
> Our ravished honours on his shoulder wears,
> And titles from our ancient rolls he tears.

The advantages for which the Earl of Albemarle was principally distinguished, were his lively and ingratiating manners, his open and handsome countenance, his invariable good-humour and kindness of heart, and the very free manner in which he spent his money, and entertained his friends. John Macky says of him,—"He was King William's constant companion in all his

diversions and pleasures; and intrusted, at last, with affairs of the greatest consequence: he had a great influence over the King; is beautiful in his person; open and free in his conversation; very expensive in his manner of living; about thirty years old." As a soldier, too, he was not without merit. He accompanied King William during his latter campaigns, and more than once distinguished himself by personal gallantry in the field. Later in life he fought under the great Duke of Marlborough, and in the course of that celebrated warfare, was present at the battle of Oudenarde; assisted at the siege of Bouchain; and, in 1712, was taken prisoner at the battle of Denain.

After the death of King William, the Earl of Albemarle retired to his native country, where he took his seat as a Noble of Holland in the Assembly of the States General. In 1705, however, he again returned to England, and grew into some favour with Queen Anne. In the course of the year we find him accompanying that Princess on a visit which she paid to Cambridge; on which occasion the University created him a Doctor of Laws.

On the accession of George the First, the Earl was deputed by the States General to congratulate that monarch on his accession to the English throne; and when the King subsequently passed through Holland on his way to his new dominions,

Albemarle had the honour of entertaining him, as well as the Prince of Wales, at his seat at Voorst. He was subsequently selected to attend the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, when she embarked at Rotterdam to join the royal family in England. The last office of courtly ceremony which he appears to have been called upon to perform, was to receive and compliment the imperial boor, Peter the Great, on his arrival at Amsterdam in 1717.

The last years of his life were passed by the Earl of Albemarle in his native country. The Duke of Marlborough met him at Tournay in 1709, and in a letter to his Duchess, dated the 5th of August in that year, moralises on the altered condition of the once splendid courtier:—"We drank your health yesterday at Lady Albemarle's, who has come to her government at Tournay, with which they are extremely pleased, which makes me reflect on the changes of this life. After having been a favourite to a King of England, I should not find much pleasure in the command of a single town, but all happiness depends upon one's temper, so that I am glad they are pleased with it: I wish them very well."*

The Earl of Albemarle died at the Hague on the 30th of May, 1718, in the forty-eighth year of his age. By his wife, Isabella, second daughter of

* Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 199.

S. Gravemoor, General of the forces of the States General, he had an only son, William-Anne, who was born at Whitehall on the 5th of June, 1702, and who had the honour of having Queen Anne for his godmother.* The Earl also left a daughter, Sophia, born at Tournay, on the 2nd of July, 1711, who afterwards became the wife of John Thomas, Esq. brother to Sir Edmund Thomas, Bart. of Wenvoe Castle, Glamorganshire: she died in 1773.

* This nobleman inherited the refined manners and handsome person of his father. He was, at one and the same time, Groom of the Stole, Colonel of a Regiment of Guards, Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Scotland, and Ambassador at Paris; having previously held the appointments of a Lord of the Bedchamber, Aide-de-camp to the King, and the Governorship of Virginia. Notwithstanding the vast emoluments which he derived from these offices, his debts are said to have been excessive. Horace Walpole, alluding to his graceful manners and profligate expenditure, observes that "he would bow to his postilion while he was ruining his tailor." The second Lord Albemarle particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Dettingen; was wounded at the battle of Fontenoy; and commanded the right wing at the battle of Culloden. Among other honours conferred upon him, he was a Knight of the Garter and of the Bath, and was also a member of the Privy Council. He died at Paris, December 22, 1754: his body, having been brought to England, was interred in South Audley Street Chapel, London.

ELIZABETH VILLIERS,

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.

Daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, and the only Englishwoman selected by King William to be his mistress.—She is appointed at an early age Maid of Honour to Queen Mary.—William settles on her the whole of James the Second's private estates in Ireland.—Grant revoked by Act of Parliament.—Queen Mary's uneasiness at her husband's connexion with Miss Villiers.—The latter is married to the fifth son of the Duke of Hamilton.—Her husband created Earl of Orkney.—The Countess's genius for political intrigue.—Swift's high opinion of her intellect.—Lady M. W. Montagu's description of her appearance.—The Countess entertains George the First at her seat at Clifden.—Specimen of her correspondence.—Her death in 1733.

This lady, who had the honour, if such it may be termed, of being the only Englishwoman selected by King William as his mistress, was the eldest daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, and sister of Edward Earl of Jersey. Her mother was Lady Frances Howard, daughter of Theophilus Earl of Suffolk. She obtained, at an early age, the appointment of Maid of Honour to Queen Mary, when Princess of Orange, in which capacity she seems to have lost no time in exciting the admiration of the Prince, and, as was the natural consequence, the jealousy and indignation of his consort.

On the accession of William to the English throne, one of his first steps was to reward his mistress for the favours she had conferred on him; and accordingly he settled on her nearly the whole of King James's private estates in Ireland, valued at 25,000*l.* a year. To render this profligate grant the more remarkable, William entailed on it two rent-charges,—one of 2000*l.* a year, and the other of 1000*l.* a year,—which he conferred on two of King James's mistresses, Susan Lady Bellasyse and Arabella Churchill. The whole affair, however, appeared so iniquitous, that the grants in question were subsequently revoked by an Act of Parliament, and the money was recovered for the use of the public.

The kindness which King William so publicly displayed towards his mistress appears to have been a considerable source of uneasiness to the Queen. We are assured in the "Account of the death of Queen Mary, by a Minister of State," that after her decease a letter was found in her strong box, addressed to the King, in which she affectionately urged him to discontinue the intercourse which she had so long bewailed. The appeal was rendered the more forcible, from its being enjoined, by the neglected wife, that the letter should on no account be delivered to the King till after her own death.

In the month of November, 1695, about a year after the Queen's decease, the King united his

mistress to Lord George, fifth son of the Duke of Hamilton, a man who had faithfully served under King William both in Ireland and Flanders, and who, after a long series of military services, had risen to be a Brigadier-General. Whether, in uniting himself to the discarded mistress of another man, Lord George was actuated by gratitude to his sovereign;—whether he was hurried on by love, or influenced by the expectation of those honours which were afterwards conferred upon him,—it would now be useless to inquire. Certain it is, that on the 3rd of January, 1696, about five weeks after his marriage, he was created Earl of Orkney, with remainder to the heirs *whatsoever* of his body. Of the history of his married life we have no record.

In the state intrigues of the period, Lady Orkney, on more than one occasion, performed a conspicuous part. We have already seen her forcing Keppel on the King's notice for the purpose of superseding the Earl of Portland in the royal affections; and in the "Shrewsbury Correspondence" will be found ample evidence of her disposition for political intrigue. King William seems to have entertained a favourable opinion of her abilities, since it was by his express desire, (when, in 1693, he was willing to reconcile himself with the Whigs,) that Lady Orkney opened a negotiation with the Earl of Shrewsbury, with the object of inducing him to accept the office of

Secretary of State.* That she was possessed of strong natural sense may be further argued from the compliment paid her by Harley, who frequently consulted her during the celebrated change of ministry in 1709. Swift also styles her "the wisest woman he ever knew," and when he bequeaths Lady Orkney's picture in his will, it is evident that he attached value to the original. Lord Lansdowne writes in his "Progress of Beauty,"—

> Villiers, for wisdom and deep judgment famed,
> Of a high race, victorious beauty brings,
> To grace our courts, and captivate our kings.

The fact appears somewhat questionable whether Lady Orkney was ever possessed of the "victorious beauty" which Lord Lansdowne attributes to her: however, that her comeliness, if she was ever possessed of it, ceased at an early period of her life, there cannot be a doubt. Swift, while he pays the highest compliment to her mental qualities, admits that she was totally deficient in outward beauty, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in a letter describing the coronation of George the Second, draws a picture of her which is almost repulsive; the letter in question is too amusing to be omitted:—"I cannot deny," says the lively writer, "but that I was very well di-

* See the "Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury with King William and the Whig party," p. 19, *et seq.*

verted on the coronation day. I saw the procession much at my ease, in a house which I filled with my own company, and then got into Westminster Hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs that all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished and others strutted; but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance, as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes was, indisputably, Lady Orkney. She exposed behind, a mixture of fat and wrinkles; and before, a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which by good fortune stood directly upright, and 'tis impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making, if my Lady St. John had not displayed all her charms in honour of the day."

The equivocal position of Lady Orkney at the court of King William, proved no bar to her being received at the courts of subsequent sovereigns. On the 6th of September, 1724, we find her entertaining George the First with great magnificence at her seat of Clifden, near Maidenhead; and

again, on the 30th of July, 1729, George the Second and his Queen appear to have been partakers of her hospitality. On the latter occasion, the clumsiness of her servants and her own over-zeal, seem to have rendered the entertainment a failure, and it is evidently in "the anguish of her mind," to use her own expression, that she writes Mrs. Howard an account of the terrible mismanagements and mistakes of her domestics. "They kept back the dinner," she says, "too long for her Majesty, after it was dished, and was set before the fire, and made it look not well dressed; the Duke of Grafton saying there wanted a *maitre d'hotel.* All this vexed my Lord Orkney so, he tells me he hopes I will never meddle more, if he could ever hope for the same honour; which I own I did too much, as I see by the success."*

It would be unfair to close our memoir of Lady Orkney without inserting another brief specimen of her correspondence, which appears to do credit to her heart. The letter in question is addressed to Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, and the well known mistress of George the Second.

"Clifton (Clifden), July 22 [1725].

"Madam,

"The unhappy find time long. I am truly concerned for my poor Lady Lovat. She

* Letters to and from Henrietta Countess of Suffolk, vol. i. p. 351.

stays in London for no other end but in hopes to get something to carry her to Scotland; and every day she is detained she is less able to live or to go. I did do as you desired; but I fear the petition has not been read, or not spoken of, as you expected. Your humanity has drawn this great trouble upon you; but what is life worth without it? I shall be at Court some day next week, where I shall wait on you; and I hope then to have a successful answer to this. This, and a thousand other things I have heard of you, engages me to be with truth your ladyship's

"Faithful humble servant,

"E. ORKNEY."*

Lady Orkney died, apparently at an advanced age, in 1733. By her husband she was the mother of three daughters, of whom the eldest, Lady Mary, married William O'Brian, Earl of Inchiquin, in Ireland.

* Letters to and from Henrietta Countess of Suffolk, vol. i. p. 189.

QUEEN ANNE.

CHAPTER I.

Anne, second daughter of James the Second, by Anne Hyde, daughter of the celebrated Lord Clarendon.—Her birth in 1665.—Is attached early in life to the son of Ernest, Duke of Brunswick, afterwards George the First.—Announcement of her marriage in 1683 to Prince George of Denmark.—Her desertion of her father.—His anguish in consequence.—Extracts from Clarendon's Diary, and Duchess of Marlborough's Memoirs.—Lord Dartmouth's account of Anne's flight.—Her entry into Oxford.—And strong bias in favour of Protestantism.—Her letter to Mary of Modena.—And to the Prince of Orange.—Anecdotes of Anne.—Origin of her misunderstanding with her sister, Queen Mary.—Grant made to her by Parliament.—King William's neglect of her.—Her endeavours to effect a reconciliation with King James.—Her letter to him.—He pardons her on his death-bed.—Anne's favourable disposition towards the claims of her exiled brother. — The Pretender writes her an affecting letter.—Anecdote of the Duke of Ormond.—And of the Bishop of London.—Interesting letter of the Earl of Oxford respecting the Hanoverian succession.—Death of Anne's son, the young Duke of Gloucester.—His promising character.—Anne's grief for the loss of her son.—Shippen's verses on the subject.

ANNE, the last of the House of Stuart who held the sceptre of these realms, was the second daughter of James the Second by Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, daughter of the celebrated Lord Clarendon. She was born in St. James's

Palace on the 6th of February, 1665. Little is known of her early history but that her nature was gentle, and her health delicate. The latter circumstance led to her being sent, when a child, to France, where she continued till the disorder with which she was afflicted took a favourable turn.

The first lover of the Princess Anne was George, son of Ernest Duke of Brunswick, who afterwards ascended the throne of this country as King George the First. He arrived in England, as the professed suitor of the Princess, in 1681, but had proceeded to no great lengths in the negotiation, when he received orders to return to his own country; his father having changed his intentions respecting him, and determined on his marriage with the unfortunate Sophia Dorothea, daughter of the Duke of Zell. Whether Anne suffered any disappointment at the defection of her German lover cannot now be ascertained: however, two years afterwards, she accepted the offer of Prince George of Denmark, younger brother of Christian the Fifth, King of Denmark, to whom she was married, in the Chapel Royal at St. James's, on the 28th of July, 1683. The event was thus announced to the public "by authority:"—

"Whitehall, July 28:—His Majesty having been pleased, upon instance made unto him, in the name of the King of Denmark, to consent

that his brother, Prince George, should come hither to make his addresses to the Lady Anne, his Majesty's niece, in order to marriage. The same was accordingly celebrated this evening at St. James's, by the Bishop of London, in the presence of their Majesties, their Royal Highnesses, and the choicest of the Nobility. And since, their Majesties and their Royal Highnesses, as likewise the Prince and Princess, have upon this occasion received the compliments and congratulations of the foreign ministers residing at this Court."*

As Anne was the favourite daughter of the unfortunate James, and as even Burnet admits he had ever been to her a "kind and indulgent father," her unnatural defection to the Prince of Orange, in 1688, was a blow to the bereaved parent as severe as it was unlooked-for. At the previous desertion of Prince George of Denmark, James had shown but little concern; indeed, he not only jested publicly on the subject, but remarks in his Memoirs that "the loss of a good trooper had been of greater consequence." But when his favourite daughter affected to regard him as a state criminal; when she fled from his hearth to league herself with his most deadly foes, his grief knew no bounds, and he burst into tears:—"Good God!" he said, "am I then deserted by my own children?" On a subsequent

* Kennet's Complete History, vol. iii. p. 407.

occasion he exclaimed, in the words of the Psalmist,—"*Oh! if my enemies only had cursed me I could have borne it.*" And we are told in the Stuart Papers, "that those strokes had been less *sensible, had they come from hands less* dear to him." The words marked in Italics were underlined in the original MS. by his son.

Henry Earl of Clarendon, in his Diary, thus announces the flight of the Princess from Whitehall:—"November 26, Monday. As I was walking in Westminster Hall, on a sudden was a rumour all about, that the Princess was gone away, nobody knew whither; that somebody had violently carried her away. I found my Lady Frescheville and all her women in great consternation. All the light I could get was, that last night after her Royal Highness was in bed, the chamber doors locked, and Mrs. Danvers in bed in the outer room, where she used to lie when in waiting, she rose again, went down the back stairs, and, accompanied by Lady Churchill, Mrs Berkeley, and a maid of Lord Churchill's, went into a coach and six horses, which stood ready at the street gate: this was all I could learn."*

The account, however, given by one of the

* Correspondence of the Earls of Clarendon and Rochester, vol. ii. p. 207. According to the account given by Patrick Earl of Marchmont, in his Diary, the flight of the Princess was so sudden, that she actually escaped "in her night-gown and slippers." This, however, would seem to have been merely

companions of her flight (Lady Churchill, afterwards the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough,) is the best deserving of notice: — "The report," she says, "that the Prince of Denmark had left the King, and was gone over to the Prince of Orange, put the Princess into a great fright. She sent for me, told me her distress, and declared that rather than see her father, she would jump out at the window. A little time before, a note had been with me, to inform me where I might find the Bishop of London, (who, in the critical time, absconded,) if her Royal Highness should have occasion for a friend.* The Princess, on this alarm, immediately sent me to the Bishop. I acquainted him with her resolution to leave the Court, and to put herself under his care. It was hereupon agreed, that when he had advised with his friends in the city, he should

one of the absurd rumours of the day, since, according to all other versions of the story, several hours must have elapsed from the moment when the Princess decided on flight to that in which she put her resolution in practice. Burnet merely remarks that the fugitives departed in such haste that they carried nothing with them.

* Burnet informs us that the Bishop "then lodged very secretly" in Suffolk Street, and adds,—"The Lady Churchill, who knew where he was, went to him, and concerted with him the method of the Princess's withdrawing from the Court. The Princess went sooner to bed than ordinary; and about midnight, she went down a back stairs from her closet, attended only by the Lady Churchill, in such haste that they carried nothing with them."—*History of his Own Time*, vol. iii. p. 335.

come about midnight in a hackney-coach to the neighbourhood of the Cockpit, in order to convey the Princess to some place where she might be private and safe."

"The Princess," proceeds the Duchess of Marlborough, "went to bed at the usual time, to prevent suspicion. I came to her soon after; and by the back stairs which went from her closet, her Royal Highness, my Lady Fitzhardinge, and I, with one servant, walked to the coach, where we found the Bishop and the Earl of Dorset. They conducted us that night to the Bishop's house in the city, and the next day to my Lord Dorset's at Copt-hall. From thence we went to the Earl of Northampton's, and from thence to Nottingham, where the country gathered about the Princess; nor did she think herself safe, till she saw that she was surrounded by the Prince of Orange's friends."*

The unexpected flight of the Princess naturally originated the most extraordinary rumours at Whitehall. King James says in his Memoirs,— "The nurse and the Earl of Clarendon went up and down like mad persons, saying the priests had murdered her." "Next morning," says Lord Dartmouth, "when her servants had waited two hours longer than her usual time of rising, they were afraid something was the matter with her;

* Account of the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 10.

and finding the bed open, and her Highness gone, they ran screaming to my father's lodgings, which were the next to hers, and told my mother the Princess was murdered by the priests; from whence they went to the Queen, and old Mistress Buss asked her in a very rude manner, what she had done with their mistress. The Queen answered her very gravely, she supposed their mistress was where she liked to be, but did assure them she knew nothing of her, but did not doubt they would hear of her again very soon: which gave them little satisfaction; upon which there was a rumour all over Whitehall, that the Queen had made away with the Princess." According to Lord Dartmouth, the back stairs had recently been constructed at Whitehall, for the express purpose of enabling Anne to escape.*

The account of Anne's entry into Oxford, on her return from Nottingham, is thus described in a letter from an anonymous correspondent to John Ellis, Esq., dated London, 18th December, 1688, — "The Princess of Denmark made a splendid entry into Oxford on Saturday last; Sir John Laneer, with his regiment, meeting her Royal Highness some miles out of the town. The Earl of Northampton, with five hundred horse, led the van. Her Royal Highness was preceded by the Bishop of London, at the head of a noble troop of gentlemen, his Lordship riding

* Burnet, vol. iii. p. 335, note.

in a purple cloak, martial habit, pistols before him, and his sword drawn, and his cornet had the inscription in golden letters on his standard, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.* The Mayor and Aldermen in their formalities met her at the north gate; and the Vice-Chancellor, with the heads of the University, attended in their scarlet gowns, made to her a speech in English; and the Prince received her Royal Highness at Christ Church quadrangle with all possible demonstrations of love and affection; and they will be to-morrow at Windsor."*

If Anne really felt it incumbent on her to desert the fortunes of her unhappy father, she might have performed her part more decently, than by figuring in triumphal entries and splendid cavalcades. If she blamed her parent, she might also have pitied him. Unpardonable, however, as the conduct of Anne towards her father is admitted to have been, it cannot be denied that a strong bias in favour of the Protestant religion, and a conviction that her father was doing his utmost to subvert it, were no slight incentives for her desertion to the Prince of Orange. To her sister Mary she writes, 13th March, 1688,—"The King has never said a word to me about religion since the time I told you of; but I expect it every minute, and am resolved to undergo anything rather than

* Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iv. p. 177, Second Series.

change my religion. Nay, if it should come to such extremities, I will choose to live on alms rather than change." Again, she writes to her sister on the 29th of April following,—"I abhor the principles of the Church of Rome as much as it is possible for any to do, and I as much value the doctrine of the Church of England. And certainly there is the greatest reason in the world to do so, for the doctrine of the Church of Rome is wicked and dangerous, and directly contrary to the Scriptures; and their ceremonies, most of them, plain, downright idolatry."*

The following remarkable letter, which was addressed by Anne to her step-mother, Mary of Modena, the Queen of James the Second, at the period when the former quitted Whitehall, is still preserved among the Lansdown MSS. in the British Museum:—

"Madam,

"I beg your pardon if I am so deeply affected with the surprising news of the Prince's being gone, as not to be able to see you, but to leave this paper to express my humble duty to the King and yourself; and to let you know that I am gone to absent myself to avoid the King's displeasure, which I am not able to bear, either against the Prince or myself: and I shall stay at so great a distance as not to return before

* Dalrymple, vol. ii. pp. 299, 301.

I hear the happy news of a reconcilement: and as I am confident the Prince did not leave the King with any other design than to use all possible means for his preservation, so I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I am incapable of following him for any other end. Never was any one in such an unhappy condition, so divided between duty and affection to a father and an husband; and therefore I know not what I must do, but to follow one to preserve the other. I see the general falling off of the nobility and gentry, who avow to have no other end but to prevail with the King to secure their religion, which they saw so much in danger by the violent counsels of the priests, who, to promote their own religion, did not care to what dangers they exposed the King.

"I am fully persuaded that the Prince of Orange designs the King's safety and preservation, and hope all things may be composed without more bloodshed by the calling a Parliament.

"God grant an happy end to these troubles, that the King's reign may be prosperous, and that I may shortly meet you in perfect peace and safety; till when, let me beg of you to continue the same favourable opinion that you have hitherto had of

"Your most obedient daughter and servant,

"ANNE."*

* Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iv. p. 167, Second Series.

Notwithstanding that, in this letter, Anne affects to speak of the "surprising news" of her husband's flight, there can be no question but that she had for some time been acquainted with the designs of the invader, and was not only aware of her husband's intended defection, long before he put it in practice, but also approved and abetted the undertaking. The following brief letter, addressed to her brother-in-law, the Prince of Orange, sufficiently refutes all the hypocritical professions of duty and regard, contained in the foregoing letter to the Queen,—

"The Cockpit, November 18.

"Having on all occasions given you and my sister all imaginable assurances of the real friendship and kindness I have for you both, I hope it is not necessary for me to repeat anything of that kind; and on the subject you have now wrote to me, I shall not trouble you with many compliments, only in short assure you, that you have my wishes for your good success in this *so just an undertaking;* and I hope the Prince will soon be with you, to let you see his readiness to join with you, who I am sure will do you all the service that lies in his power. He went yesterday with the King towards Salisbury, *intending to go from thence to you as soon as his friends thought it proper.* I am not yet certain if I shall continue here, or remove into the city; that shall depend on the advice my friends

will give me; but wherever I am, I shall be ready to show you how very much I am your humble servant,

"ANNE."*

Were any additional proof required of Anne's utter want of commiseration for her father's sufferings, it would be afforded by the following anecdote. "While the poor King," says Bevil Higgons, "was exposed to the mercy of the elements, and an actual prisoner under a guard of Dutchmen, that very moment, his daughter Denmark, with her great favourite, both covered with Orange ribands, in her father's own coaches, and attended by his guards, went triumphant to the playhouse."† James, in his exiled court at St. Germains, was one day complaining of the undutiful conduct of his eldest daughter Mary, while, at the same time, he feelingly extenuated the no less indecent defection of his favourite child. A Captain Lloyd, who was present, disliking the turn which the conversation had taken, moved abruptly from the royal circle and quitted the room. Turning back his head while closing the door, he exclaimed loud enough to be heard by those present, — "Both bitches, by G—d!"‡ Henry Earl of Clarendon informs us, in his

* Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 333, Appendix.

† A Short View of English History, p. 304.

‡ Dalrymple, vol. i. p. 424.

Diary, that on the night when the flight of the unfortunate James was known at the palace, Anne not only exhibited the greatest unconcern, but was "as merry as she used to be, and called for cards." When the Earl afterwards remonstrated with her on her unseemly levity, and remarked that it had been harshly commented upon by others, she coolly replied, that she played at cards because it was her daily custom, and that she never did anything which looked like affected constraint.*

The misunderstanding between Anne and her sister Mary, in which the latter was strenuously supported by her husband, originated in an application made to Parliament, in March 1689, to settle a separate maintenance on the Princess independent of the King. The measure was the more unwelcome to William, as his own revenue had hitherto remained unsettled, and, moreover, he was quite as anxious to render his sister-in-law subservient to him, as Anne was to free herself from restraint.

Immediately that the Queen received an intimation of what was intended, she hastened to her sister's apartments, and endeavoured to elicit from her the truth of the report. To her inquiries, however, Anne merely answered with indifference, that "she heard her friends in the

* Correspondence of the Earls of Clarendon and Rochester, vol. ii. p. 249.

House of Commons intended to do something for her." — "Friends!" said the Queen angrily, "what friends have you but the King and me?" Eventually, on the 17th of July, 1689, the motion for settling a revenue on the Princess was referred by the House of Commons to a committee of the whole House, of which the result was a resolution to confer on her a revenue of £40,000 a-year for life. As neither William nor his ministers had been consulted regarding this important measure, the King was naturally exasperated at the interference of the Parliament, and exercised all his personal influence to prevent the ratification of the grant. His exertions were so far of avail that, after a warm debate in the House, the question was ordered to be adjourned.

During the next session of Parliament, the friends of Anne redoubled their exertions in her favour, and it was at length evident to King William that he could no longer with decency oppose the wishes of the House. Accordingly, when, in December following, the Commons proposed to him to settle a revenue on the Princess of £50,000 a-year for life, he wisely made a merit of necessity, and returned a most conciliatory reply to their address:—"Gentlemen," he said, "whatever comes from the House of Commons is so agreeable to me, and particularly this address, that I will do what you desire." Notwithstanding, however, William's professed satis-

faction at meeting the wishes of the House, he had previously so far humbled himself, as to offer his sister-in-law £50,000 a-year out of his own revenues, on condition that she would stop the interposition of Parliament in her behalf. Indeed, he even went so far as to avail himself of female intrigue, and despatched Lord Shrewsbury to Anne's celebrated favourite the Duchess of Marlborough, to endeavour to gain her over to his views. Both Anne, however, and the Duchess affected to distrust the sincerity of the King's intentions; the latter in the plainest possible terms, and the Princess indirectly, by the peremptory mode of her refusal.

From this period, Anne was not only treated by William and his Queen with unkindness and neglect, but experienced the grossest oppression at their hands. Among other annoyances, the Duchess of Marlborough, who was supposed to have been her principal adviser during the late transactions, was compelled to quit the Court; the guards of the Princess were directed to be disbanded; the ladies of the Court were forbidden to visit her; the magistrates of Bath, where she had hitherto constantly resided, were ordered to discontinue the honours they had been accustomed to pay her; and the minister of St. James's parish, whose church she was in the habit of attending, actually received orders no longer to allow the text of the day to be placed

upon her cushion, or to show her any more attention than if she had been an ordinary individual. Even Burnet, who generally lays hold of every opportunity of placing Queen Mary's conduct in the best light, is unable to excuse her behaviour at this period, and remarks that he was "much troubled to see her carry such a matter so far."

But the harsh conduct of William and his Queen proceeded to even greater lengths, and, owing to some fresh cause of disagreement, Anne was eventually compelled to remove from her apartments in the Cockpit at Whitehall, which her uncle, Charles the Second, had especially purchased of Lord Danby for her use. The mortifications to which the next heir to the throne was thus exposed, excited a general feeling of disgust in the nation. Lord Dartmouth, speaking of the compulsory removal of the Princess from Whitehall, observes,—"She was carried in a sedan to Sion, being then with child, without any guard or decent attendance; where she miscarried, and all people forbid waiting upon her; which was complied with by everybody but the Duke of Somerset, whose house she was in, and Lord Rochester, who was her uncle. After she removed to Berkeley House, the minister of St. James's was commanded not to show her the respect that was due to the royal family; which he refused to obey, in respect to their Majesties,

(as he sent them word,) knowing the near relation she had to them. I cannot tell what spiteful, ill-natured people he might converse with in secret, but the nation in general were so offended at the indignities she received, that after her sister died, King William, when he had nobody else to lay it upon, was glad to make up the matter as fast as he could."*

Between William and Anne but little love appears to have been lost. Anne, in her letters to the Duchess of Marlborough, used to speak of her brother-in-law as "the Dutch monster;" and William, we are told, hated her so heartily, that he frequently was wont to observe, that had she been his wife, he would have been the most miserable person in the world. The fact of her being the next in succession to the throne was, undoubtedly, in a great degree, the reason of his dislike.

It was only in the last hours of Queen Mary's life that her quarrel with her sister was accommodated. Anne sent a "kind letter" to her dying sister, and received a "reconciling message" in return; however, they did not meet, it being thought, says Burnet, that it might "throw the Queen into too great a commotion." The same writer informs us that there was afterwards an appearance of good understanding between Anne and the King: indeed, William

* Burnet, vol. iv. p. 164, note.

went so far as to send her her sister's jewels after the latter's death. Burnet, however, adds that their cordiality was little more than in appearance.

That the renewal of kindly feeling between William and Anne was neither very lasting nor very sincere, was probably not the fault of the latter. The Duke of Shrewsbury writes to Admiral Russell, on the 29th of January, 1695,—"Since the death of the Queen, and the reconciliation between the King and Princess, her Court is as much crowded as it was before deserted. She has omitted no opportunity to show her zeal for his Majesty and his government; and our friend,* who has no small credit with her, seems very resolved to contribute to the continuance of this union, as the only thing that can support her, or both."† Burnet, however, informs us, that their apparently good understanding con-

* The celebrated Duke of Marlborough.

† Shrewsbury Correspondence, p. 220. The Duchess of Marlborough says in her Memoirs,—"It being publicly known that the quarrel was made up, nothing was to be seen but crowds of people, of all sorts, flocking to Berkeley House, to pay their respects to the Prince and Princess: a sudden alteration, which, I remember, occasioned the half-witted Lord Caernarvon to say one night to the Princess, as he stood close beside her in the circle,—'I hope your Highness will remember that I came to wait upon you, when none of this company did,' which caused a great deal of mirth."—*Authentic Memoirs of the Duchess of Marlborough*, p. 128.

sisted merely in the exchange of civil words and formal visits.

Either a return of affection for her unhappy father, or, what is more probable, a sense of indignation at the oppression which she had encountered from King William, induced Anne, in 1691, to join in the machinations against the government of her brother-in-law, and to endeavour to effect a reconciliation with King James. The following letter, which she secretly addressed to her parent at this period, will probably be read with interest. Notwithstanding the tone of penitence and sincerity which distinguishes it, we must remember that it was written during the height of her disagreements with King William, and that, not improbably, the feeling which she mistook for a return of duty, was in reality but indignation against her persecutors.

"1st December, 1691.

"I have been very desirous of some safe opportunity to make you a sincere and humble offer of my duty and submission to you; and to beg you will be assured, that I am both truly concerned for the misfortune of your condition, and sensible, as I ought to be, of my own unhappiness, as to what you may think I have contributed to it. If wishes could recal what is past, I had long since redeemed my fault. I am sensible it would have been a great relief to me,

if I could have found means to have acquainted you earlier with my repenting thoughts. But I hope they may find the advantage by coming late of being less suspected of insincerity, than perhaps they would have been at any time before. It will be a great addition to the ease I propose to my own mind, by this plain concession, if I am so happy as to find it brings any real satisfaction to yours; and that you are as indulgent and easy to receive my humble submissions as I am truly desirous to make them, in a free, disinterested acknowledgment of my fault, for no other end but to deserve and receive your pardon."

King James, in introducing this letter into his Journal, observes that the Princess had reaped no advantage from her past infidelity, but the "infamy of having committed such great crime." "The most interested," he says, "may be credited, when they can reasonably hope to mend their fortune, and better their condition, by returning to their duty."*

In 1696, as many as five years after the date of the foregoing letter, we discover another affectionate appeal from Anne to her father, in which she requests to be advised by him, should the crown, in the event of King William's death, be offered to her acceptance. James, it

* Macpherson's Original Papers, vol. i. p. 241.

appears, held out no very favourable expectations of his submitting, without a struggle, to her succession: indeed, if the compiler of King James's papers has fairly embodied his feelings on this subject, it would seem that the exiled monarch entertained considerable doubts as to the sincerity of her professions, when she so freely offered to make a restitution of his rights.*

James, however, on his death-bed, sincerely pardoned his undutiful daughter, and desired that his forgiveness might be conveyed to her. Accordingly, his widow sent her a kind letter, in which she remarks, with considerable feeling, —"I think myself indispensably obliged to defer no longer the acquainting you with a message, which the best of men, as well as the best of fathers, left with me for you. Some few days before his death, he bid me find means to let you know that he forgave you all that's past from the bottom of his heart, *and prayed to God to do so too; that he gave you his last blessing, and prayed to God to convert your heart,* and confirm you in the resolution of repairing to his son the wrongs done to himself: to which I shall only add, that I join my prayers to his herein, with all my heart, and that I shall make it my business to inspire into the young man, who is left to my care, the sentiments of his

* See Clarke's Life of James II, vol. ii. p. 560.

father; for better no man can have."* The words marked in Italics in the foregoing extract were underlined by the son of King James.

It would appear from the tenour of the above letter, that Anne had promised, in the event of her out-living King William, to wave her claims to the throne in favour of her father, or, in the event of her surviving him also, in favour of her half-brother, the pretended Prince of Wales. Notwithstanding that the promise, if such in fact were ever made, was subsequently broken, it nevertheless can scarcely be doubted that Anne, at one period, secretly favoured the claims of her brother, and would have been willing, had the nation only met her half way, that the crown should be restored to the legitimate heir. "Stories," says Burnet, "were confidently vented, and by some easily believed, that the Queen was convinced of the wrong done her pretended brother, and that she was willing to put affairs in the hands of persons who favoured his succession."

The period of which Burnet is speaking is as early as 1703, shortly after Anne's succession, and yet the "stories," which he here alludes to, appear to have been constantly revived throughout the remainder of her reign. On the 30th of August, 1710, the Duke of Marlborough writes

* Clarke's Life of James II, vol. ii. p. 602.

to the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George the First, that he is perfectly satisfied the object of Harley and the Tories is to bring back the pretended Prince of Wales; and again, the Sieur Lamb (or, as we should style him, Dr. Leslie,) thus writes in the month of April 1711, to the exiled court:—"It is generally thought that the *Princess of Denmark* is favourably inclined towards the *King* her brother; and that she would rather choose to have him for her successor than the Prince of Hanover. But she is timid, and does not know to whom she can give her confidence. The Duke of Leeds told me, that he had endeavoured to sound her as much as he could upon this subject, and he is in her confidence, and has free access to her; but though she never chose to explain herself upon this point, she says nothing against him."*

Another Jacobite, Lockhart of Carnwarth, who was deeply implicated in the intrigues of the exiled court, expresses himself no less sanguine as to the Queen's favourable intentions, at this period, in regard to her unfortunate brother. He conceives, however, that Anne was prevented from openly adopting measures in his behalf, from the fact of her ministry being divided in opinion on the subject.†

In the month of May 1711, the Pretender him-

* Macpherson's Orig. Papers, vol. ii. p. 212.

† Lockhart Papers, vol. i. p. 483.

self addressed a moving and admirably written letter to the Queen his sister, in which he implores her to bear in mind the ties of blood which unites them, and to assist him to the succession after her death: — "You may be assured, Madam," he writes, "that though I can never abandon, but with my life, my own just right, which you know is unalterably settled by the most fundamental laws of the land, yet I am most desirous rather to owe to you, than to any living, the recovery of it. It is for you that a work so just and glorious is reserved. The voice of God and nature calls you to it; *the promises you made to the King our father* enjoin it; the preservation of our family, the preventing of unnatural wars require it; and the public good and welfare of our country recommend it to you, to rescue it from present and future evils, which must, to the latest posterity, involve the nation in blood and confusion, till the succession be again settled in the right line."* The following year, in a letter dated 28th of March 1712, we discover the Pretender making another appeal to the feelings or prejudices of his sister: this further letter, however, the rough draught of which was discovered amongst Nairne's Papers, is scarcely of sufficient interest to be inserted.

Carte, the historian, was assured, on good authority, that about a year before Anne died,

* Macpherson's Orig. Papers, vol. ii. p. 223.

Mrs. Masham sent for the Duke of Ormond to Kensington, and after intimating to him that the Queen was seriously ill, added that her Majesty was extremely uneasy at "nothing being done for her brother." Carte further informs us, that the Duke of Ormond was then forthwith introduced to the Queen, for the express purpose, as it was understood, of discussing with her this delicate subject. It seems, however, that the Duke's heart misgave him, for though Anne was prepared to grant whatever was required of her, his timidity prevented him from originating the topic, and contenting himself therefore with inquiring if the Queen had any commands for him, he shortly afterwards withdrew.

In addition to these curious particulars, we may adduce the following memorandum which was discovered among Carte's papers. The historian probably received the information it contains direct from the Duke of Ormond, the paper being superscribed "D. of Ormond."

"The night before the Queen died, when the council broke up, the Duke of Buckingham came to the Duke of Ormond, clapped his hand on his shoulder and said,—'My Lord, you have twenty-four hours' time to do our business in, and make yourself master of the kingdom.'

"The Queen, before she died, sent for the Bishop of London, made a sort of confession to him, particularly as to her brother; for it

could not well relate to anything else: when, as the Bishop took leave of her to go out of the room, he said aloud, in the presence of the Duchess of Ormond and other company, — 'Madam, I'll obey your commands: I'll declare your mind; but it will cost me my head.' — The Queen proposed to receive the sacrament next day, but died first."*

Curious as many of these particulars undoubtedly are, and unquestionable as we must admit the fact to be, that Anne, while merely Princess of Denmark, held out the strongest encouragement to the exiled court, it nevertheless appears extremely doubtful, whether, after she had actually ascended the throne, she ever seriously contemplated her brother's restoration to his rights, or gave the slightest hopes of assisting him in the attempt. "The Queen," says Swift, "to my knowledge, hated and despised the Pretender:" and Anne herself writes to the Elector of Hanover, 20th of April, 1706:—"I have nothing in the world so much at heart, as to preserve our religion and the tranquillity of my subjects, by leaving these kingdoms to the mild dominion of my Protestant heirs. I have given orders to Lord Halifax to assure you, that on all occasions I consider your interest as my own; and as a small proof of my esteem and affection for your family, I have made my cousin, the

* Macpherson's Orig. Papers, vol. ii. p. 528.

Electoral Prince, Knight of the Garter; which is a dignity which my ancestors always conferred upon those whom they most esteemed, and of which the greatest Princes in Europe are ambitious."* Nor is it less doubtful whether either the Earl of Oxford or Mrs. Masham were more inclined than the Queen herself to assist the views of the Pretender. We have certainly seen the Duke of Marlborough accusing Oxford of such intentions, and Mesnager, who had frequent access to Mrs. Masham, in his "Negotiations at the Court of England," represents her as entirely in the interests of the exiled court, though, he adds, she was afraid to broach the topic to the Queen herself, lest it might lead to her committing herself with her subjects. On the other hand, not only have we the authority of the Earl of Oxford, that Mrs. Masham was entirely in favour of the Hanoverian succession, but the Earl even takes to himself the credit of having secured that succession in the Protestant line. Only three months before the Queen's death, the Earl writes to a Hanoverian nobleman, Baron Wassenaar Duyvenworde,—"I do in the most solemn manner assure you, that next to the Queen, I am entirely and unalterably devoted to the interest of his Electoral Highness of Hanover. This is not only from the conscience of my oaths, but out of profound respect

* Macpherson's Orig. Papers, vol. ii. p. 38.

to the Elector's great virtues. I may without vanity say, that I had the greatest hand in settling the succession. I have ever preserved the same opinion, and it is owing to the declarations the Queen has so often made in their favour that the generality of the people are come to be for that Serene House. I am sure that Lady Masham, the Queen's favourite, is entirely for their succession: I am also sure that the Queen is so."* In addition to this solemn declaration, we may mention that, among Bolingbroke's Correspondence, there appears not the slightest evidence of the Tories having ever intrigued for the succession of the Pretender; that no direct proof has ever been adduced of such a measure having been contemplated by them; and, moreover, that the leaders of the Tory party invariably insisted on their ignorance of such a scheme, long after the confession had ceased to be dangerous.†

* Ellis's Orig. Letters, vol. iv. p. 269, Second Series.

† There is a curious passage, with reference to this subject, in a letter from Pope to Miss Blount. After speaking of a visit which he had recently made to the celebrated Lord Peterborough, he reports the Earl to have said to him, that "he had one care more when he went into France, which was to give a true account to posterity of some parts of history in Queen Anne's reign, which Burnet had scandalously misrepresented, and of some others, to justify himself against the imputation of intending to bring in the Pretender, which to his knowledge neither of her ministers, Oxford and Bolingbroke, nor she, had any design to do." — *Pope's Works*, Supplementary volume, p. 395.

Two years before her accession to the throne, Anne suffered a severe blow by the death of her young son, William Duke of Gloucester, the last surviving child of a family of seventeen. This promising youth died on the 28th of July, 1700, four days after he had completed his eleventh year. As he was pious, gifted, and sweet-tempered, his loss was almost as deeply felt by the nation at large, as by Anne herself. Young as he was, he is said to have been distinguished by an ardent desire for acquiring information, and to have mastered no slight knowledge of history, geography, politics, and theology. He was acquainted with the terms of fortification and navigation, and delighted in military tactics and the sports of the field. Among other traits, which marked the character of the last of our English Marcelluses, his favourite occupation was to marshal a company of young boys, who had been formed into a kind of body-guard to attend his person. King William had appointed the celebrated Bishop Burnet to be his tutor, while he selected the Duke, then Earl of Marlborough, as his instructor in the art of war. When William delivered him into the hands of the latter, — alluding to the many graceful accomplishments for which Marlborough was so distinguished, — "Teach him, my lord," he said, "to be what you are yourself, and my nephew cannot want accomplishments."

James Vernon, Secretary of State in the reign of William the Third, writes to the Duke of Shrewsbury on the 30th of July, 1700,—"I write to your Grace with a very heavy heart, since it is to give you an account that it has pleased God to take the Duke of Gloucester from us. I did not hear of his being ill till Sunday morning. He died between twelve and one this morning. He had complained, a day or two before, of a pain in his head; on Saturday morning Dr. Hanns was sent for, who found his throat inflamed, and that it begun to swell. They took four ounces of blood from him, which gave him present ease; but he grew worse, and on Sunday Dr. Radcliffe and Dr. Gibbons came to him; they agreed in their prescriptions, but differed in their notions of his distemper. Dr. Radcliffe thought nature was pushing out the small-pox; Dr. Gibbons apprehended it a spotted fever. There were five blisters raised upon him, three were out and run well, but he got little sleep during his whole illness. He dozed a little and then talked idly. At nine last night the doctors had great hopes, and thought him out of danger; but he changed again at ten, and now we have lost him."* It appears, by the letters of the period, that King William, notwithstanding his dislike and contempt for his

* Letters illustrative of the Reign of William III, vol. iii. p. 118.

sister-in-law, was unusually affected by the death of her child.

The account which his preceptor, Bishop Burnet, gives of the character and of the fatal illness of his young charge will probably be read with interest: — "I had been trusted," says Burnet, "with his education now for two years: and he made an amazing progress. I had read over the Psalms, Proverbs, and Gospels with him, and had explained things that fell in my way, very copiously; and was often surprised with the questions that he put me, and the reflections that he made. He came to understand things relating to religion, beyond imagination. I went through geography so often with him, that he knew all the maps very particularly. I explained to him the forms of government in every country, with the interests and trade of that country, and what was both good and bad in it: I acquainted him with all the great revolutions that had been in the world, and gave him a copious account of the Greek and Roman histories, and of Plutarch's Lives; the last thing I explained to him was the Gothic constitution, and the beneficiary and feudal laws: I talked of these things at different times, near three hours a day: this was both easy and delighting to him. The King ordered five of his chief ministers to come once a quarter, and examine the progress he made: they seemed amazed

both at his knowledge and the good understanding that appeared in him: he had a wonderful memory, and a very good judgment. He had gone through much weakness, and some years of ill-health: the Princess was with child of him during all the disorder we were in at the Revolution, though she did not know it herself at the time when she left the Court: this probably had given him so weak a constitution; but we hoped the dangerous time was over. His birth-day was the 24th of July, and he was then eleven years old: he complained a little the next day, but we imputed that to the fatigues of a birth-day; so that he was too much neglected. The day after he grew much worse, and it proved to be a malignant fever. He died the fourth day of his illness, to the great grief of all who were concerned in him."

Anne, deeply as she was affected by the loss of her child, nevertheless bore the blow with an outward composure, which formed one of the principal features in her character. "She attended on him," says Burnet, "during his sickness, with great tenderness, but with a grave composedness, that amazed all who saw it; she bore his death with a resignation and piety that were indeed very singular." The Earl of Seafield, however, who was in attendance on her at this period, informs us that in private she was "migh-

tily afflicted ;"* and henceforth we find her concluding her letters to her celebrated favourite, the Duchess of Marlborough, as "your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley :" it is scarcely necessary to mention, that Anne and the Duchess were in the habit of corresponding under the familiar and feigned names of Morley and Freeman. We may conclude our notice of the Duke of Gloucester with the following lines, written by Shippen, upon his death :—

So by the course of the revolving spheres,
Whene'er a new-discovered star appears,
Astronomers, with pleasure and amaze,
Upon the infant luminary gaze.
They find their heaven's enlarged, and wait from thence
Some blest, some more than common influence ;
But suddenly, alas ! the fleeting light,
Retiring, leaves their hopes involved in endless night.

* Carstares' State Papers, p. 611.

CHAPTER II.

Bishop Burnet congratulates Anne on her accession to the Throne. — Lord Dartmouth's letter on the subject of the Bishop's officiousness.—Anne's character.—Her attachment to "ceremonies and customs."—Her love of flattery.—Lampoons on her supposed love of dram-drinking.—Denial of the charge by the Duchess of Marlborough.—Anne's economical habits, and occasional distress for money. — Description of her person.—Anecdote of Lord Bolingbroke. — Remarkable sweetness of Anne's voice.—Her love of the chase.—Death of Prince George of Denmark.—Curious narrative of the Duchess of Marlborough respecting Anne's behaviour on the occasion. — Cursory sketch of the state of parties at the commencement of the eighteenth century.—Rise of Harley, Earl of Oxford.—Anne's prepossession in favour of the Tory and High-Church party.—Downfall of the Whigs.—Violent altercations between Harley and Bolingbroke.—Their effect on the Queen's health.—Interesting details respecting Anne's indisposition.—Character of Dr. Radcliffe.—His letter to a friend on the subject of Anne's state of health.—Her death in 1714.—The Duke of Marlborough's pithy character of her.—Literary and military glories of her reign.—Enumeration of her children.

By the death of King William, Anne, on the 8th of March, 1702, succeeded as sovereign of England. The first person from whom she learnt the important tidings was Bishop Burnet; that meddling prelate having immediately

quitted the corpse of his benefactor to offer his homage to the rising sun. "As soon," says Lord Dartmouth, "as the breath was out of King William, (by which all expectations from him were at an end,) the Bishop of Salisbury drove hard to bring the first tidings to St. James's, where he prostrated himself at the new Queen's feet, full of joy and duty, but obtained no advantage over the Earl of Essex, Lord of the Bedchamber in waiting, whose proper office it was, besides being universally laughed at for his officiousness."* Spring Macky also observes,—"On the Queen's accession to the throne, he was the first who brought the news to her of King William's death; yet was turned out of his lodgings at Court, and met with several affronts." At the period of her accession, Anne was in the thirty-eighth year of her age. She was immediately proclaimed Queen of Great Britain; and on the 23rd of April following, was crowned at Westminster with the usual solemnities.

The harmless and inoffensive character of Anne; the fact of her being of the weaker sex; the strong sense of religion which she was known to entertain; the benevolence and good-humour deservedly attributed to her; and, more especially, the entire want of personal ambition, which was one of her principal characteristics,

* Burnet, vol. v. p. 1, note.

were circumstances that in no slight degree effected the peaceable acknowledgment of her rights; while, whatever probability there had hitherto been of a disputed succession, it was evident that the nation was ranged too numerously on her side, to hold out the least hopes to the exiled court that opposition to the existing government would be either politic or safe.

The Court of Anne was scarcely more splendid or more lively than that of her predecessor; indeed, neither her conversation nor her tastes were such as to gather round her a splendid circle, or to disturb the monotony of an uninteresting Court. In trifling ceremonies, and in matters of precedence, she appears indeed to have taken the interest which distinguishes a weak mind. The Duchess of Marlborough, after dwelling on the Queen's extraordinary memory, observes,—"She chose to retain it in very little besides ceremonies and customs of courts, and such like insignificant trifles; so that her conversation, which otherwise might have been enlivened by so great a memory, was only made the more empty and trifling by its chiefly turning upon *fashions*, and rules of precedence, or observations upon the weather, or some such poor topics, without any variety or entertainment. Upon which account it was a sort of unhappiness to her that she naturally loved to

have a great crowd come to her; for when they were come to Court, she never cared to have them come in to her, nor to go out herself to them, having little to say to them, but that it was either hot or cold; and little to inquire of them, but how long they had been in town, or the like weighty matters.* She never discovered any readiness of parts, either in asking questions, or in giving answers. In matters of ordinary moment, her discourse had nothing of brightness or wit; and in weightier matters, she never spoke but in a hurry, and had a certain knack of sticking to what had been dictated to her, to a degree often very disagreeable, and without the least sign of understanding or judgment." The Duchess elsewhere observes sarcastically of her old mistress, that she was "ignorant of every thing but what the parsons had taught her when a child."†

In regard to the Queen's attachment to "ceremonies and customs," we are induced to lay before the reader a curious picture of the process of the royal toilet, on the authority of

* The manner in which the Queen conducted herself at a drawing-room is thus described by Swift, in his Journal to Stella:—"She looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her; and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out." August 8, 1711.

† Private Correspondence of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, vol. ii. pp. 119, 146.

no less a person than the celebrated favourite, Mrs. Masham. Dr. Arbuthnot thus replies to some inquiries of Mrs. Howard :—

"Madam, "London, 29th May, 1728.

"In obedience to your commands, I write this to inform you of some things you desired me to ask Lady Masham, and what follows is dictated by her ladyship :—

"The bedchamber woman came in to waiting before the Queen's prayers, which was before her Majesty was dressed. The Queen often shifted in a morning: if her Majesty shifted at noon, the bedchamber lady being by, the bedchamber woman gave the shift to the lady without any ceremony, and the lady put it on. Sometimes, likewise, the bedchamber woman gave the fan to the lady in the same manner; and this was all that the bedchamber lady did about the Queen at her dressing.

"When the Queen washed her hands, the page of the back-stairs brought and set down upon a side-table the basin and ewer; then the bedchamber woman set it before the Queen, and knelt on the other side of the table over-against the Queen, the bedchamber lady only looking on. The bedchamber woman poured the water out of the ewer upon the Queen's hands.

"The bedchamber woman pulled on the Queen's gloves, when she could not do it herself.

"The page of the back-stairs was called in to put on the Queen's shoes.

"When the Queen dined in public, the page reached the glass to the bedchamber woman, and she to the lady in waiting.

"The bedchamber woman brought the chocolate, and gave it without kneeling.

"In general, the bedchamber woman had no dependence on the lady of the bedchamber.

"If you have the curiosity to be informed of anything else, you shall have what information Lady Masham can give you; for I must tell you from herself, that you have quite charmed her.

"Yours, &c.

"Jo. Arbuthnot."*

The great charm of Anne in private life was the possession of that good breeding which, generally speaking, had been the characteristic of her race. Lord Dartmouth styles her "the best bred person in her dominions;" and even the Duchess of Marlborough observes,—"She was extremely well-bred, and treated her chief ladies and servants as if they had been her equals." The Duchess, however, with something of malevolence, subsequently retracts her words, affirming that latterly the Queen's manners changed considerably for the worse, and that she even acquired such a habit of downright contradiction,

* Suffolk Correspondence, vol. i. p. 292.

that, in a person in a lower station of life, it would have been regarded as the height of unpoliteness.*

Two failings—a love of flattery, and of strong drinks—were, even in the life-time of Anne, confidently laid to her charge. As regards the former accusation, the charge is, we fear, but too well founded; indeed, the more fulsome the compliments, the more acceptable do they seem to have been to the weak-minded Queen. But the supposition that she was in the habit of having secret recourse to the bottle, as affording the means of adventitious excitement, seems to rest on the whispered scandal of the period, and on a few contemporary lampoons which have been handed down to us. In some verses, "On Queen Anne's statue in St. Paul's Church Yard," we find;—

Here mighty Anna's statue placed we find,
Betwixt the darling passions of her mind;
A brandy-shop before, a church behind.
But why the back turned to that sacred place,
As thy unhappy father's was,—to Grace?
Why here, like Tantalus, in torments placed,
To view those waters which thou canst not taste;
Though, by thy proffered Globe, we may perceive,
That for a dram thou the whole world would'st give.†

* Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough, vol. ii. pp. 121, 164.

† Cole's MSS. British Museum, vol. xxxi. p. 145.

And again :—

When brandy Nan became our Queen,
'Twas all a drunken story;
From noon to night I dranked and smoked,
And so was thought a Tory.
Brimful of wine, all sober folk
We damned and moderation;
And for right Nantes we pawned to France,
Our goods and reputation.*

Having said thus much, it is but fair to remark, that the Duchess of Marlborough, notwithstanding her well-known hostility to the Queen's memory, hastens to rescue the character of her mistress from the charge brought against her. "I know," says the Duchess, "that in some libels she has been reproached as one who indulged herself in drinking strong liquors, but I believe this was utterly groundless, and that she never went beyond such a quantity of strong wines as her physicians judged to be necessary for her." As the mind of the Duchess was sufficiently prejudiced against her former benefactress, her evidence, on this occasion, must either be considered as a complete refutation of the charge, or else the vice must have been contracted at a late period of the Queen's life.

Anne, like her unfortunate father, was an excellent economist, and, throughout her life,

* Parody on the Vicar of Bray, by Thomas Dampier, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and afterward Under-Master of Eton School.—*Cole's MSS.* vol. i. p. 145.

appears not only to have been frugal of the public money, but to have carefully husbanded her own. A taste for jewellery, building, or the fine arts, formed no feature in her character; and accordingly, out of the allowance of £50,000 a year, which she received as Princess of Denmark, we find her accumulating a considerable sum, which, after her accession to the throne, went, either by right or custom, to her husband, Prince George. Anne, however, though thrifty, was not parsimonious, and though the presents which she made to those about her were seldom of much value, — consisting, generally speaking, of fruit, venison, and other unimportant gifts, — yet it was much to her credit, that when the country was burdened with an expensive war, she contributed as much as £100,000 a year out of her own revenue, in order to lighten the charge. In these points the Duchess of Marlborough, who was Keeper of the Privy Purse to the Queen, gives her mistress great credit; asserting, that, out of the Civil List, the Queen cheerfully paid a number of pensions, which have been since thrown on the public, and that throughout her reign she purchased not a single jewel for her own use. The Duchess, however, on her part, appears frequently to have kept her royal mistress most inconveniently short of cash. Lockhart of Carnwath informs us, that if on any occasion

the Queen happened to call for a small sum of money, the Duchess was in the habit of reminding her how expensive a war was being carried on against France; adding, that it was wrong to squander her means at so important a crisis. Lockhart justly observes, that, all this time, the Duchess was entirely forgetful how large a portion of the public money was being contributed, at this very period, towards the growing splendours of Blenheim.

In addition to the foregoing anecdote, Lockhart mentions more than one instance in which the Queen appears to have been actually in distress for money. On one occasion, a fine japanned cabinet had been sent to her as a present from Scotland. Anne was desirous of rewarding the donor, but it was as much as six months before she could even obtain the insignificant sum of fifty pounds, which, after all, was scarcely equal in value to the cabinet. On another occasion, when Sir Andrew Foster, an old servant of her father's, died, without even leaving the means to bury him, Anne was compelled to borrow twenty guineas from Lady Frescheville* for the purpose.†

* Probably Anna-Charlotta, daughter and heir of Sir Henry Vick, Knt. and second wife of John Frescheville, Esq.; created by Charles the Second, Baron Frescheville, of Stavely, on the 16th of March 1664. Lady Frescheville was a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Anne.

† Lockhart Papers, vol. i. p. 316.

In person, Anne was of the middle size, and in her youth is said to have been well made. Even after her accession to the throne, the Duchess of Marlborough admits that her "person and appearance were very graceful;" and adds, that there was "something of majesty in her look." Her hands were extremely delicate and well-shaped; her features regular and strongly marked; her complexion ruddy; her hair of a dark brown; and though her countenance usually wore a shade of melancholy, yet the impression which it left was not disagreeable. In the last years of her life, her figure, which in her youth had been delicate, became corpulent, almost to grossness. Queens, however, readily find flatterers; and when all trace of beauty had deserted her, we find the poets, ever complaisant, celebrating her for that comeliness, which, when she was merely Princess of Denmark, the sycophants appear to have entirely overlooked.

In matters of costume Anne is said to have been unusually particular, and to have daily passed a considerable portion of her time at her toilet. It was, perhaps, another evidence of a weak mind, that the dress of her male attendants — the adoption of a ruffle or a periwig — were regarded by her as matters of importance, and frequently formed the topics of her discourse. When Lord Bolingbroke once appeared before her in a simple tie-wig, instead of a full-bottomed

one, notwithstanding he had been sent for to her in the utmost haste, she is said to have shown herself not a little disconcerted at the breach of decorum. "I suppose," she said, "that the next time his lordship appears at court he will come in his nightcap."

The great, indeed the only charm, in the conversation of Anne, was the peculiar sweetness of her voice, which, to the last, never failed in captivating her auditors, and leaving them irresistibly impressed in her favour. It was a common remark at the time, that "her very speech was music." Burnet, speaking of the first speech which she made in Parliament after her accession, observes, — "She pronounced this, as she did all her other speeches, with great weight and authority, and with a softness of voice and sweetness of pronunciation that added much life to all she spoke." Speaker Onslow, in a note on this passage, remarks,—"I have heard the Queen speak from the throne, and she had all the author says here: I never saw an audience more affected; it was a sort of charm." Lord Dartmouth also tells us, that such was the melody of her voice that her uncle, Charles the Second, insisted on her taking lessons in the art of speaking from the beautiful actress, Mrs. Barry.*

* Colley Cibber says of Mrs. Barry, — "In characters of greatness, she had a presence of elevated dignity; her mien and motion superb, and gracefully majestic; her voice full,

"This," adds Lord Dartmouth, "she did with such success that it was a real pleasure to hear her, though she had a bashfulness which made it very uneasy to herself to say much in public."

The principal amusement of Anne, especially in her later years, appears to have been the chase; a taste which she probably derived from her unhappy father. On the 31st of July, 1711, Swift writes to Stella from Windsor: — "The Queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt, but finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach. She hunts in a chaise with one horse which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod." Again, Swift writes to Stella on the 7th of the following month: — "I dined to-day with the gentlemen Ushers, among scurvy company; but the Queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner."

clear, and strong, so that no violence of passion could be too much for her; and when distress or tenderness possessed her she subsided into the most affecting melody and softness. In the art of exciting pity, she had a power beyond all the actresses I have yet seen, or what your imagination can conceive." — *Cibber's Apology for his Life*, p. 132. Mrs. Barry had a daughter by the celebrated wit and profligate Sir George Etherege, and was the person to whom Otway addressed his six well-known pathetic letters. She was the first person who ever received what is called a "Benefit," on the stage, the custom being unknown before the reign of James the Second.

The death of her husband, Prince George of Denmark, in 1708, was a severe affliction to Queen Anne. "The Queen," says Burnet, "had been during the whole course of her marriage an extraordinary tender and affectionate wife; and in all his illness, which lasted some years, she would never leave his bed; but sat up, sometimes half the night, in the bed by him, with such care and concern, that she was looked on very deservedly as a pattern in this respect." Sincere, however, as was Anne's attachment to her husband, and exemplary as was her conduct as a wife, the Duchess of Marlborough seems unwilling to allow her even the credit of conjugal attachment, and, as usual, hastens to malign the character of her benefactress. The account which the Duchess gives of the Queen's behaviour, as well as of the proceedings at Kensington after the Prince's death, — discoloured as her narrative undoubtedly is by prejudice and feelings of personal dislike, — nevertheless admits us too immediately into the arcana of the palace not to be transcribed in her own words: —

"Now," says the Duchess, "that I am upon the subject of what was done after the Prince's death, I will give you some account of what happened when he died. I came from Windsor Lodge, in the night, upon hearing he was extremely ill, and wrote to the Queen, and waited upon her, as I have related in another paper,

and I was in the room when he died, and led her into her closet at Kensington. When she left him, where she expressed some passion, there were other of his servants by, which I thought must be uneasy to her, and that made it impossible for me to speak to her, upon which I went up to my Lady Burlington, and desired her to give me an opportunity of speaking alone with the Queen, which she did very readily; and everybody went out with her. Then I knelt down to the Queen, and said all that I could imagine from a faithful servant, and one that she had professed so much kindness to; but she seemed not to mind me, but clapt her hands together, with other marks of passion; and when I had expressed all I could think of to moderate her grief, I knelt by her without speaking for some time, and then asked her to go to St. James's; upon which she answered, she would stay there. I said that was impossible; what could she do in such a dismal place; and I made use of all the arguments that are common upon that head, but all in vain; she persisted that she would stay at Kensington. Upon which I fancied that her chief difficulty in removing was, for fear she could not have so much of Mrs. Masham's company as she desired, if she removed from thence; and without seeming to think so, I said nobody in the world ever continued in a place where a dead husband

lay, and I did not see where she could be, but within a room or two of that dismal body; that if she were at St James's she need not see anybody that was uneasy to her, and that she might see any person that was any comfort to her, as well there as anywhere else.

"I could see by her face that she had satisfaction in that, and so I went on, saying she might go away privately in my coach, with the curtains down, and see nobody; and that, if she would give me leave, I would tell Mr. Lowman to make the company go away, that she might go to the coach easily. Upon which, she consented to go, but said, 'Don't come in to me till the hand of the watch comes to this place.' I have forgot how many minutes it was; but I took the watch; and she added, 'Send to Masham to come to me before I go.' This I thought very shocking, but at that time I was resolved not so say the least wry word to displease her, and therefore answered that I would, and went out of the room with the watch in my hand. I gave Mr. Lowman the necessary orders; but as I was sitting at the window watching the minutes to go in, I thought it so disagreeable for me to send for Mrs. Masham to go in to her before all that company, that I resolved to avoid that; and when the time was come I went in and told her all things were ready, but I had not sent to Mrs. Masham; that I

thought it would make a disagreeable noise, when there were Bishops and Ladies of the Bedchamber without, that she did not come to see, and that she might send herself to her to come to St. James's at what time she pleased.

"To this she consented, and I called for her hoods, which I remember Mrs. Hill put on; and as she did it, the Queen whispered with her, I suppose some kind thing to her sister, who had not appeared before me at Kensington; but upon the alarm of the Queen's being to go with me to St. James's she came into the gallery with one of her ministers, the Scotch doctor,* to see her Majesty pass, who, notwithstanding her great affection for the Prince, at the sight of that charming lady, as her arm was upon mine, which she had leaned upon, I found she had strength to bend down towards Mrs. Masham like a sail, and in passing by, went some steps more than was necessary, to be nearer her; and when that cruel touch was over, of going by her with me, she turned about in a little passage room, and gave orders about her dogs and a strong box. When we came into the coach she had a very extraordinary thought, as it appeared to me. She desired me to send to my Lord Treasurer, and to beg of him to take care and examine whether there was room in some vault to bury the Prince at Westminster, and to leave room for her too. I suppose

* Probably, Dr. Arbuthnot.

it was where her family, and Kings and Queens had been laid; but in case there was not room enough for the Prince and her too, she directed another place for him to be buried in.

"When we came to St. James's I carried her privately through my lodging into her green closet, and gave her a cup of broth, and afterwards she eat a very good dinner, and at night I found her at a table again, where she had been eating, and Mrs. Masham very close by her, who went out of the room as soon as I came in, but with an air of insolence and anger, and not in the humble manner she had sometimes affected of bedchamber woman. I attended the Queen upon this affliction with all the care that was possible to please her, and never named Mrs. Masham to her; and she would make me sit down, as she had done formerly, and make some little show of kindness at night when I took my leave; but she would never speak to me freely of anything, and I found I could gain no ground; which was not much to be wondered at, for I never came to her but I found Mrs. Masham there, or had been just gone out from her, which at last tired me, and I went to her seldomer.

"Before the Prince was buried, she passed a good deal of time looking into precedents, that she might order how it should be performed, which I thought unusual, and not very decent; but she naturally loved all forms and ceremonies,

and remembered more of them than I could ever do; but she had bits of great tenderness for the Prince; and I remember she wrote me once a little note at which I could not help smiling, that I should send to my Lord Treasurer to take care that some door might be taken down at the removing the Prince to Westminster, for fear the dear Prince's body should be shook as he was carried out of some room, though she had gone long jumbling journeys with him to the bath, when he must feel it, and was gasping for breath. I did see the tears in her eyes two or three times after his death, and, I believe, she fancied she loved him; and she was certainly more concerned for him than she was for the fate of Gloucester; but her nature was very hard, and she was not apt to cry." *

The following is a transcript of the note addressed by the Queen to the Duchess, on the melancholy occasion to which the latter alludes in her narrative: —

"I scratched twice at dear Mrs. Freeman's door, as soon as Lord Treasurer went from me, in hopes to have spoke one more word to him before he was gone; but nobody hearing me, I wrote this, not caring to send what I had to say by word of mouth; which was, to desire him, that when he sends his orders to Kensing-

* Correspondence of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 412, *et seq.* See also her "Authentic Memoirs," p. 181.

ton he would give directions there may be a great many yeomen of the guards to carry the Prince's dear body, that it may not be let fall, the great stairs being very steep and slippery."*

The Duchess informs us in another place, that the Queen eat "three very large and hearty meals" on the day on which the Prince died.

The personal history of a reigning Sovereign is, generally speaking, so intimately connected with the history of the period in which he lives, as to render it almost impossible to separate the private story of the individual from the political transactions in which he has been engaged. Unwilling, however, as we are to trespass on the dangerous field of politics, still, as there is more than one celebrated individual on whose history we may hereafter have occasion to dwell, it may be necessary to advert briefly to the state of parties at the commencement of the eighteenth century.

In the reign of Queen Anne the animosities which existed between the Whigs and the Tories were at their height; and seldom has a political struggle been more fiercely contested, or the spirit of party carried to greater lengths. Opinions, which have since become obsolete, and discussions which time and circumstances have long rendered uninteresting, were then the theme of every tongue; and, after unsettling

* Coxe's Life of the Duke of Marlborough, vol. ii. p. 605.

the mind of the nation, and interfering, for a lapse of years, with its most vital interests, at length hurried an amiable Princess to an untimely grave.

In the earlier part of the Queen's reign, her councils had been guided by the Tories, with the Earl of Godolphin and the Duke of Marlborough at their head. By degrees, however, the Whigs recovered their former influence in the State; the Duke of Marlborough, rather than fall with the Tories, preferred remaining in office as the leader of the popular party; his Duchess, an ever-meddling politician, and zealous Whig, was always at hand to exercise her extraordinary power over the Queen; and consequently, between the personal influence of the Duke and the Bedchamber intrigues of his Duchess, the Tories were driven from the field.

On the accession of the Whigs to office, two important questions — the Union between England and Scotland, and the policy of continuing the war with France — constituted the rallying points of the two parties, and, consequently, on their defeat on either of these questions, it was evident that the Whigs must give place to their opponents. The former question, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition which it encountered from the Tories, was, at length, carried triumphantly by the Whigs. But it was in regard to the policy of terminating an

inconvenient war, — the burden of which had been long felt by the nation, and which was believed to be principally protracted with the object of filling the coffers of the Duke of Marlborough, — that the Whigs experienced the first symptoms of decline. It was at this juncture that the celebrated Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, contrived to ingratiate himself with the Queen.

There were numerous circumstances which combined in Harley's favour. The recent failure of the expedition against Toulon; the result of the battle of Almanza; the loss of Sir Cloudesley Shovel at sea; the capture of four line-of-battle ships by the French; the state of the coinage; the murmurs of the merchants at the repeated loss of their shipping for want of proper convoy; the decline of public credit; and especially the increase of taxes consequent on the war; were topics, the evils of which being strenuously insisted upon by the Tories and their emissaries, in the end, had the effect of successfully inflaming the people against the Whigs. The Queen, on her part, had been carefully educated in the principles of the Tories. That party had ever paid the most sedulous court to her person, and eagerly watched over her interests; and it was never denied that she still retained the warmest attachment to the high party both in Church and State. But to the decline of the

Duchess of Marlborough, whose boisterous and insupportable insolence had gradually undermined her in the Queen's affections; or rather to the support which he received from the new favourite, Mrs. Masham, Harley was principally, if not entirely, indebted for the success of his intrigues.

Anne, as we have already mentioned, was strongly prepossessed in favour of the Tory and high-church party; but, unfortunately, timidity was one of the ruling features of her character, and consequently the dislike which she naturally conceived to an important and sudden change, and the fears which she entertained lest it should be unpopular with the nation, for some time kept her in a state of distressing perplexity, and prevented her from openly declaring herself in favour of the Tories. Harley, in the mean time, lost no opportunity of inculcating the necessity of the change, and by frequently insisting on the popularity which must attend a dismissal of the Whigs, imperceptibly led her to the adoption of his views.

The first step,—which was sufficiently characteristic of the timidity of the Queen's disposition, and which probably was merely meant to probe the feelings of the nation, — was to transfer the post of Lord Chamberlain from the Duke of Kent to the Duke of Shrewsbury; a step so far of importance, that the latter had recently

sided with the Tories, and maintained an intimate correspondence with Harley. Not long afterwards, the Earl of Sunderland, son-in-law to the Duke of Marlborough, was removed from the post of Secretary of State, and the Earl of Dartmouth appointed in his room.

Anne, discovering that these steps were received with almost general approbation, at length determined to free herself altogether from the trammels of a party which had long been personally disagreeable to her, and whose political existence was scarcely less displeasing to the people. Accordingly, the Treasury was suddenly put in commission under the direction of Harley, who appointed himself to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer; the chief offices of the State were rapidly filled with Tories, and not a Whig, with the single exception of the Duke of Marlborough, remained in any office of the State.

It would be needless to enter into the particulars of the celebrated quarrel between Harley and his colleague Lord Bolingbroke;—a quarrel which influenced, in so extraordinary a degree, the politics of the period; which had the effect of converting the warmest friendship into the bitterest animosity; which, even in the council-chamber, was carried into personal invectives and disgraceful retorts; and which embittered the last days of Queen Anne, and, indeed, as we

have already observed, was thought to have hastened her end.

"Never," writes Arbuthnot to Swift, "was sleep more welcome to a weary traveller than death to the Queen. It was frequently her lot, whilst worn with bodily suffering, to be an agitated and helpless witness of the bitter altercations of the Lord-Treasurer Harley and of her Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It was her office good-naturedly to check the sneers of the former, and to soothe the indignant spirit of Bolingbroke. In their mutual altercations they addressed to each other such language as only cabinet ministers could use with impunity." Whatever may have been the original cause of the dissensions between Oxford and Bolingbroke, certain it is that their own interests, the welfare of their royal mistress, and the safety of their mutual friends, were made subservient to the indulgence of their dislike. Only three days before the Queen died, although the weak state of her health must have been known to all present, there occurred between them, in the very presence of Anne herself, a scene of violent altercation, in which Mrs. Masham bore a conspicuous part. That lady, however, was at this period hostile to Harley, and it was unquestionably to this, more than to any other circumstance, that Bolingbroke was indebted for the victory which he obtained. The intrigues

of his former friends, at length, drove Harley from office. If Bolingbroke, however, entertained any hopes of succeeding to his post,—if, as there is every reason to believe, he had throughout been compassing the ruin of his colleague for the mere purpose of aggrandizing himself,—his hopes were destined to be signally disappointed. One of the last acts of the Queen's life was to appoint the Duke of Shrewsbury to the offices of Lord Treasurer, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. This occurred on the 30th of July, 1714, and on the 1st of August the Queen expired.

The dissensions among her ministers, their violent altercations in her presence, and the dreaded prospect of a great political change, were sources of anxiety to the harassed Queen, which, preying on a weak mind and broken constitution, unquestionably hastened her end. For some months previous to her decease, one fit of illness had succeeded to another; and though for a time they yielded to the skill and watchfulness of her medical attendants, yet each successive attack left her more debilitated in body, and more depressed in mind.

Among the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum are preserved some interesting documents respecting the Queen's last illness, from the pen of one of her body physicians. From these papers, which consist partly of private

notes in the form of a diary, and partly of some confidential letters addressed to the Duke and Duchess of Shrewsbury, we glean that Anne was first attacked, on the noon of the 24th of December, 1713, by the fatal disorder which carried her off. The writer of these curious documents thus circumstantially dwells on his first summons to the Queen's sick chamber, and the condition in which he discovered his illustrious patient:—

"On Friday morning, December 25th, 1713, I found, about half an hour after seven, a letter from Dr. Shadwell upon my table when I rose, enclosing one from Dr. Arbuthnot to Dr. Lawrence, giving an account of her Majesty's having had a great rigor, quick pulse, palpitations of the heart, short breathing, and vomitings the day before at one o'clock, which continued then at four. I immediately sent the letter to Sir David Hamilton by a porter; my man to Mr. Blunt to get ready a chariot and six horses to go to Windsor, where her Majesty was, and another to my stables for my own chariot to go to Mr. Blunt's, that no time might be lost. When I came to his house, the chariot not being ready, I went before to Hyde Park Corner, where, when it came, I went into it, and bid them make what haste they could to Windsor. I arrived there at a little after twelve, when I found her Majesty's pulse extremely quick;

flying pains all over her; her aspect very much sunk; her tongue white and sunk. On my waiting on her Majesty the Friday before, I had found her in a perfect state of health. The Sunday after, I was informed she had gone from her warm lodgings to church; given audience afterwards in a large, cold room, not sufficiently aired, which I take to have given the first rise to this disorder; her cook observing she complained of the dressing of her victuals, which he took the usual care of, for some days before her illness. Her Majesty had got up to have her bed made, and was, before I saw her, in it again, but complained of a smarting soreness on the inside of her right thigh with the warmth of the bed"

On the 30th of the same month, the writer, in a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, enters into more particular details respecting the state of the Queen's health.

"My Lord,

"On Wednesday, December the 23rd, her Majesty was very uneasy all night with the gout in her foot. The next morning it went entirely off, and she said she was well; but about one o'clock that day her Majesty complained of a pain in her thigh; was seized with a violent rigour and horror, which lasted above two hours. Extreme heat followed, with intense thirst, great anxiety, restlessness, and inquietude. The pulse was *plenus,*

durus, jerratilis, et frequens, which symptoms I found the next day at my arrival, upon which I very much pressed bleeding, which would probably have carried off good part of the fever, and have brought a fit of the gout, but it was not agreed to; and these symptoms continued in some measure till four o'clock on Saturday morning, at which time her Majesty fell asleep, and waked refreshed; and the next morning there was a perfect intermission of symptoms, but the pulse, in my opinion, was not quiet. The next night, about twelve, she was attacked with an exacerbation of the fever, which lasted all the day, and, I believe, till midnight, if not all that night; for I was of opinion the pulse was not quiet the next day, though all the other symptoms of exacerbation went off. The day before, I opposed giving the bark as warmly as I pressed it; but the physician who waited that night gave it, saying he found the pulse calm. No exacerbation appeared after this; but I all along declared, contrary to the opinion of the rest, except Dr. Lawrence, that I did not like the pulse; that there was no perfect intermission of the fever; but that the pulse was at work to separate the morbifick matter into the gout or some worse shape. The pain in the thigh increased till three or four doses of the bark were given, and I laid a stress upon having that part examined; but it was called a fit of

the gout, though I answered it could not properly be called so in the muscles. I take this to be an inflammatory fever, from a translation of the gout, and not a common ague or intermitting ague; that after near thirty-nine hours' continuance there was a perfect remission, but not intermission. Unless the feverish matter be separated and thrown off into a smart fit of the gout, worse symptoms may happen, as its falling upon the thigh and fixing into an erysipelas."

Unfortunately, we have no means of identifying the author of these papers. Partly owing to the delicate nature of his communications to his noble friends, and partly to his having disagreed with his brother physicians in regard to the nature of the Queen's disorder,—a circumstance which, in consequence of his opinion proving correct, seems to have procured him several enemies,—we find him either omitting to sign his name, or affixing the fictitious signature of "J. Smith." In opposition to the other physicians, (who had declared the Queen's disease to be the ague,) he had throughout persisted that it was an inflammatory fever, and, in a letter to the Duchess of Shrewsbury, dated twelve days after the Queen was first attacked, we find him triumphantly announcing that his judgment had proved correct.

"Madam, "Tuesday, January 5th [1714].

"I thank God her Majesty has had a happy escape; for it was not ague, but a violent inflammatory fever, which opinion is justified by a severe fit of the gout, which came on Friday night last, which was just the day of the crisis. I shall watch to see it go well off, or else there may be some deposit elsewhere, that I shall not like. This opinion I declared to the Council, at first in opposition to that of the rest, viz. an ague; for which, I hear, I was animadverted upon severely; but I drew up the case in the beginning, which I sent to my Lord Duke* last week, and showed it to two of the Council, who might be able to justify me if anything happened. The disputes I had about the disease, and about the bark, gave me great uneasiness; but I made a shift to stop the going on with that medicine before it had done too much. The physicians were dismissed on Friday last, but I returned hither on Sunday, knowing matters were not secure, and I came back yesterday. I can't express how much I have wanted both your Graces upon this occasion, but the sequel has proved who was in the right. I am, with great respect, Madam, your Grace's most obedient humble servant, J. SMITH."†

* The Duke of Shrewsbury.

† Sloane MSS. 4034—10, British Museum.

Among other medical papers, preserved in the British Museum, that have reference to the Queen's last illness, there is a letter written by the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, which we shall presently insert, and which not only corroborates the statement of the anonymous physician, but, for many reasons, is interesting and curious.

Dr. Radcliffe had been principal physician to Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark, as early as 1686, and, though rough and eccentric in his manners,* he appears to have been esteemed by her for many years, as much for his professional talents, as for his private integrity and worth. At length, however, Radcliffe was guilty of an offence, which, offered as it was to a woman who regarded the slightest breach of decorum as a crime, could scarcely fail to ensure his disgrace. The Princess, it seems, being attacked by a sudden indisposition, sent for Dr. Radcliffe to attend her immediately at St. James's. The Doctor promised instant obedience; but neglecting to make his appearance, another messenger was despatched to him, with the tidings that the Princess was alarmingly unwell. His principal failing, it seems, was a

* On an occasion of the celebrated Prince Eugene dining with Radcliffe, the latter provided nothing for his entertainment but plain beef and pudding. The Prince thanked him,—"You have considered me," he said, "not as a courtier, but as a soldier."—*Biog. Brit.* vol. v. p. 3464.

love of the bottle; and, on this occasion, either he had imbibed too much wine, or was too deeply engrossed with the pleasures of the table, to pay any respect even to a summons from the heir to the throne. The Princess, he said, had no ailment but the vapours; and he added, with an oath,—"She's as well as any woman breathing, if she could only be persuaded to believe it." From this moment his fate as a courtier was sealed. On his next appearance at Court, he was stopped by an officer in the antechamber, and informed that the Princess had no longer any occasion for his services. It was only when her husband, Prince George of Denmark, was in his last extremity, and when his physicians declared that no human aid but that of Dr. Radcliffe could avail him, that Anne so far overcame her repugnance as again to summon his attendance. Radcliffe, however, instantly declared the Prince's state to be hopeless, and at his death he was once more discharged from his attendance at Court, and retired to administer to the sufferings of less illustrious patients.

When Anne herself was in a hopeless state, Radcliffe, according to a report generally current at the period, refused, on the plea of indisposition, to attend her sick chamber, notwithstanding he had been formally summoned by the Privy Council, and that the dying Queen had personally expressed a wish to consult him

in her extremity. So universal was the credence in this improbable story, that, added to the general confidence in Radcliffe's extraordinary abilities, it was believed that to his barbarous indulgence in feelings of animosity was to be attributed the Queen's death. Many of his personal friends are said to have credited the story; his conduct was universally reprobated as barbarous and inhuman; it was proposed in the House of Commons that the Speaker should publicly censure him; and he himself informs us, in a letter to Dr. Mead written two days after the Queen's death, that he had received several violent letters, threatening him with being torn in pieces by the populace, should he ever again dare to make his appearance in London.

The real fact seems to have been, that Mrs. Masham, about two hours before the Queen died, took upon herself the responsibility of calling in the aid of Radcliffe, without consulting either the Lords of the Council, or the other physicians. Radcliffe was at this period in the country, suffering acutely from gout in his stomach and head; and, moreover, he had recently received certain intelligence from Dr. Mead, that the Queen's condition was utterly hopeless. He told the messenger, however, that, had the summons proceeded from any person duly authorised to require his attendance, or had the Queen expressed the slightest wish on the subject, ill as

he was, he would immediately have proceeded to London. But, he added, her Majesty's case was known to be desperate; and, from the antipathy which she had conceived for him, his presence would probably occasion her disturbance rather than relief, in her last moments. A few days afterwards he writes to a friend:—"I know the nature of attending Crowned Heads in their last moments, too well, to be fond of waiting upon them, without being sent for by a proper authority. You have heard of pardons being signed for physicians, before a Sovereign's demise: however, ill as I was, I would have gone to the Queen in a horse-litter, had either her Majesty, or those in commission, next to her, commanded me so to do."

The letter from Dr. Radcliffe, to which we have referred in a foregoing page, was written at an early stage of the Queen's illness, and clearly evinces the ignorance displayed by the royal physicians at the commencement of her disorder.

"I don't doubt," says Radcliffe, "but you have heard an account of her Majesty's illness; and here we are all in the dark, as well as the doctors. At first they said it was an ague, and then they gave the Jesuits' bark. She took but three doses, and that was left off; so that I suppose they found it no ague, or else she would have taken more or none at all. Then it was conjectured to be the gout in her stomach; and now it is thought to be the gout all over excepting

the joints. One of the doctors declared, because there was no intermission on the second day, that it was a tertian postponed. Another, which was Sir David,* declared that now, God be thanked, her Majesty would certainly be well; and when he was asked the reason, he told them she was grown deaf, and that was a sign the bark had taken effect; and at that time she had but taken two doses, and never took but one afterwards. Shadwell was asked how the Queen did? and he said, she would do very well, but the *pulo* was *dure*, which puzzled all the maids of honour."†

There is certainly nothing in this letter to evince that Radcliffe was affected by those feelings of disappointment at not having been formally summoned to attend the dying Queen, which, with the obloquy that subsequently attached itself to his name, was said to have hastened his own end. It was true indeed that he survived the Queen but three months;‡ but, as he was an habitual hard drinker, and, moreover, was subject to gout in the stomach, it seems idle to attribute his dissolution to any other causes.

From the date of Dr. Radcliffe's letter, the 5th

* Sir David Hamilton, see *ante*, p. 308.

† Dr. Radcliffe to Sir George Beaumont, 5th January, 1714. Add. MSS. 4291, British Museum.

‡ Dr. Radcliffe died on the 1st of November, 1714, at the age of sixty-four, leaving the bulk of his property to the University of Oxford, with a legacy to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The University honoured him with a public funeral, but the Radcliffe Library stands the proudest monument to his memory.

of January, to the time of the Queen's decease, it appears, by the private correspondence of the period, that though occasionally free from pain, and though there were intervening periods of days and even weeks when no immediate danger was apprehended, yet that each succeeding attack was more alarming than the last.

As the situation of Anne became more critical, the anonymous physician, of whose papers we have so freely availed ourselves, writes with increased caution to his correspondents, the Duke and Duchess of Shrewsbury. "On Thursday, March 11th, *the person* was seized with chilliness, vomiting, a pain in the leg, the pulse very disordered, and in manner as two months ago, except that *the person* did not shiver, but the chilliness and cold continued twelve hours, and was then succeeded by very great heat, thirst, and all the symptoms of high fever, which lasted till the next evening. I opposed giving of makeroot by reason of the inflammatory fever and erysipelas." After observing that the medicines produced the desired effect, the writer proceeds in his narrative:—"On Sunday, things were so well that a chicken was eaten with great appetite, as well as ever since, but this very good appearance does not cure me of my fears for what may happen to the limb, but everybody else is very happy, and matters are looked upon so well as not to need any pre-

scription, in spite of all I offer. I wish I may not prove as much in the right, as every one allows me to have been in my opinion last time; but, thank God, they have not called this an ague, though it was just the same case, nor given the bark, remembering well they were forced to drop it last time. *I beg this paper may be kept.*"*

On the 26th of May following, Lord Cadogan writes to Baron de Bothmar,—"As to the Queen, she continues much indisposed: the St. Anthony's fire, which broke out in her leg and thigh, has considerably diminished the violence of her fever; but it is believed, on the other hand, that a mortification may follow. She sleeps little and eats nothing, and she is in such a dreadful anxiety, that her mind suffers no less than her body."† Again, in a letter dated 10th of July, 1714, three weeks before the Queen's death, Baron de Bothmar writes to Robethon,—"I have just returned from an audience of the Queen. She answered me with a very gracious manner. I find her paler than formerly, but in other respects she looks well, and seems to be in health, except that she cannot walk, nor stand up."

The disorders under which the Queen laboured at length subsided into a state of lethar-

* Sloane MSS. 4034—10, Brit. Museum.

† Macpherson, vol. ii. p. 619. ‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 633.

gic unconsciousness, in which she continued for several days before she died. Her death took place on the morning of the 1st of August, 1714, in the fiftieth year of her age, and the thirteenth of her reign. It was a pleasantry among the Whigs of the period, that she died like an old Roman, for the good of the people. This facetiousness originated in the erroneous presumption, that had she lived she would have named her brother her successor; a measure which would of course have been fatal to the Protestant succession.

The better qualities inherent in the character of Queen Anne were such as were far more likely to render her amiable in a private, than illustrious in a public capacity. The great Duke of Marlborough, in his secret correspondence, both with the Electress Sophia at Hanover, and with the exiled court at St. Germains, speaks familiarly of his royal mistress as a "very good sort of woman." Were the character of Queen Anne to be described in a single sentence, it could not be done more effectively than in these words: — As a wife her conduct was exemplary; she was pious without affectation; she was a tender mother; an attached friend, and a generous and indulgent mistress. As a sovereign she had less merit. If, on the one hand, she was without ostentation and without ambition, she was also weak, indolent, and

irresolute; devoid of all genius and political courage; open to the grossest flattery from every designing sycophant; and easily led by persons who were more artful, but whose capacities were scarcely superior to her own. Slavish, however, as was her submission to the reigning favourite, she is said to have been peculiarly jealous of her prerogative, and singularly vindictive to those who infringed on it. In every other respect she seems to have been eminently forbearing: indeed, her conduct, on many trying occasions, was distinguished by that constitutional good-humour—the only quality, excepting indolence, which descended conspicuously to her from the Stuarts.

Queen Anne, whether from the consolations which she derived from religion, or from a natural coldness of temperament, bore her numerous domestic sorrows with an extraordinary equanimity of mind. Few, indeed, have had afflictions heaped more thickly on their head. The misfortunes of her father could scarcely fail to have been felt by her; she was also deprived of her husband while yet in his prime; and of her numerous progeny not one was left to be the solace of her declining years. On the other hand, she was peculiarly favoured by Providence, not only in the exceeding splendour of her sovereignty, but in being able to retain the quiet possession of a throne, to which she had no legitimate right. During the few years

that she wielded the British sceptre, her arms triumphed gloriously abroad, and literature blazed in its zenith at home. Her reign, indeed, was the Augustan age of England: unlike, however, the celebrated Roman era from which it takes its name, it flourished independent of sovereign favour. The galaxy of genius which has rendered so illustrious the reign of Anne, owed as little to her fostering munificence as a Queen, as to her individual taste.

By her husband, Prince George of Denmark, Anne was the mother of nineteen children:—

A daughter born dead, 12th of May, 1684.

Mary, born at Whitehall 2nd of June, 1685; died 8th of February, 1687.

Anne-Sophia, born at Windsor 12th of May, 1686, died 2nd of February, 1687.

William, Duke of Gloucester, born 24th of July, 1689, died 28th of July, 1700.

Mary, born and died at St. James's in October, 1690.

George, born and died at Sion House, Brentford, 17th April, 1692.

Of the thirteen remaining children, some of whom were still born, the names, and trifling incidents of their brief history, have been left unrecorded.

PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

Birth of Prince George in 1653.—He distinguishes himself at the celebrated battle of Landen.—Is married to the Princess Anne in 1683.—Extract from Evelyn's Journal.—Character of the Prince, his tastes and feelings.— Sarcastic remark by James the Second on the Prince's defection.—He is created, by William the Third, Duke of Cumberland, with precedency of all other peers.—Accompanies William to Ireland, and is present at the battle of the Boyne.—William's studied neglect of him.—He is appointed, on Anne's accession to the throne, Generalissimo of all her forces by sea and land.—His death in 1708.—Burnet's character of the Prince.

THROUGHOUT our gallery of historical portraits there is, perhaps, no individual whose character presents so few features of interest as that of Prince George of Denmark. This was partly owing to his quiet habits and unpretending character, and partly to the exalted position of his consort, Queen Anne, by which her husband's merits were thrown into the shade. By uniting himself to a woman superior either in rank or talent to himself, a man invariably loses his position in the eyes of the world, and not unfrequently sinks into unmerited insignificance. Of the two predecessors of Queen Anne who were Queens-regnant, both Mary I. and Mary II. were united

to sovereign Princes. The one was hereditary King of Spain, the other elective King of England. Prince George was, however, placed in a different position, and this circumstance may probably have been the reason his contemporaries have troubled themselves so little about him.

George, Prince of Denmark, youngest son of Frederick the Third, King of Denmark, was born at Copenhagen 21st of April, 1653, and had attained his thirtieth year when he arrived in England to claim the hand of the Princess Anne. He had previously had many opportunities of obtaining a knowledge of the world: his travels had extended into France, Germany, and Italy,* and, moreover, he had gained some laurels in fighting the battles of his country. At the celebrated battle of Landen, fought in 1677, he particularly distinguished himself by his personal courage. His brother, Christian the Fifth, having been taken prisoner by the Swedes, the Prince made a rush into the enemy's ranks, and rescued his brother at the imminent danger of his own life.

Prince George arrived in England to solemnize

* He had also paid a visit to the English Court. Bishop Kennet says, in 1669,—"At the beginning of July, Prince George of Denmark, after a short tour in France, came over to see the English Court; and on Wednesday, July the 21st, was, by the Lord Chamberlain, conducted to his Majesty, and in the afternoon was introduced to the Queen, and, after an honourable reception, returned again for Denmark."—*Kennet's Complete History*, vol. iii. p. 296.

his marriage* with the Princess Anne, on the 19th of July, 1683, and was united to the Princess

* In a collection of songs written at the period, we discover the following doggrel ballad: —

A NEW SONG ON THE ARRIVAL OF PRINCE GEORGE, AND HIS INTERMARRIAGE WITH THE LADY ANNE.

Tune, "Old Jemmy."

Prince George at last is come,
Fill every man his bumper;
For the valiant Dane make room,—
Confusion to each Rumper;
And every prodigal starched fool
Aspires unto a crown,
By hopes of plotting knaves to rule,
Who next would pull him down.

Preserve great Charles our King,
And his illustrious brother,
Whilst Whigs in halters swing,
And hang up one another:
The joyful bridegroom and the bride,
Prince George of royal race,
Of all the swains the joy and pride,
The subject of their lays.

Brave George he is a lad,
With all perfections shining!
With every virtue clad,
And every grace refining:
But, oh! of such a warlike race,
So conquering are his charms,
No Mars in field but must give place
To his victorious arms.

A Collection of Loyal Songs, written since 1678. London, 1694, p. 23. There are five other stanzas, but they have even less merit than the foregoing ones.

on the 28th of the same month, at St. James's Palace. Evelyn, who saw him at Whitehall on the day of his arrival, and who was again in his society on the 25th of the month, observes in the entry in his journal on the latter day,— "I again saw Prince George of Denmark: he had the Danish countenance; blonde; of few words; spake French but ill; seemed somewhat heavy, but reported to be valiant; and, indeed, he had bravely rescued and brought off his brother the K. of Denmark, in a battle against the Swedes."* His patrimony, at the time of his marriage, is supposed to have amounted to about 17,000*l.* a year; the proceeds of which were derived, partly from some small islands belonging to the crown of Denmark, and partly from a grant out of the Danish customs: thus rendering him independent of the munificence of the people of England.

On his marriage with the Princess Anne, Charles the Second settled on him ten thousand a year, and the Duke of York a similar sum.† Prince George, notwithstanding his apparently heavy and spiritless disposition, was a person not altogether devoid of taste and natural abilities. Though his pronunciation was indifferent, he possessed a competent knowledge of the French, English, Italian, and German languages; was well instructed in mathematics, and is said to have had a taste both for paintings and engravings. He was

* Evelyn's Diary, vol. i. p. 524. † Angliæ Notitia for 1684.

also a collector of medals and coins. According to Lord Orford, his collection of medals was valued at 37,000*l.** The fact, however, is a singular one, that at the Prince's death they were valued only at 270*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*—a circumstance of which Lord Orford appears to have been ignorant.

The Prince's tastes and feelings, however, seem to have been principally confined to social pleasures and the enjoyment of his own ease. Spring Macky observes of the Prince, in his Memoirs, —"He is very fat, loves news, his bottle and his wife." King Charles the Second, also, is said to have retorted on him, on the Prince complaining of his own increased bulk,—"Walk with me, hunt with my brother, and do justice to my niece, and you will not long have to complain of growing fat."† The Prince was not only fond of wine but was also a dram-drinker; indeed, it has been affirmed that he infected his consort, Queen Anne, with the same pernicious taste.

On the accession of James the Second to the throne, the Prince received no more substantial favour from his father-in-law than being appointed a Privy Councillor. During the brief reign of James, his name is rarely mentioned; though, on the landing of the Prince of Orange, he obtained an unenviable notoriety, by his unnatural defection from his unfortunate father-in-law. All that his desertion provoked from

* Anecdotes of Painting—Lord Orford's Works, iii. 386.

† Anthony Wood, Life of Himself, p. 328.

James was a melancholy jest. Previous to his own flight, the Prince had been accustomed to say, when any fresh instance of defection reached his ear, — "*Est il possible.*" Accordingly, when the Prince's own departure reached the King's ears,—"What!" he said, "has little *Est-il-possible* left me too?" James observed at another time, that the desertion of a common trooper would have been of more importance to him.

On the Prince of Orange being called to the throne, Prince George obtained the reward of his defection. In March, 1689, a bill was passed for naturalizing the Prince; and on the 9th of April following he was created Baron Wokingham, Earl of Kendal, and Duke of Cumberland, with precedency of all other peers. Prince George was also a Knight of the Garter, but the date of his election is unknown.

The following year the Prince accompanied King William to Ireland, where he was present at the battle of the Boyne. Although the expedition put him to a considerable expense, and notwithstanding the fact that his presence in the army was of great service to the cause of William, yet, according to the Duchess of Marlborough, the latter paid no more attention to his brother-in-law "than if he had been a page of the back-stairs."—"The King," adds the Duchess, "would not suffer his Royal Highness to go in the coach with him, an affront never put to a person of that rank before."* Throughout

* Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 91.

the Irish campaign, though he certainly gave no proof of superior ability in military tactics, yet his conduct afforded sufficient evidence that cowardice was not among the number of his failings. King William, throughout his reign, treated the Prince with marked coldness and neglect; and yet the latter, on no single occasion, appears to have allowed his individual injuries to get the better of his duties as a subject. The Duchess of Marlborough, in this respect, gives him great credit, and Macky observes,—"During all King William's reign, he never entered into the administration, yet came always to Parliament regularly, and often to Court; diverted himself with hunting, and never openly declared himself of any party."

On the accession of his consort, Queen Anne, the Prince was created Lord High Admiral, Constable of Dover Castle, and Warden of the Cinque Ports. He had also the title conferred on him of Generalissimo of all the Queen's forces by sea and land. About the same time, the 21st of November, 1692, the House of Commons voted him the large income of 100,000*l.* per annum in the event of his surviving the Queen. The Prince had hitherto been a Whig in politics, but the fact of this large sum, awarded him at the instance of the Tories, is said to have afterwards inclined him to the principles of that party.

The advantages which would have accrued to him had he survived the Queen, the Prince was never destined to enjoy. "He was asthmatical,"

says Burnet, "which grew on him with his years. For some time he was considered as a dying man, but the last year of his life he seemed to be recovered to a better state of health. The Queen had been, during the whole course of her marriage, an extraordinary tender and affectionate wife; and in all his illness, which lasted some years, she would never leave his bed, but sat up, sometimes half the night, with such care and concern, that she was looked on, very deservedly, as a pattern in this respect."

Prince George expired, 28th of October, 1708, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the twenty-sixth of his marriage to the Queen. "Nature," writes Lord Godolphin to the Duke of Marlborough, "was quite worn out in him, and no art could support him long." According to Bishop Burnet, Anne was deeply affected by his death.

The character which the same writer draws of Prince George of Denmark appears to approach as near as possible to the truth. "The Prince," he says, "had shown himself brave in war, both in Denmark and in Ireland. His temper was mild and gentle; he was free from all vice; he meddled little in business, even after the Queen's accession to the crown. He was so gained to the Tories, by the Act which they carried in his favour, that he was much in their interest. He was unhappily prevailed with to take on him the post of High Admiral, of which he understood little; but was fatally led by those who had credit with him, who had not

all of them his good qualities, but had both an ill temper and bad principles: his being bred to the sea gained him some credit in those matters. In the conduct of our affairs, as great errors were committed, so great misfortunes had followed on them: all these were imputed to the Prince's easiness, and to his favourites' ill management and bad designs. This drew a very heavy load on the Prince, and made his death to be the less lamented."

The Prince dying intestate, the Queen ordered an inventory to be made of his personal effects, the value of which amounted to £37,923. 3*s*. Of this, a moiety became the property of his consort, and the remainder, divided into four shares, descended by right to the Electoral House of Saxony; of whom, Frederick the Fourth of Denmark, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, and Christian Augustine, Prince Bishop of Lubeck, were the persons benefited.*

* Noble, Biog. History of England, vol. ii. p. 7.

JOHN CHURCHILL,

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

CHAPTER I.

His birth.—His education lamentably neglected.—Curious instances of his ignorance of orthography.—His father procures his appointment as Page to the Duke of York.—Obtains an Ensigncy in the Guards at the age of 16.—His personal beauty and elegance of manner.—Pope's satirical description of his squeaking voice.—Enlists as a volunteer in the expedition to Tangier.—Appointed Captain of Grenadiers in the Duke of Monmouth's own regiment.—Publicly complimented by the French King and Marshal Turenne.—Appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, and Master of the Horse to the Duke of York.—His sister the acknowledged mistress of the Duke.—Attaches himself warmly to the Duke's fortunes.—Extract from the Duke's Autobiography.—Created Baron of Eymouth in Scotland.—Marries Sarah Jennings, afterwards the celebrated favourite of Queen Anne.—Sent Ambassador to France to notify James the Second's accession to the throne.—Created an English Peer, by the title of Baron Churchill.—Present at the battle of Sedgemoor.—Extract from Mrs. Macauley's History.—His Letter of Apology to James the Second, on the eve of his defection.—Probable motives of his defection.—Interesting anecdote related by Dr. King and by Sir George Hewit.—Lord Churchill's supposed project for assassinating James the Second.—King William's opinion of him.—Anecdote of Marshal Schomberg.

JOHN CHURCHILL, the great Duke of Marlborough, was born at Ashe in Devonshire, on

the 26th of June, 1650. His father was Sir Winston Churchill, of Newton Basset, in Wiltshire, a person, who, in his own time, acquired no indifferent reputation as an historian, but whose literary merits have either been denied or lost sight of by posterity. He joined the standard of Charles the First during the civil wars, and was a considerable sufferer for his loyalty.

Considering that literature was the prevailing taste of his father, it appears singular that the education of the future hero should have been lamentably neglected. Bishop Burnet says of him that he had "no literature;" and Lord Chesterfield styles him "eminently illiterate." Indeed, the only tuition which he received was from a neighbouring clergyman, who, in an intolerant age, appears (not unnaturally, perhaps) to have been far more eager to create in his youthful mind a sectarian zeal in matters of religion, than to teach him useful knowledge, or endue him with a classical taste.* His whole acquaintance with history is said to have been derived from Shakspeare's plays.

When the Duke afterwards rose to be the most illustrious man in Europe, this unfortunate neglect of his education could not fail to be bitterly felt by him. Indeed, so gross was the deficiency, that to the last he was not only incapable of writing his own language, but was

* It has been affirmed that Marlborough was for some time educated at St. Paul's School, London, but the fact appears at least questionable.—*Coxe's Life of Marlborough*, vol. i. p. 2, note.

unable to spell even the commonest words. For instance, in some of his letters, we find commands spelt *comands*, opportunities *opertunetys*, *write* for written, *pictars* for pictures, &c.* His ignorance of the French language was no less astonishing; and it was owing to this circumstance, as well as, in all probability, to his indifferent orthography, that his letters, during the most critical period of his career, were almost invariably written by his secretary, Cardonnel. These, however, on any important occasion, when the authority of his own hand-writing was thought necessary, were usually copied *verbatim* by the Duke himself. The imposture lasted for a considerable time, till, on an occasion of Cardonnel being attacked by a severe illness, the Duke was unwillingly compelled to become his own secretary. In one of his letters to Ro-

* We have selected as a specimen of the great Duke of Marlborough's orthography, the following letter addressed to the Earl of Clarendon, during the period of Monmouth's rebellion. This letter is, in other respects, not devoid of interest.

" My Lord, Gomerton, *Jully* 4th, 1685.

" I have *recived* your Lordship's kind letter, and *doe ashure* you, that you *waire* very Just to me in the opinion you had of me, for nobody living can have *bene* more obsarvant *then* I have *bene* to my Lord *feaversham*, ever since I have *bene* with him, in *soe* much that he did tell me that he would *writt* to the King, to *lett* him know how diligent I was, and I should be *glade* if you could know whether he has done me that Justice. I find by the *enimes warant* to the constables, that they have more mind to gett horses and *sadells*, *then anny* thing else, which lookes as if he had a mind to break away with his horse to *som* other place, and leave his foot intrenched *att* Bridgwater, but

bethon, the faithful agent of the House of Hanover, his apology for not writing in the French language is amusing enough, — "*Poore* Cardnall," he says, "is *sicke.*"*

The views of Sir Winston Churchill, with regard to his son's advancement in life, appear to have been originally limited to obtaining for him an appointment about the Court, where he probably calculated that the extraordinary graces of his person would rapidly procure him distinction and wealth. With this object, he endeavoured to secure for him the appointment of page to the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton. His Grace's establishment, however, being complete, Sir Winston made application elsewhere, and (probably owing to the important services

of this and all other things you will have *itt* more *att* large from my Lord *feavershame*, who has the *sole comand* here, *soe* that I know nothing but what is his pleasure to tell me, *soe* that I am afraid of giving my opinion freely, for *feare* that *itt* should not agree with what is the King's intentions, and *soe* only *exspose* myselfe; but as to the taking *caire* of the men and all other things that is my duty, I am *shure* nobody can be more carefull then I am; and as for my obedience, I am sure Mr. Oglethorp is not more *dutyfull* then I am; when you are *att* leasure, ten *lins* from you will be a *greatt* pleasure to me, who have not many things to please me here, for I see plainly that the *troble* is mine, and that the honor will be another's; however, my life shall be freely exposed for the King's service. I am, with all truth, my Lord, your Lordship's humble Servant,

"CHURCHILL."

Clarendon and Rochester Correspondence, vol. i. p. 141.

* Macpherson, vol. ii. p. 29, note.

which he had performed during the late reign,) contrived to obtain his son's appointment as page to the Duke of York.*

In the household of the Duke young Churchill remained till about the age of sixteen, when he had the good fortune to obtain an Ensigncy in the Guards. This first step in his profession he is generally believed to have owed to the personal favour of the Duke of York; though it is elsewhere asserted, that the Duchess of York having conceived an extraordinary tenderness for him, the commission was conferred on him to get him out of the way.† It may be remarked, however, that as all mention of this scandal is omitted by De Grammont, there is probably little truth in the tale.

If the education of the future hero was unfortunately neglected, Nature at least made ample amends for the deficiency by conferring on him that strong sense and clearness of perception which may be numbered among her most valuable gifts. To these advantages were superadded a grace and beauty of person which few have possessed in so eminent a degree; indeed it was owing to the circumstance of his personal beauty having excited a feeling of tenderness in the celebrated Duchess of Cleve-

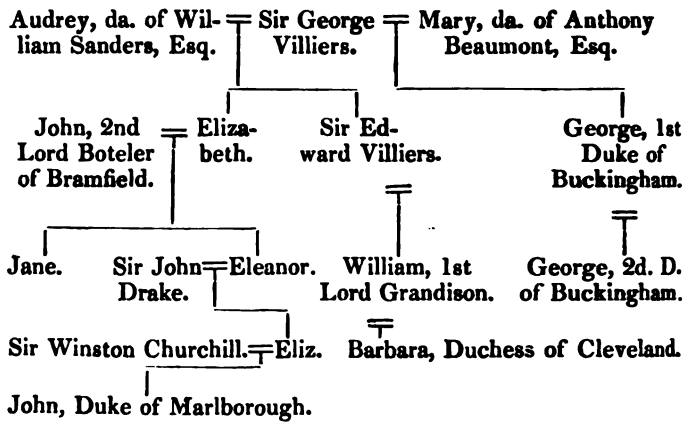
* According to Lord Chesterfield, it was to the Duchess of York, Anne Hyde, that he was indebted for the appointment of page.—*Letters to his Son.* Letter 136.

† Lediard's Life of the Duke of Marlborough, p. 19.

land, while he was yet a boy, that we are to trace the first rise of the great Duke of Marlborough.

The marked partiality, with which he was distinguished by the royal mistress, at once rendered him a conspicuous object at the Court of Charles the Second; nor can we blame him if he showed himself somewhat too elated by his good fortune. De Grammont, indeed, describes him as intoxicated with his happiness. "Churchill," he says, "boasted in all places of his success; and the Duchess, who neither recommended to him circumspection in his behaviour nor in his conversation, did not seem to be in the least concerned at his indiscretion." According to Burnet, Churchill was one day secreted in the apartment of the Duchess of Cleveland, when the King (whom the Duke of Buckingham had maliciously made acquainted with the fact,) suddenly entered the apartment, and compelled Churchill to make his escape by the window. For thus presumptuously interfering with the royal amours, De Grammont informs us that Churchill was banished from Court; though the sentence, it appears, was, shortly afterwards, good-naturedly remitted.

The fact may be mentioned as a curious one, that Churchill was very closely related both to the Duke of Buckingham and the Duchess of Cleveland, as shown by the following genealogical table:—



"At the Court of Charles," says Lord Chesterfield, "the Graces protected and promoted him; for while he was ensign of the Guards, the Duchess of Cleveland, then favourite mistress to King Charles the Second, struck by those very graces, gave him five thousand pounds, with which he immediately bought an annuity for his life, of five hundred pounds, of my grandfather, Halifax, which was the foundation of his subsequent fortune."* Even at this early period (for he could scarcely have attained his eighteenth year) we may perceive pthat rudential disposition, that over-solicitude in husbanding his means, which afterwards degenerated into the crying sin of avarice. Indeed, if we may trust Mrs. Manley, who had been a companion to the

* Chesterfield's Letters to his Son. Letter 136.—The truth of this story is corroborated by the original agreement, dated in 1674, which is still preserved at Blenheim. It states that Colonel Churchill had purchased from Lord Halifax an annuity of £500 per annum, for the sum of £4,500.

Duchess of Cleveland, his early parsimoniousness was further debased by ingratitude. According to that writer, she was herself present at a game of basset, when Churchill, notwithstanding he owed all he possessed in the world to the kindness of the Duchess, positively refused to lend her twenty guineas, though he had a thousand pounds lying on the table before him.* In after-life, Swift says of him in one of his letters to Stella,—"He is covetous as hell, and ambitious as the prince of it." Even Lord Bolingbroke, much as he admired his genius, was unable to defend him from the charge of avarice. "But," he added, "he was so very great a man, that I forget he had that vice."

The external accomplishments of the Duke of Marlborough, and the peculiar gentleness and grace of his manners, have been invariably admitted. De Grammont, who knew him in early youth, speaks of his "indolent air and delicate shape." Burnet eulogizes "his noble and graceful appearance;" and Lord Chesterfield observes,—"his figure was beautiful, and his manner irresistible either by man or woman." The same writer, who was intimately acquainted with the subject of his panegyric, and than whom no one was better qualified to sit as umpire in a court of elegance, remarks, that of all the men he ever knew, "the Duke of Marlborough possessed the graces in the highest degree; not to say engrossed them."

* New Atalantis, vol. i. p. 57.

It was said of Marlborough that he refused more gracefully than other people could grant, and that those who retired dissatisfied from his presence, were half compensated for their disappointment by the flattering manner of his denial, and the extraordinary charm of his address. Though utterly devoid of vanity, he was, nevertheless, conscious of the proud position in which he was placed; and that consciousness is said to have lent a dignity to his demeanour in his later years, which was only exceeded by the charming gracefulness of his youth. Cool and collected under the most trying circumstances, his manners, whatever might be the provocation, never lost their characteristic charm, nor his countenance the peculiar mildness of its expression. These irresistible accomplishments are said to have contributed as much to the success of his political negotiations as either the soundness of his judgment, or the excellence of his natural understanding. The only drawback to a thousand graces, is said to have been a disagreeable and almost squeaking voice. Pope, on one occasion, repeated some lines to Warburton, in which the latter remembered the Duke of Marlborough to have been spoken of

"In accents of a whining ghost,
—— lament the son he lost."

Fortunately for the memory of Pope, these lines were never published. If Bolingbroke forgot the personal failings of his great rival in the splendour of his genius, Pope at least need not have

ridiculed his natural infirmities or private griefs. Whatever may have been the failings of the Duke of Marlborough, the capacity must, indeed, be a dull one which refuses to acknowledge the greatness of his genius; and that Englishman a bad patriot who feels no enthusiasm at the mention of his name.

Notwithstanding the seductive allurements of the Paphian Court of Charles the Second;—notwithstanding that the smiles of the young favourite of fortune were almost as universally courted by the women, as his society was sought after by the men—no sooner was he offered an opportunity of distinguishing himself in the field of arms, than the pleasures and glories of Whitehall were eagerly exchanged for toil and danger in a distant and unwholesome climate.

Tangier, then in the possession of the English, was at this period besieged by the Moors; and in this hazardous service the young courtier readily enlisted himself as a volunteer, and speedily distinguished himself by his military enthusiasm and personal valour. His next service was in 1672, when the Duke of Monmouth having been despatched at the head of six thousand men to assist the French King against the Dutch, Churchill, to his great satisfaction, obtained permission to accompany him during the expedition, and, shortly afterwards, was appointed Captain of Grenadiers in Monmouth's own regiment. He was present at all the principal actions which were contested during this

unpopular warfare, and more especially distinguished himself at the sieges of Nimeguen and Maestricht. It was in the course of the latter service, that the unfortunate Monmouth, at the head of a few chosen followers, performed an act of daring gallantry in re-taking a half-moon. During this brilliant campaign Churchill was one of his companions in arms, and rendered himself so conspicuous by his personal bravery, that the French King publicly returned him thanks at the head of the line. A compliment paid him about the same period by the great Turenne was scarcely less gratifying. Churchill's gallantry at the siege of Nimeguen having been remarked by that celebrated general, he commented upon it in very flattering terms, at the same time speaking of the hero of the day as "the handsome Englishman," a name by which he was afterwards usually distinguished while serving in the French army. Compliments such as these must have been highly gratifying to a youth of only two and twenty.

The French King, Louis the Fourteenth, having highly extolled to the English Court the personal services of Churchill at Maestricht, and, moreover, the Duke of Monmouth, with the natural generosity of his disposition, insisting that he was indebted for half the laurels which he reaped on that occasion, to the personal gallantry of his friend, Churchill, shortly after his return to England, was rewarded with the appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel of Lit-

tleton's regiment; the Duke of York, at the same time, naming him one of the Gentlemen of his Bedchamber, and, shortly afterwards, his Master of the Horse. Churchill's sister, it may be remarked, was at this period the acknowledged mistress of the Duke, and the mother of his children. How far that connexion may have indirectly led to the elevation of the future hero, cannot now be ascertained. Certain it is, however, that Churchill, (possibly in consideration of the means of aggrandizement which his sister's position offered to him,) seems to have been little affected by any feelings of indignation or shame, and, indeed, to have readily availed himself of her influence over the Duke.

From this period, the state of affairs in Europe presenting him but few opportunities of distinguishing himself in the field of arms, (with the exception of occasionally assisting in the military operations under the great Turenne,) Churchill appears to have been content with attaching himself to the person, and following the fortunes of, the Duke of York. Whenever the King's pleasure, or the violent measures of the Parliament, led to the Duke's absence from Court, Churchill was his inseparable companion. He accompanied James on the several occasions of his being sent an exile to Scotland and the Low Countries, and was with him in the Gloucester frigate, (on the return of the Duke to Edinburgh in 1682,) when that vessel was wrecked on the Yarmouth Sands.

In regard to the catastrophe in question, inasmuch as it is closely connected with the attachment of the Duke of York for his favourite, we may be permitted to say a few words. It seems, then, that there were embarked on board the Gloucester about three hundred persons, of whom about one hundred and fifty subsequently lost their lives.* Among these were the Lords O'Brian and Roxburgh, and Mr. Hyde, a brother of Lord Clarendon, and brother-in-law of the Duke of York.† The Duke, at the time of the accident, was asleep in his cabin; and his conduct, on being made acquainted with the imminence of his danger, has been variously represented, and sometimes not a little to his discredit. Burnet, with his usual malignity to the Stuarts, observes, — "The Duke got into a boat, and took care of his dogs, and some unknown persons, who were taken from that earnest care of his to be his priests: the long-boat went off with very few in her, though she might have carried off above eighty more than she did." Bishop Kennet also, whose narration was likely to be less prejudiced, informs us that no sooner was the Duke placed in safety in the long-boat, than two persons were stationed with drawn swords,— the one on board the sinking ship, and the other in the boat, — in order to prevent the Duke's

* Lediard, in his Life of the Duke of Marlborough, estimates the number lost at one hundred and twenty; Burnet, at one hundred and fifty; and Reresby at about the same number.

† Memoirs of Sir John Reresby, p. 145.

life being endangered by the crowds of persons who attempted to follow him. According to other authority, the person who stood with his drawn sword in the boat was Churchill. All accounts, however, agree, that as soon as James was made acquainted with his danger, he particularly named one or two persons for whose safety he was deeply interested, and whom he wished should accompany him in the boat. In such a moment, it was no slight proof of his attachment that he named Churchill; a distinction the more flattering, as the Duke seems to have forgotten Hyde, his own brother-in-law, who subsequently proved to be among the number who were drowned.

The account which James gives of the accident, in his life of Himself, is not only the most interesting, but appears to be the most worthy of credit. Speaking of himself in the third person, he says;—"The Duke stayed with the King till the third of May, when he went from Windsor to fetch the Duchess from Scotland. He went in the Gloucester frigate; and, through the unskilfulness or treachery of Captain Ayres, the pilot, who was afterwards tried and condemned for it, he was in great danger of shipwreck. Ayres' intention was to follow the colliers' route, betwixt the coast and sand-banks, but the commanders were against it, and ordered him to go out to sea, thinking to clear them all. But he still persisted to tack, fancying he had time enough to go between the bank; at last

leave was given him, when the commanders thought themselves far enough out at sea, to go beyond them all. But they were deceived; for soon after the ship struck on the Lemon-ore, near Yarmouth roads, where she stuck some time; and had not too much haste been made to clear her, all the passengers and seamen might have been saved. As soon as she came into deep water she sunk, and at least a hundred persons in her. The Duke of York got into his shallop, and went on board the Yacht, taking the Earls of Perth and Middleton with him; none offering to go into it but whom he called, namely, Churchill and one or two more. But the other boats coming to their assistance, most of the persons of quality, and the Duke's servants, got off also; and many more might have been saved had it not been for the timorousness of the boatmen, hindering them from coming near the ship, when they thought her about to sink, for fear of sinking with her. Those left, as they were about to sink, gave a great huzza, when they saw the Duke of York safe."*

About seven months after this event, the Duke of York, on the 1st of December, 1682, obtained the advancement of his favourite to be Baron of Eymouth in Scotland, and, shortly afterwards, procured his appointment as Colonel of the royal regiment of Horse-Guards, which was then about to be raised. It was about this period that Churchill united himself to the

* Macpherson's Original Papers, vol. i. p. 135.

beautiful Sarah Jennings, sister of one of De Grammont's heroines, and, afterwards, the celebrated favourite of Queen Anne.

The favour which he had invariably received at the hands of the Duke of York, was followed, on the accession of James to the throne, by still more substantial proofs of regard. Besides being continued in his post of Gentleman of the Bedchamber, and Colonel of the Guards, he was sent Ambassador to France, to notify the accession of James to the English throne. Shortly afterwards, he was constituted High Steward of the borough of St. Albans, and, on the 14th of May, 1685, was created a peer of England by the title of Baron Churchill of Sandridge, in the county of Hertford. In the month of June following, he was sent, with the Earl of Feversham, to oppose the progress of his former general, the Duke of Monmouth, and by his vigilance on the night which preceded the celebrated battle of Sedgmoor, had the principal share in deciding the fortune of the day.

When the bigotry and mismanagement of James the Second drew down upon him the opposition of his subjects, and the invasion of his dominions by a foreign power, the conduct of Lord Churchill, in deserting his benefactor in his utmost need, has been reprobated almost as often as it has been commented upon. "As Lord Churchill," says Mrs. Macauley, "had been raised from the rank of a page to the degree of a Viscount, had been invested with a high com-

mand in the army, and had owed a large fortune to the King's bounty, his deserting his patron, in such a critical state of his affairs, has been censured as an act of the most flagitious kind. Burnet takes great care to exculpate him from the charges of treachery and ingratitude, and ascribes his conduct to the mere impulse of religious principle, which, unfortunately, does not appear to have highly actuated the general tenor of his conduct. It is observable that Churchill in his apology has made no mention of the duties of a good citizen, or that inviolable attachment to the laws and liberties of one's country, which, in every judicious mind, will be found inseparable from the obligations of religion. But these are sentiments which, indeed, are little to be expected in a courtier, in times when the Church had been so successful in eradicating every rational idea of religion and morality from the minds of men; yet it would have been a fortunate circumstance towards a favourable illustration of Lord Churchill's conduct, if he had not voluntarily absented himself at the time of the Queen's delivery; if he had not made a merit with William of carrying over the Princess Anne and her husband, if he had not prompted this Princess to an act of unnecessary cruelty to an indulgent father; and, lastly, if his having been treated with neglect by his new master had not occasioned him to consider his former conduct in such a very different light from what he represents it in his

apology, as to ask pardon for it to James, and to avail himself again of the ascendency he had gained over the Princess Anne, by engaging her, who was irritated by similar provocations, to join in the same strain of penitence."*

Lord Churchill's "Apology," which Mrs. Macauley here alludes to, is the following curious and almost affecting epistle. It was addressed by him to his unfortunate master, on the eve of his desertion to the Prince of Orange.

"SIR,—Since men are seldom suspected of sincerity when they act contrary to their interests, and though my dutiful behaviour to your Majesty in the worst of times, (for which I acknowledge my poor services much overpaid,) may not be sufficient to incline you to a charitable interpretation of my actions, yet I hope the great advantage I enjoy under your Majesty, which I can never expect in any other change of government, may reasonably convince your Majesty and the world that I am actuated by an higher principle when I offered that violence to my inclination and interest, as to desert your Majesty at a time when your affairs seemed to challenge the strictest obedience from all your subjects, much more from one who lies under the greatest obligations imaginable to your Majesty. This, Sire, could proceed from nothing but the inviolable dictates of my conscience, and a necessary concern for my religion, which no good man can oppose, and with which I am in-

* History of England, vol. viii. p. 246.

structed nothing ought to come in competition. Heaven knows with what partiality my dutiful opinion of your Majesty has hitherto represented those unhappy designs, which inconsiderate and self-interested men have framed against your Majesty's true interest and the Protestant religion; but, as I can no longer join with such, to give a pretence by conquest to bring them to effect, so I will always, with the hazard of my life and fortune, so much your Majesty's due, endeavour to preserve your royal person and lawful rights, with all the tender concern and dutiful respect that becomes," &c.

In his letters to the Prince of Orange he expresses, in no less warmth of language, his determination to sacrifice every worldly advantage, in favour of the interests of the religion which he professed. "I am resolved," he says, "if I cannot live the life of a saint, to show, if there ever be occasion for it, that I have the resolution of a martyr." The evidence also of the Princess Anne is undoubtedly much in his favour. She writes to her sister, the Princess of Orange, on the 29th of December, 1687,—"I will venture to say for Lord Churchill, that though he is a very faithful servant to the King, and the King is very kind to him, and, I believe, he will always obey the King in all things that are consistent with religion; yet rather than change that, I dare say, he will lose all his places, and all that he has." *

Considering, indeed, that self-interest was, gene-

* Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 298, Appendix.

rally speaking, the main-spring of every action of Churchill's life, a sentence in his own letter to the King must be regarded as important evidence in favour of his sincerity. "I hope," he says, "the great advantage I enjoy under your Majesty, which I can never expect in any other change of government,may reasonably convince your Majesty and the world, that I am actuated by an higher principle, when I offer that violence to my inclination and interest as to desert your Majesty." In a word, the mere fact that he was embarking in a hazardous, perhaps, desperate, cause; the probability that defeat would bring his head to the block; and the circumstance that he risked everything by deserting his old master, while, on the other hand, he could expect but doubtful advantages in the event of the success of the Prince of Orange, must be regarded as conclusive arguments in his favour.

But, unfortunately, the desertion of his benefactor is not the only charge brought against the Duke of Marlborough in regard to his conduct to James. Not content merely with inducing his nearest relations to join him in his act of disloyalty;—not satisfied with poisoning the mind of the Prince of Denmark, and exerting his utmost influence to induce the King's favourite daughter, the Princess Anne, to desert her father in his extremity, he is even affirmed to have entertained an intention of seizing the King's person, and delivering the unfortunate Prince, to whom he owed so many obligations, into the hands of

his deadliest enemies. Dr. King observes, in his curious "Anecdotes of his own Times,"—"I was talking with the old Lord Granard, whom I knew formerly in Ireland, concerning the Revolution. He told me that the first night he arrived at the camp on Salisbury Plain, where King James was then with his army, and where my Lord Granard had the command of a regiment, that Churchill, and some other colonels, invited him to supper, and opened to him their design of deserting to the Prince of Orange. My Lord Granard did not only refuse to enter the confederacy, but went immediately to the King, and told him he was betrayed, acquainting him with the discourse which had passed at supper. At the same time he advised the King to seize all the conspirators, and give their commands to other officers, of whose fidelity he could be well assured. If this advice had been followed, King William's attempt had probably been defeated; but the King did not seem to give any credit to my Lord Granard's story, and neglected to make a present inquiry into an affair of such great importance. The next morning he was convinced of his error, when it was too late to apply a remedy." The truth of this story is not only corroborated by Father Orleans, in his "History of the Revolutions in England," but King James himself, in his Memoirs, unhesitatingly affirms that he received intimation of Lord Churchill's designs, and was recommended to seize his person, but that he

unfortunately neglected to avail himself of the advice.*

It is to be regretted that Coxe, in his Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough, should content himself with noticing these very grave accusations with merely a passing sneer. "Such tales," he says, "may find a momentary credit, when the passions of men are heated; but, at present, to mention is to refute them." Surely there is evidence enough in the matter which we have brought forward, to render it worthy of more consideration than to be regarded as a mere "tale;" and we cannot but lament that one who had so many opportunities afforded him of ascertaining the truth, should either have taken very little trouble in the investigation, or have contented himself with regarding the innocence of the Duke of Marlborough as a matter of course. It must be admitted, however, that James, confident as he appears to have been of the reality of Churchill's design of seizing his person, yet, as concerns the graver charge of assassination, makes not the slightest allusion to the circumstance.

That William regarded the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough, in deserting his unfortunate master, with the utmost abhorrence, is greatly to the credit of that Prince. Speaking incidentally of the Duke's character to the Prince

* Further evidence of Marlborough's treachery will be found in the Clarendon and Rochester Correspondence, vol. ii. pp. 211, 214; and in Sir John Reresby's Memoirs, p. 369.

Vaudemont,—a natural son of the Duke of Lorraine, — "The Duke of Marlborough," he said, "has the best talents for a general of any man in England; but he is a vile man, and I hate him, for though I can profit by treasons, I cannot bear the traitor."

In an account given to Carte by General Dillon, we have further evidence of the very slighting manner in which the Duke was treated by King William. Dillon, who was afterwards an active agent for the exiled family at St. Germains, had frequent opportunities, on the first accession of William to the throne, of being present at the state dinners at St. James's Palace. "He never," he said, "saw any English nobleman dine with the Prince of Orange, but only the Duke of Schomberg, who was always placed at his right hand, and his Dutch General officers. That the English noblemen, that were there, stood behind the Prince of Orange's chair; but never were admitted to eat and sit. He particularly mentioned the Duke of Marlborough and the Earl of Clarendon; but they went away when the dinner was half over. That the Prince of Orange would not look at the Duke of Marlborough; and that he never saw a man so neglected, as the Duke was. That, when they came home, the Duchess would ask Mr. Dillon, what treatment the Duke had met with; and on hearing the account, said to the Duke it was what he deserved: he ought to have considered how good his settlement was, some

months before; a reproach which, the C——ss of S——ch said then, was not so proper for her Grace to make; since, to her knowledge, it was the Duchess that debauched the Princess Anne, and persuaded her to that defection from the King, which ruined him."* But the most severe reproof was that which Lord Churchill received from the gallant veteran, Marshal Schomberg. When the traitor arrived in the camp of the Prince of Orange,—(notwithstanding the defection of a man of his high rank was of the utmost importance to the cause of the Prince) —Schomberg was unable to conceal his abhorrence of the act,—"You are the first Lieutenant-General," he said, "whom I ever remember to have deserted his colours."

* Macpherson, Orig. Papers, vol. i. p. 284.

CHAPTER II.

Lord Churchill created Earl of Marlborough by William III. and sent to Holland in command of the English forces.—Present at the battle of Walcourt. — Goes over to Ireland, and reduces the towns of Cork and Kinsale.—Anecdote of the Duke of Wirtenburg.—Prince Vaudemont's character of Marlborough. — Deprived of all his appointments, and arrested by order of King William. —Proved to have maintained a close correspondence with the exiled Court, at the period of his arrest.—His avarice and ambition.—Betrays to James II. the project of the English Government to destroy the French ships in the harbour of Brest.—Restored to all his honours by King William, and appointed Governor to the young Duke of Gloucester, and, soon afterwards, Ambassador Extraordinary to the States.—Made a Knight of the Garter, and Captain-General of the Queen's forces in England and elsewhere. — His successes in the campaign against France, for which he is created Marquis of Blandford, and Duke of Marlborough.—Pension of five thousand per annum also conferred on him.—Death of his only son at Cambridge.

UNFAVOURABLE as was the opinion which the Prince of Orange appears to have entertained of Lord Churchill's character, he was, nevertheless, a person of too much importance, and had laid the Prince under obligations of too grave a character, to allow of his services or his interests being overlooked. Accordingly, immediately after the accession of William, he was advanced to a higher rank in his profession; he was in-

trusted with the office of remodelling the army, and of reducing some of the newly-raised regiments; was sworn of the Privy Council, and appointed a Gentleman of the Bedchamber. On the 9th of April, the same year (1689), he was created Earl of Marlborough, and, shortly afterwards, was sent to Holland, in command of the English forces intended to serve in the army of the allies under the Prince of Waldeck.

Marlborough arrived at Rotterdam in the month of May, and in August following was present at the battle of Walcourt, where the English troops distinguished themselves in a very creditable manner by their personal gallantry. It was on this occasion that the Prince of Waldeck, while commending Lord Marlborough's conduct to King William, observed, "I have seen more of the art of war in a day, than some generals in many years."

William himself wrote to Marlborough shortly after the battle,—"I am very happy that my troops behaved so well at Walcourt. It is to you that this advantage is principally owing. You will please, accordingly, to accept my thanks, and rest assured that your conduct will induce me to confer on you still farther marks of my esteem and friendship, on which you may always rely."* On the return of the Earl to England, he is said to have been received by William with an appearance of cordiality, which that monarch rarely exhibited in his personal inter-

* Coxe's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 83.

course with others. However, as the King omitted to avail himself of Marlborough's services during the next campaign, either he was guilty of insincerity when he made his recent professions, or (what is rendered more probable by the Earl's subsequent conduct) had reason to suspect his allegiance and good faith. Jealousy of Marlborough's increasing reputation, it was certainly not in the nature of William to feel.

During the following year, 1690, while King William was carrying on the campaign in Ireland, the great genius of Marlborough was again allowed to remain inactive in England; nor was it till the close of the campaign, that he was permitted an opportunity of exercising his extraordinary talents. The city of Cork was at this period garrisoned by a body of four thousand Irish and French, and owing to the strong works which the besieged had thrown up, and the measures they had taken for its defence, the city was regarded as presenting one of the most serious obstacles that King William would have to surmount in his reduction of Ireland.

There were in England at this period a body of five thousand troops for whose services there was no immediate demand; and, accordingly, Marlborough, having previously made himself acquainted with the military features of Cork and its vicinity, and having obtained secret information that the French fleet, which might otherwise have materially interfered with his projected proceedings,

were on the point of laying up for the season, made an eager application to be placed at the head of this unemployed force; affirming, on the hazard of his reputation, that he would reduce the cities of Cork and Kinsale before the winter should have set in. In such a man as Marlborough, confidence was equivalent to success. Queen Mary (who at this period was Regent of the kingdom) gave her consent to the undertaking, and the Earl, on his part, made his preparations with such vigor, that on the twenty-first of September he was able to present himself before the walls of Cork.

Shortly after he had commenced his plans, he was joined by the Duke of Wirtenburg, with a body of four thousand Danes; a circumstance which directly threatened to rob him of the glory he had anticipated. The Prince, it seems, (though a junior officer in point of military rank, and at the head only of an auxiliary force,) insisted, on the ground that he was a sovereign Prince, that the command devolved upon him as a matter of right. Marlborough, it may easily be believed, was unwilling to yield his legitimate claims, and, consequently, a misunderstanding was apprehended by their mutual followers, that might have been fatal to the cause in which they were embarked. Forgetting, however, his indignation in his care for his own interests, (or, it may be, those of his country,) Marlborough yielded to a disagreeable emergency, and generously proposed that the Prince and himself

should take the command on each alternate day. But his subsequent conduct was still more characteristic of the man. Instead of exhibiting any signs of that mortification which he must undoubtedly have felt; instead of attempting to thwart the plans, or diminish the credit of his rival, he gave evidence of a magnanimity and good feeling which cannot be sufficiently extolled. When his turn came to issue the order of the day the word which he gave was "Wirtenburg:"—The Prince was naturally gratified at the compliment, and, unwilling to be outdone in politeness, gave, in his turn, the watch-word of "Marlborough." This slight incident entirely checked any unpleasant feeling of rivalry, and was succeeded, indeed, by a chivalrous competition as to him who should most assist the views and projects of the other.

"In 1692," says Dalrymple, "to the astonishment of the world, and without any apparent cause, the Earl of Marlborough was suddenly deprived of all his appointments. A visit which he received from Lord George Hamilton (who formally acquainted him that his Majesty had no further occasion for his services,) is said to have been the first intimation to him of his having encountered the King's displeasure. He was immediately removed from his post of Gentleman of the Bedchamber; his regiment of Guards was given to Lord Colchester; his regiment of Fusileers to Lord George Hamilton; and, moreover, General Talmash was selected to accompany the

King during the next campaign, in the post which Marlborough should have held of Lieutenant-General of Foot. These steps were followed by a measure still more extraordinary: the Earl was suddenly arrested by a warrant under the hand and seal of the Secretary of State, and committed to the Tower."

The disgrace of the Earl of Marlborough,—the mysterious arrest of a man, not only of very high rank, but who had performed the most important services for King William, and who had acted so prominent a part in the late Revolution,— excited an extraordinary sensation at the period. Curiosity was everywhere alive to discover the secret history of the proceeding; and, as the Earl and his Countess were at this period the intimate advisers of the Princess Anne; as her recent application to Parliament for an independent allowance had given the highest offence to King William; and, moreover, as Marlborough was known to be on indifferent terms both with the King's favourite, Sidney, and with his mistress, the Countess of Orkney, the immediate cause of Marlborough's arrest was attributed to these circumstances.

Some of the passages in King James's Memoirs of Himself, which have reference to the Earl's apostacy, are not a little curious. When Colonel Sackville, an agent of the exiled Court, waited on Marlborough at this period,—"The Earl begged him," says James, "to assure the King of his sincere repentance, and to intercede

for mercy; that he was ready to redeem his apostacy with the hazard of his utter ruin; his crimes appeared so horrid to him, that he could neither eat nor sleep, was in continual anguish, and a great deal to that purpose. He gave, without hesitation, an account of all the forces, preparations, and designs, both in England, Scotland, and Ireland. To which last kingdom, he said, the Prince of Orange intended to go himself, if the French pressed too hard on the confederates in the Low Country, that very campaign. He laid open that Prince's designs both by sea and land, which, concurring with what the King had from good hands, was a great argument of Churchill's sincerity. He brought daily intelligence of incidents in the Secretary's office, in relation to the Jacobites, by which they avoided many inconveniences and troubles. He desired instructions without being admitted into the King's secrets, owning that the villanies which he had committed did but too justly debar him from expecting any confidence."*

In addition to this statement, may be mentioned the circumstance of the Duchess of Marlborough communicating to her sister, the Duchess of Tyrconnel, (the latter a staunch Jacobite and devout Catholic,) a project, which the King had privately communicated to Marlborough, of making a descent upon Dunkirk. When William next met the Duke,—"My Lord," was the keen reproach,

* Macpherson's Original Papers, vol. i. p. 237.

"you have put more confidence in your wife than I did in mine."*

That a design was on foot for investing Dunkirk, which was afterwards laid aside, is matter of history; and so far the charge brought against Marlborough, of having communicated the project to his wife, is supported by collateral evidence. On the other hand, however, it must be remarked, that his imprudence on this occasion could in no degree have effected his removal from office; Marlborough having been dismissed as early as the month of January, 1697; and there being no mention in history of any design upon Dunkirk till as late as August following. The Duchess is accused by an anonymous writer of having received a sum of money for the information which she supplied to the French Court;† a charge, which, resting entirely on such evidence, it is needless to say, is undeserving of credit.

The predominant vices of Marlborough were, in fact, avarice and ambition; and to his unrestrained and criminal indulgence in the temptations which they held out to him, we may attribute that despicable system of double-dealing, and, subsequently, that utter debasement of a great mind, which, however ungracious a task, it is our duty to expose. With the view of being prepared for any emergency, and of rendering his personal fortunes independent of the political

* Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 500. Ledyard, p. 111.

† "The Other Side of the Question," p. 70.

changes and chances that chequered the troubled period in which he lived, he paid his court, in the most profligate manner, to men of all principles and all parties; apparently reckless, so that he attained his own object, in what degree he sacrificed the interests of his country or his own honour. The fact is clearly proved, by comparing the dates of Marlborough's own letters, that, at one and the same time, he was fighting the battles and ruling the councils of Queen Anne; was secretly corresponding with the Pretender at St. Germains; maintaining surreptitious communications with the Elector of Hanover, and professing a zealous regard for the interests of that family.

Unfortunately, a more tangible and disgraceful act ("an act, which," it has been observed, "no attachment to James, no ill-usage which he might think he had received from King William, could justify"—) was at this period committed by Marlborough. The offence to which we refer, is the fact of his discovering to James and the French King, a project conceived by the English government in 1694, of destroying the French ships in the harbour of Brest. To King James he writes, on the 3rd of May in that year,—"It is only to-day I have heard the news I now write to you; which is, that the bomb-ketches and the twelve regiments encamped at Portsmouth, with the two regiments of marines, are destined for burning the harbour of Brest, and destroying all the men-of-war which are there. This will be a great advantage to England. But no consideration can pre-

vent, or ever shall prevent me, from informing you of all that I believe to be for your service. Therefore, you may make your own use of this intelligence, which you may depend upon being exactly true. But I must conjure you, for your own interest, to let no one know it but the Queen and the bearer of this letter. Russell sails to-morrow, with forty ships, the rest being not yet paid; but it is said, that in ten days the rest of the fleet will follow; and, at the same time, the land forces. I have endeavoured to learn this some time ago from Admiral Russell, but he always denied it to me, though I am very sure that he knew the design for more than six weeks. This gives me a bad sign of this man's intentions. I shall be very well pleased to learn that this letter comes safe to your hands." *

General Sackville, in enclosing this letter to the Earl of Melfont, observes,—"No person but the Queen and you must know from whom it comes; therefore, for the love of God, let it be kept a secret, *even from Lord Middleton.*" It may be here remarked, that when the English, subsequently, made an attempt on Brest, under the direction of Lord Berkeley and the Marquis of Caermarthen, it was discovered that, owing to the treacherous information supplied by Marlborough, the most vigorous measures of defence, under the direction of the celebrated engineer, Vauban, had been resorted to by the enemy. An endeavour, in-

* Macpherson, vol. i. p. 487.

deed, was made to effect a landing, but after the loss of a ship of war and four hundred seamen, the English soldiers were compelled to retreat in the utmost disorder, and the expedition was necessarily abandoned.

Marlborough's treasonable letter to King James, announcing the projected attack on Brest is dated the 3rd of May, 1694; and yet, in a letter dated the 22nd of the very same month, it is curious to find the Duke of Shrewsbury strongly urging King William to restore him to favour. "He has been with me," writes the Duke, to offer his service, with all the expressions of duty and fidelity imaginable." And the writer adds,—"I cannot but think he is capable of being very serviceable: it is, unquestionably, his interest to be faithful, and that single argument makes me not doubt it." The reply of William shows he was of a different opinion: —

"July 16, 1694.—In regard to what you wrote in your last, concerning Lord Marlborough, I can say no more, than that I do not think it for the good of my service, to intrust the command of my troops to him."*

The professions of allegiance and unalterable devotion, which Marlborough had so freely and unequivocally expressed towards his old master, he continued, after the death of James, to offer to the orphan son of the dethroned monarch. After the accession, however, of Queen Anne,

* Coxe's Life of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 57.

it was evidently no longer his interest to support the cause of the exiled family, and, accordingly, though with his habitual caution and duplicity he still continued secretly to profess attachment to their cause, the fact is clear, even from his own letters, that his zeal had considerably abated if not entirely ceased.

While dwelling on this subject, we may mention a circumstance which clearly evinces the high opinion formed by the exiled court of the power and influence of Marlborough. We allude to a project which was, unquestionably, entertained by the Court of St. Germains, of marrying the pretended Prince of Wales to one of Marlborough's beautiful daughters; a fact sufficiently substantiated by the existence of several contemporary letters, dated in the months of March and April, 1703. This circumstance is rendered still more curious, in consequence of further evidence which we possess, that the Whigs, nearly at the same period, proposed to unite one of his daughters to the Electoral Prince, afterwards George the Second, with the view of confirming Marlborough in his attachment to the Protestant succession.

After the death of Queen Mary, King William, influenced probably by motives of policy, thought proper to restore Marlborough to favour. On the 19th of June, 1698, he was re-admitted to the Privy Council and restored to his military rank and employments, and, moreover, the same day, was appointed Governor to the young Duke

of Gloucester, the sole surviving son of the Princess Anne. When the King conferred this appointment on him,—alluding to Marlborough's extraordinary personal accomplishments,—he observed, "My Lord, make him but what you are yourself, and my nephew will be all I wish to see him." This flattering compliment was followed by more substantial marks of favour. He was three times appointed one of the Lords Justices during the King's absences in his Dutch dominions, and, shortly before the death of William, was sent in command of a large force to Holland, besides being appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the States. In what degree these marks of favour were intended to purchase the allegiance of a dangerous enemy, cannot now be ascertained. William, indeed, in the last hours of his life, is said to have recommended Marlborough to Queen Anne as the fittest person to command her armies in the event of a war.* Possibly, at such a moment his private resentments may have been forgotten in the natural interest which he took in the welfare of his adopted country.

On the accession of Queen Anne, the influence which Marlborough and his intriguing Countess had long maintained over that weak-minded Princess, obtained for him not only an accumulation of honours, but, fortunately, a proper field for exercising his extraordinary talents. Within

* Ledyard's Life of the Duke of Marlborough, vol. v. p. 136.

a week after the death of William he was honoured with the Order of the Garter, and, shortly afterwards, was appointed Captain-General of the Queen's forces in England and elsewhere. It was at this period, when the question whether war should be declared against France and Spain was under discussion in the cabinet, that Marlborough's personal influence decided the point in favour of immediate hostilities, and, accordingly, war was formally declared on the 4th of May, 1702.

The first campaign, consequent on these proceedings, was commenced under the direction of the Earl of Athlone, a man whose personal courage and generosity of mind far exceeded either his judgment or his military capacity. Under the auspices of this general, affairs not only presented an indifferent aspect, but when Marlborough, shortly afterwards, superseded him in the direction of the campaign, he had the mortification to find that a recent and very precipitate retreat, under the walls of Nimeguen, had cooled the ardour of the British troops, and that he was placed in the difficult and unenviable position of commanding a discomfited and disheartened army. In addition to this unfavourable circumstance, he could reckon but sixty thousand men under his command, while the French army was in the field, under the Duke of Burgundy, with an apparently overwhelming force. Difficulties, however, such as these, served only to stimulate his insatiate appetite for fame: his genius ex-

panded with the emergency, and, before the close of the campaign, besides other important successes, the town and citadel of Liege had fallen into the hands of the English.

The States of Holland acknowledged the early services of Marlborough in a manner which must have been highly gratifying to his pride. Athlone, also, who for some time had continued nominally to share with him the command of the army, (forgetting the disagreeable contrast which the successes of Marlborough presented to his own discomfiture,) replied to the States, on their conferring on him a share of the credit of the campaign, that their thanks were entirely due to the Earl of Marlborough, whose plans, he generously admitted, he had always pertinaciously opposed.

In England, especially, Marlborough had little reason to complain that his services were not appreciated. A day of public thanksgiving was appointed for the success of the British arms, on which occasion the Queen proceeded in state to St. Paul's. On the Earl's return to London he was waited upon by a Committee of the House of Commons, who thanked him for the services he had conferred on the country; immediately afterwards, (on the 14th of December, 1702,) he was created Marquess of Blandford and Duke of Marlborough; and, moreover, had a pension conferred on him, of five thousand a year, out of the revenues of the Post Office.

The wealth, if not the honours, lavished upon the Duke, appear to have been much cavilled

at by his contemporaries. Evelyn says;—"After the excess of honour conferred on the Earl of Marlborough, by making him a Knight of the Garter and a Duke, for the success of but one campaign, that he should desire 5000*l.* a year to be settled on him by Parliament out of the Post Office, was thought a bold and unadvised request, as he had, besides his own considerable estate, above 30,000*l.* a year in places and employments, with 59,000*l.* at interest."* In addition to the favours heaped on the Marlborough family at this period, the Queen conferred a pension on the Duchess out of the civil list of 2000*l.* a year. This offer, was, with apparent magnanimity, declined. After her disgrace, however, the Duchess, with, of course, the approval of her husband, claimed and received the whole arrears of the pension for the preceding nine years.

The gratification which a vast accession of honours must have afforded to so ambitious a mind as that of the Duke of Marlborough, was damped in the hour of his exultation by a family affliction of the severest kind. He was on the eve of returning to Holland to commence a fresh campaign, when, on the 20th of February, 1703, he lost his only son, the Marquis of Blandford, who died at Cambridge at the age of eighteen. Burnet styles him "a graceful person and a very promising youth." Archdeacon Coxe awards him several pages of encomium; and if

* Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 70.

the frigid poetical praises of Congreve and Fenton are to be trusted, he was worthy of all esteem when he was living, and deserved to be lamented in better verses when he was dead.

Marlborough, however, was a man not likely to be turned aside from the pursuit of his public engagements, or his private interests, by any domestic misfortune, however severe. Accordingly, as soon as he could with decency return to his professional duties, he repaired to Holland, and on the 6th of March presented himself before the States-General at the Hague. The campaign was almost immediately opened; and, though distinguished by no action of extraordinary lustre, yet, by the masterly manner in which Marlborough conducted its various details, he added not a little to his military reputation; and, at the close of the year, returned to England to receive fresh favours from his sovereign and his countrymen.

CHAPTER III.

Resumption of the campaign against France. — Marlborough joins Prince Eugene.—Battle of Blenheim.—Marlborough's letter to the Duchess on the occasion.—Anecdotes.—Fresh honours and emoluments reaped on the Duke.—Addison's Poem of "The Campaign."—Characteristic anecdotes of Marlborough by Lord Dartmouth and Evelyn.—His narrow escapes at the battle of Ramillies.—Great moral effects produced by the battle.—Marlborough's reckless daring at the siege of Ostend.—He returns to London, and again receives the thanks of Parliament.—Battle of Oudenard.—The House of Commons orders the Speaker to transmit their thanks to Marlborough abroad. — Sanguinary battle of Malplaquet.—Description of the French army.—Dreadful havoc among the English troops.—Decline of Marlborough's political influence with Queen Anne.—Curious unpublished letters addressed by him to Lord Coningsby.—Anne's determination to break with the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.—Singular interview between her and the Duchess.—The Duke's son-in-law superseded in his office of Secretary of State.—Expulsion of the Whigs from office.—Marlborough's tenacity of place.—Extracts from his Correspondence at this period. — His humiliating treatment by the Tories.—Anecdote related by Lord Dartmouth.—Letters from the Duke to Lord Coningsby.—The Duchess of Marlborough resigns all her offices in the Royal household.

ALTHOUGH it is foreign to the purpose of this work, to follow the Duke of Marlborough, with any minuteness, through the various details of his military career, it is, nevertheless, impossible to pass over in total silence the more promi-

nent features of his professional history. It may be mentioned, therefore, that the following year, (1704,) the Duke joined his forces to those of Prince Eugene; and after an extraordinary march of fifty days, (in which he proceeded from the frontiers of Holland to the banks of the Danube,) obtained, in July, the victory of Shellenberg, and on the 13th of August won the celebrated battle of Blenheim. The army of the Allies amounted, on the latter occasion, to about fifty-two thousand men; the forces of the French and Bavarians to about sixty thousand. On the night preceding the battle, the Duke received the Sacrament, in his tent, and on the following morning divine service was performed at the head of each regiment. At the close of this solemn ceremony the conflict commenced; and after a doubtful and sanguinary contest of some hours, victory decided in favour of the Allies. This memorable engagement, according to Marlborough's own account, cost the French and Bavarians the immense loss of forty thousand men, of whom thirteen thousand seem to have been taken prisoners. Among these there were, according to Marlborough's further account, as many as fifteen hundred officers, and the greatest number of their generals,* of whom the most conspicuous was the gallant Marshal Tallard, who commanded the enemy's right wing:

> Unfortunate Tallard! oh, who can name
> The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,

* Marlborough's Original Letters. Coxe's Life of the Duke, vol. i. pp. 313, 315.

That with mixed tumult in thy bosom swelled,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repelled;
Thine only son pierced with a deadly wound,
Choked in his blood, and gasping on the ground;
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
The English muse is touched with generous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.*

The original document, wherein Marlborough announced the victory of Blenheim—the only communication on the subject which he despatched to England at the time—is, for many reasons, obviously curious. It was addressed to his Duchess, for the information of Queen Anne; was scribbled on a slip of paper, torn from his pocket-book; and, as he himself informs us in one of his subsequent letters, was written before "the battle was quite done."

"August 13, 1704.

"I have not time to say more, but to beg you will give my duty to the Queen, and let her know her army has had a glorious victory. Monsieur Tallard and two other generals are in my coach, and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aide-de-camp, Colonel Park, will give her an account of what has passed. I shall do it in a day or two more at large. "MARLBOROUGH."

A sister of the celebrated Bishop Burnet, in congratulating the Duchess of Marlborough on

* Addison's "Campaign."

the recent victory, observes,—"The Bishop said he could not sleep, his heart was so charged with joy: he desires your grace would carefully lay up that little letter as a relic that cannot be valued enough."* This "little letter" is still preserved among the treasures of Blenheim, and is not rendered the less remarkable from its being endorsed with a tavern bill of the Duke of Marlborough.

It appears by a journal kept by the Duke's chaplain, Mr. Hare, that after the battle of Blenheim, Marlborough selected as his headquarters a small water-mill near Hochstadt; a place, it may be remarked, which at one time gave the name to the victory. He, subsequently, paid a visit to his prisoner, Marshal Tallard, at the quarters of the Prince of Hesse, of which Hare gives rather a graphic account. Marlborough, he says, made the Marshal an offer of his own equipage and quarters, which the other very thankfully declined. At the same time, Hare describes the French generals as crowding about the Duke, expressing their admiration of his graceful person, and of his tender and generous disposition.

The victory of Blenheim,—the most splendid gained by the English over their hereditary enemies since the battle of Agincourt,—raised the military reputation of the Duke to the highest pitch. Shortly before this period, he had

* Coxe's Life of the Duke of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 339.

been created a Prince of the Empire, while in England the most unbounded proofs, both of popular and royal favour, awaited his triumphant return. On his arrival in London, he received the solemn thanks of both Houses of Parliament; the City of London honoured him with a public feast; and the Commons addressed the Queen to confer on him some extraordinary mark of distinction, such as should demonstrate the high sense which they entertained of the services of the victor, and for ever perpetuate the memory of his exploit. Agreeably with this recommendation, Marlborough was granted the Honour of Woodstock and the Hundred of Wotton; which, by act of Parliament, were vested in him and his heirs for ever. The tenure, however, of this splendid grant was accompanied by a particular clause, that on the 2nd of August, every year, the Duke and his heirs should transmit a standard, ornamented with three fleurs-de-lys, to the castle of Windsor. The manor of Strathfieldsaye, conferred in our own time, is still held by a similar tenure; and it may be mentioned, that these interesting memorials of Blenheim and Waterloo now hang side by side in Windsor Castle, in a small closet, in which Queen Anne was seated when the news of the former battle was announced to her.

The Duke, on his return to his native country, was accompanied by spoils which might have done honour to a Roman triumph. Among

his prisoners were the "unfortunate Tallard," and twenty-six other officers of rank;—among his trophies, one hundred and twenty-one standards, and one hundred and seventy-nine colours, the whole of which, by the Queen's desire, were suspended in Westminster Hall. Medals were struck and poems written in his honour; among the latter of which Philips' poem of "Blenheim," Prior's poetical epistle to Boileau; and Addison's "Campaign," are the most celebrated. With regard to the latter poem, which Wharton happily styles "a Gazette in rhyme," the selection of the opening motto from Claudian will be considered by many persons as more felicitous than the poem itself:—

——————— Rheni pacator et Istri
Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.
Claud. de Laud. Stilic. Lib. Tert.

After the battle of Blenheim, the Duke, for political reasons, is said to have affected an undue degree of state and magnificence. "He assumed," says Lord Dartmouth, "the title of Highness abroad, which was given him by all the officers in the army; and he affected eating alone, which the Duke of Montagu (who had married one of his daughters) was to countenance by standing at his meals. Nobody in England would allow of such distinctions; but everybody thought his aim was to bring us by

degrees to something higher."* It must not be presumed, however, that this affectation of increased splendour was accompanied by anything like the vulgar arrogance of a fortunate upstart. On the contrary, the manners of Marlborough, after his great victory, appear to have been as eminently distinguished for high-bred urbanity and unaffected frankness, as when he was merely the successful courtier under King James, or the neglected statesman under King William. Evelyn, who was accidentally thrown into his company shortly after the battle of Blenheim, has left us a pleasing account of their interview:—"I went," he says, "to wait on my Lord Treasurer, where was the victorious Duke of Marlborough, who came to me and took me by the hand with extraordinary familiarity and civility, as formerly he was used to do, without any alteration of his good-nature. He had a most rich George in a sardonyx set with diamonds of very great value; for the rest, very plain. I had not seen him for some years, and believed he might have forgotten me."†

The campaign of 1705, though conducted by the Duke with his usual vigour and genius, and though attended, as usual, with success, presents but few incidents worthy of record. The campaign, however, of the following year was distinguished by the celebrated battle of Ramillies, which took place on Whit-Sunday, the 12th of May, 1706. During the action, the

* Burnet, vol. v. p. 149, n. † Evelyn's Diary, vol. iii. p. 407.

Duke's life was twice in the utmost danger. On the first occasion, having been singled out by a party of the enemy, and happening, unfortunately, as he was leaping a ditch, to fall from his horse, he would, unquestionably, have been either killed or taken prisoner, had not some of the confederate infantry come opportunely to his aid. His second escape was from a cannon-ball, which actually carried off the head of Colonel Bingfield, his gentleman of the horse, as he was holding the stirrup for the Duke to remount. "Poor Bingfield!" he writes to the Duchess on the evening of the battle, "while holding my stirrup for me, and helping me on horseback, was killed. I am told that he leaves his wife and mother in a poor condition. I can't write to any of my children, so you will let them know I am well, and that I desire they will thank God for preserving me." Voluminous as is his correspondence, the act of writing never appears to have been a pleasing occupation to the Duke, and on this, as on almost every other occasion, after having been engaged in action, he complains that a violent head-ache renders writing extremely uneasy to him. Generally speaking, the noise and excitement of a battle appear to have affected his health for several days.

Considering the important results of the battle of Ramillies, the action itself was one of the briefest on record. It lasted, according to some authorities, about two hours; according to others,

only half an hour, when the French commenced an irregular and precipitate retreat. In this decisive engagement, the loss of the enemy amounted to about six thousand killed, and as many taken prisoners. Among the former, were the Princes of Soubise and Rohan, and a son of Marshal Tallard, who was mortally wounded. The whole of the enemy's cannon, also, consisting of fifty pieces; several kettle-drums; and eighty standards and colours, fell into the hands of the English. The moral effect produced by this victory was of still greater importance. Within a short period, Louvaine, Brussels, Mechlin, Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp, submitted, under the auspices of Marlborough, to the Spanish monarch, Charles the Third; and, within a fortnight, the whole of Brabant, and the Marquisate of the Holy Empire, also acknowledged his sway. On the twenty-eighth of June, the trenches were opened before the town of Ostend, and on the 3rd of July it surrendered. During the course of hostilities, Queen Anne had addressed a letter to the Duke, in her own hand-writing, in which her sole command was,—"Be careful of yourself!" This injunction, however, seems to have been signally disregarded by Marlborough; as, during the siege of Ostend, we find him, for more than an hour, recklessly exposing his life in the trenches, under one of the hottest fires which the oldest soldier ever remembered to have witnessed.

It may be remarked that the strong fortress

of Menin,—the master-piece of Marshal Vauban,—surrendered after a siege of eighteen days; and, before the middle of September, both Dendermonde and Aeth fell into Marlborough's hands.

On the 18th of November, the Duke arrived in London to gather fresh honours, and, what was dearer to him, additional wealth. A day of thanksgiving was appointed, on which the Queen went in procession to St. Paul's; the banners taken at Ramillies were carried in state through the city, in order to be suspended in Guildhall; the City of London again invited him to a public dinner; and an emulation took place between the Houses of Lords and Commons which could do most honour to the hero of the age. Both Houses returned him their solemn thanks; the Lords solicited the Queen to permit his honours, and the national gift of Blenheim, to descend in the female line: and the Commons expressed their anxiety to make a still more honourable provision for the maintenance of his dignity. Agreeably with a recommendation which they made to the Queen to this effect, an additional pension of five thousand a year was settled out of the revenues of the Post office on the Duke.

The campaign of 1707 was marked by no event of particular interest, if we except the honours and compliments paid him by foreign potentates. In a letter dated "The King of Sweden's Quarters, 16th of April, 1707," Marl-

borough writes to his Duchess,—"The King of Poland has this evening sent a gentleman to make me compliments, and to let me know that he is come to Leipsic on purpose to speak to me, so that I am to go to him to-morrow, which will occasion my staying one day longer here than I intended." Again he writes, at the end of the same month,—"This journey has given me the advantage of seeing four Kings,* three of which I had never seen; they seem to be all very different in their kinds; if I was obliged to make a choice, it should be the youngest, which is the King of Sweden:" and he concludes this last letter:—"When I left the Court of Sweden, I was given to understand that the King intended his picture should be at the Hague, for me, before the end of the campaign. The King of Prussia forced a ring upon me, which is said to be worth a thousand pounds."

The campaign of the following year was distinguished by the battle of Oudenard, fought on the 30th of June, 1708. In this action the French left four thousand men dead on the field; seven thousand more were taken prisoners, and about one hundred standards and colours fell into the hands of the Duke. In consequence of this success, the town and citadel of Lisle shortly afterwards capitulated, and the towns of Ghent and Bruges, as well as some other important places, surrendered to the Allies. The Lords and Com-

* The King of Sweden, the King of Prussia, and the two Kings of Poland.

mons again returned him their thanks; the latter paying him an unusual, if not unprecedented compliment, by ordering their Speaker to transmit their thanks to him *abroad*.

The event which chiefly distinguished the following campaign was the battle of Malplaquet, fought on the 31st of August, 1709, on which occasion the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene counted under their command a magnificent army of 93,000 men, supported by 101 pieces of cannon and 4 mortars. According to the most trustworthy accounts, the French army, under Villars, was of nearly equal force; superior, indeed, in cavalry to the Allies, but not so well provided in artillery. On the other hand, France could reckon among her ranks the flower of her chivalry and her noblest troops. There were comprised in this, the most splendid army which she had ever brought into the field, the Gardes du Corps, the Mousquetaires, the light horse, horse grenadiers, and Gens d'Armes. Among the cavalry of the line were the carabineers, and among the infantry the French and Swiss guards, the Bavarian and Cologne guards, and the Irish brigade. These troops, the boasted flower of the French army, were commanded by the most experienced generals of the time, and there were present in the battle no fewer than twelve of the French nobility, who afterwards became Marshals of France.

At the celebrated and sanguinary battle of Malplaquet, the French offered a noble resistance,

and displayed a daring gallantry, such as might have been expected from such men, and to which Marlborough himself was among the first to pay homage. Such was the fury of each repeated encounter, and such the determination to vanquish, that no quarter was given, but few colours were captured, and, with the exception of the wounded, five hundred prisoners only fell into the hands of the Allies. The French, indeed, retreated; but it was not till they had occasioned a frightful havoc in the ranks of their opponents, which was afterwards found to have greatly exceeded their own loss. They left behind them, it is true, as many as 14,000 men, killed and wounded, but the casualties in the Allied army seem to have exceeded that number by nearly six thousand men. Marlborough himself, accustomed as he was to the horrors of war, seems to have been sensibly affected by the extent of the slaughter. In two brief notes, which he wrote on the field of Malplaquet, he styles the engagement, on one occasion, a "bloody," and on the other occasion a "murdering" battle. His correspondence, moreover, discovers no trace of that inward satisfaction which usually characterizes his announcements of any brilliant success.

The victory of Malplaquet was, as usual, followed by thanksgivings to Providence, and by addresses and congratulations to the Duke; indeed, a nation, who had already expended all their gratitude and their resources in doing honour to their favourite and benefactor, had now few

favours more substantial to confer. With this great battle we must close our very cursory notice of the military career of the Duke of Marlborough; merely remarking that the two last campaigns which it was his fortune to conduct,—those of 1710 and 1711,—though distinguished by no event of unusual splendour, yet in no degree diminish the high military reputation which he had so deservedly obtained.

Splendid, however, as had been the Duke of Marlborough's career; gratifying as must have been the conviction to him, that to his own extraordinary exertions and talents he was mainly indebted for his exaltation from the humble rank of a page to the very pinnacle of human greatness, he was, nevertheless, destined to experience the insecurity of a position, which, but a few years before, no exertions of his enemies, no unfavourable combination of events, appeared likely to change or undermine. As the hold which his beautiful Duchess had established in the affections of Queen Anne, had proved the original stepping-stone to his greatness,—so was her decline in the Queen's favour destined to be the cause of his fall. As early as 1707, the appearance of the celebrated Mrs. Masham at Court, and her increasing influence with the Queen, had given animation to dormant factions, and excited the jealousy and fears of the Whigs. By degrees, it became clear that the Queen listened secretly to the arguments of the Tories; Harley, through his tool and associate, Mrs. Masham, was known to have instilled

his poison into Her Majesty's private ear; opportunity was given to the crafty and insinuating St. John to exercise his wily genius; and, in the end, the great Marlborough had the mortification to discover that French intrigues were gaining force in England, and that his own star was no longer to be the brightest in the hemisphere. In addition to these circumstances, the Duke's conduct and motives began to be fiercely attacked by the party-writers of the period; the great battle of Malplaquet was spoken of as a rash and imprudent attack; the most aggravated accounts of the killed and wounded were carefully circulated; and, indeed, Harley, in his communications with the Queen, not only spoke of the battle as "wanton carnage," but even threw out an infamous hint that Marlborough had purposely sacrificed the lives of his officers, with the view of profiting by the sale of their commissions.* Moreover, the Duke's insatiable love of money was openly harped upon by his enemies, and it was confidently and cruelly insisted that he was prolonging a tedious and unprofitable war, for the sole purpose of filling his own coffers.

Although the Queen's altered feelings towards

* The same charge was brought against the Duke of Marlborough by Earl Poulett in the House of Lords. "A certain general, he said, had led his troops to be slaughtered, and had caused a great number of officers to be knocked on the head, in a battle or against stone walls, in order that he might dispose of their commissions." Marlborough challenged the foolish braggart, and a duel was only prevented by the interference of the Secretary of State.—*Ledyard's Life of Marlborough*, p. 391.

the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, must long have been sufficiently evident to both, yet it was not till the following year that she showed her fixed determination to rid herself entirely of her former favourites. This delay in putting her intentions in practice was, in a great degree, owing to the natural timidity and indecision of her character. She was quite as unwilling to incur the danger of exasperating so powerful a subject as the Duke of Marlborough, as to draw down upon herself the charge of ingratitude, by disgracing a man whose services had been so eminent, and whose exploits were still so fresh in the memory of his countrymen.

At length the Queen seized an opportunity of plainly, though cautiously, declaring her sentiments to the world. A regiment having become vacant by the death of the Earl of Essex, she wrote to the Duke of Marlborough, expressing her wish that he would confer the command on Colonel Hill, a brother of Mrs. Masham. The Duke instantly waited upon the Queen, and represented to her in very proper terms, how invidious a distinction it would be to advance a young and inexperienced officer over the heads of a number of veterans, whose long and faithful services gave them superior claims. He further observed, that under such peculiar circumstances, the promotion of the brother of the greatest enemy both of his family and of himself, would be regarded in no other light by the world, than as a total withdrawal from him of

her Majesty's confidence and regard. To this expostulation the Queen merely replied that he would do well to consult his friends;—a piece of advice which the Duke took in its proper spirit, and immediately returned to his seat at Windsor in disgust.*

To the remonstrances, indeed, of the Earl of Godolphin, and others of Marlborough's friends, the Queen persisted in affirming that, so far from the Duke having forfeited her favours, she retained all her former feelings of kindness towards him. The Duchess of Marlborough, at the same period,—on pretence of vindicating her past conduct, though in reality to make a last effort to revive the Queen's tenderness,—demanded and was permitted an interview with her royal mistress. At this strange meeting, the Duchess so far mastered her haughty humour, as to resort to the humblest supplications and even to tears. Her mortification, however, must have been complete, when the Queen, preserving the most studied coldness of manner, merely retorted on her the Duchess' own words, in a letter which she had recently addressed to her:—"You desired no answer, and you shall have none." In addition to this circumstance, the Duke's unusual absence on the next council day, was allowed to pass wholly, unnoticed by the Queen.

Circumstances, however, subsequently occurred, which for a time respited the entire disgrace of

* Memoirs of the Life and Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, pp. 183, 184.

Marlborough. A popular clamour having been raised in consequence of the reports of his dismissal, the Queen deemed it inexpedient to insist any longer upon Hill's appointment, and accordingly the Earl of Godolphin was ordered to convey the Queen's commands to the Duke to return instantly to London, with the understanding that he should dispose of the vacant regiment as he pleased. The disgrace of the Whigs, however, (which was certain to be the prelude to that of Marlborough,) was inevitably fixed. With the view of ascertaining the state of public feeling, and of preparing the way for more important changes, the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had latterly voted with the Tories, was appointed to the post of Lord Chamberlain, and Marlborough's son-in-law, the Earl of Sunderland, was superseded in his office of Secretary of State. Thus far only, at this particular juncture, did the Queen's timidity permit her to proceed. As the nation, however, not only submitted to, but approved of these measures, more important alterations in the cabinet were determined upon; and, accordingly, in the month of August, 1710, was quietly effected that great political change, which effectually drove the Whigs from office, and transferred to Harley and the Tories the direction of affairs.

During the period that these latter events were passing, the Duke of Marlborough was engaged in foreign service. He was now the only Whig left in office, and, consequently, on his return to London at the close of the year,

his position, for many reasons, was rendered no less mortifying to himself, than it seems to have been embarrassing to the Queen. He arrived in England in the month of December, and succeeded in obtaining a private audience with the Queen. The interview in question lasted only half an hour. Anne, on this occasion, told him plainly that he must no longer expect the thanks of Parliament as formerly; at the same time intimating that as long as he retained the command of the army, she trusted he would live on good terms with her ministers. Whether Marlborough was unwilling to resign his lucrative employments, or whether he felt it incumbent upon him to sacrifice his private resentments to the interests of his country, certain it is that he continued to cling to office, notwithstanding the personal hostility of the Queen, and that his enemies had the direction of affairs. In the addresses from Parliament to the throne all notice was omitted of his recent successes; and though an attempt was made in the House of Lords to obtain for him the thanks of that House, the proposal met with no encouragement.

From the period when his friends were deprived of power, till the day arrived when he was himself a disgraced man, a more mortifying position than that of the great Marlborough can scarcely be conceived. It requires us, indeed, to believe him as perfect a patriot, as unquestionably he was a great hero, before we can conscientiously

attribute his retention of office to a mere sense of duty, or assign his endurance of insult, injury, and a thousand cowardly provocations, merely to his determination to stand by his country in spite of herself. In the words of his biographer, Coxe,—"he stood alone, the mark of political enmity, envy, and faction." His letters at the period, more especially such as were written during his last campaign, discover how humiliating he found his position, and, in turns, how indignant and how despondent were his thoughts. At one time, we find him hesitating to adopt some military manœuvre, lest a partial failure should be turned by his enemies to his disadvantage. In another letter he expresses his conviction that even his private communications will be read by Harley; and, again, in speaking of the "harsh return" which his services have met with from his own countrymen, he says that if anything could afford him pleasure in his present mortifying position, it would be the "kind concern which all the foreigners show him" in his distress. To the Duchess he writes at this period;—"You must not flatter yourself; but expect everything that can be disagreeable personally to yourself; for there is no barbarity but what you and I must expect."

But the most humiliating treatment which Marlborough had to encounter, was the dictatorial, and almost insulting language addressed to him by Harley and St. John, on his consenting to continue in office under their administration. It appears by one of St. John's letters, that the Duke

was told plainly by his new colleagues that he must "abandon the Whigs, his new friends, and take up with his old friends, the Tories; that he must engage heartily in their interests; that he must no longer leave his country a sacrifice to rapine and faction; and also that he would be required to restrain the rage and fury of his wife." Again, St. John writes to his confidential agent, Drummond, on the 23rd of January, 1711;—"He has been told by the Duke of Shrewsbury, by Mr. Harley, and by your humble servant, that since the Queen agrees to his commanding the army, it is our duty, and in the highest degree our interest, to support him, if possible, better than he ever yet was, and that he may depend upon this. He has seen, in other instances, that we were able to see and pursue that which was right, why should he think us capable of judging on this occasion so wrong? He was told at first that he had nothing to reproach us with; that his wife, my Lord Godolphin, and himself, had thrown the Queen's favour away, and that he ought not to be angry if other people had taken it up. He was told that his true interest consisted in getting rid of his wife, who was grown to be irreconcilable with the Queen, as soon as he could, and with the best grace which he could. He has been told that he must draw a line between all that is past, and all that is to come, and that he must begin entirely upon a new foot."—"We shall do what we can," adds Bolingbroke, "to support him in the command of the army, without betraying our

mistress; and, unless he is infatuated, he will help us in this design; *for you must know that the moment he leaves the service, and loses the protection of the court, such scenes will open as no victories can varnish over.*" The meaning of this extraordinary threat we shall presently perceive.

Had the Duke of Marlborough been at once expelled from power, Anne, who was as little distinguished for her sense of gratitude as for the softness of her heart, would have readily forgotten, in the society of her parasites and secret advisers, her long friendship for the Duke, and the splendid services which he had performed in her cause. But the fact that Marlborough still retained the command of the army, — inasmuch as it led to more than one personal interview between the Queen and the Duke,—could not fail in some degree to revive old associations, and to render their intercourse disagreeable and embarrassing.

"Upon the Duke of Marlborough's coming home," says Lord Dartmouth, "I asked the Queen how she would have her servants live with him? She said, that would depend upon his behaviour to her. I told her, I was sure that would be all submission, since other means proved ineffectual; and asked her if she could stand that? She said, from him she could. After he had been with her, she told me it was just as I said, only lower than it was possible to imagine. When I went to wait upon him, he received me with seeming kindness and civility, and put me in mind of my relation,

which I had not heard of for many years before, and hoped I would do him good offices to the Queen, who, he knew, had entire confidence in me, which he was sincerely glad of. He complained of his wife, who, he said, acted strangely, but there was no help for that; and a man must bear a good deal to be quiet at home. He spoke very severely of the Duke of Argyle, who was never to be satisfied or obliged; and told me, however the world went, I should come off well, for I had many friends and few enemies, and he did not despair of laughing heartily with me one day at all these hurlyburlies." *

The following, hitherto unpublished, letters from the Duke of Marlborough, as showing the state of his feelings at this juncture, will probably be read with interest.

"Wednesday night, January 16, 1711.

"My Lord,

"I have received the favour of yours written this morning. I was in hopes to have seen you this last Sunday morning, having given orders for the letting you up, though I saw no company, having a great mind to have acquainted you at large with the mortifications, which had made me take the resolution of coming to this place. Mr. Manyring being with me as I went into my coach: I desired him to acquaint you with what I had told him; what I would say further is, that this is the time or never for the getting rid of what

* Burnet, vol. vi. p. 32, note.

you have so often thought reasonable; I desire you will every-day advise with Craggs, so as that the best measures may be taken for the removing Mrs. *M.* I think it is best for me to continue here till I see what part everybody will take; the paper you mention, or any other thing you care to write, will be sent safe to me every day, if you will give it to my porter. I having taken care of having my letters come neither by the post nor coaches, so that you may write freely. I am most faithfully Yours."

"For the R^t^ Hon^ble^
The Lord Coningsby."

"27 November, 1711.

"My Lord,

"I return you many thanks for your obliging letter of the 21st instant, as I must now likewise do for that of the 15th past, which came to hand on my way homewardes. I cannot pretend to advise you in what you desire of me; your own inclinations and business must govern you in that point, and tho you may be assured, without a compliment, I should be extreame glad to see you, yet I am too much your friend, to cal you, for my own satisfaction, from a retirement I have been longing for myself for some time past. When I waited on the Queen, I assured Her Ma^ty^ of my ready inclination to continue in Her service with the same zeal and affection I have hetherto showen, notwithstanding the many hardships that have been put upon me; however, I do not concern

myself in anything that is now doing, nor have I appeared at either Councel or Cabinet. I am with great truth, Yours."

It was at this period, that the Duchess of Marlborough found it, at length, incumbent upon her to resign her various offices in the royal household; and, accordingly, the Duke, however unwillingly, carried the Gold Key to the Queen, and at the same time tendered the surrender of all his wife's employments. The Duchess, it may be remarked, held at one and the same time, the offices of Groom of the Stole, Mistress of the Robes, and Keeper of the Privy Purse. The two former appointments, immediately on her dismissal, were conferred on the Duchess of Somerset; the latter on Mrs. Masham. Up to this period, the house of Marlborough may be said to have constituted the Court of Queen Anne.

CHAPTER IV.

Marlborough's downfall determined on by his enemies.—He is attacked in the House of Lords and defends himself with pathos and eloquence.—He is accused of bribery, and dismissed from all his employments.—King of Prussia's remark on hearing of the Duke's disgrace.—Extract from Burnet.—Charge of peculation brought against the Duke.—His explanation of the affair.—Attorney-General ordered to prosecute him.—He is constantly attacked by the hireling scribblers and pamphleteers of the day.—He suddenly quits England for Ostend.—Probable causes of his departure.—Erasmus Lewis's statement of the Duke's intrigues with the French Court in 1706.—Extract from a letter of Louis the Fourteenth to the Marquis de Torcy.—Private interview between the Duke and the Earl of Oxford.—Anecdote related by Dalrymple.—Extract from the Biographia Britannica.—Curious anecdote of the Duke and Lord Harley.—Marlborough makes overtures to the Tory Ministry during his absence in France.—His intimacy with Lord Bolingbroke.—His letter to the Duchess of Berwick.—He renews his professions of attachment to the exiled Court.—Extract from Swift's letters to Stella.—The Duke's double-dealing with the Elector of Hanover and the Pretender.—Bolingbroke's character of Marlborough.

If the Duke's return to London, at the close of the former campaign, had been attended with mortifying and embarrassing circumstances, his appearance in the capital, on the cessation of hostilities in 1711, was even more humiliating. His military career was now at an end,—his last battle had been fought,—and, if not a ruined, he was at

least a disgraced and fallen man. Whatever might have been his public faults or his private failings, a man whose career had been so glorious, whose services for his country had been so unparalleled, might have expected, after a life of labour and glory, a somewhat better reception than now awaited him.

On the 17th of November the Duke arrived in England. The night on which he approached London was the anniversary of the inauguration of Queen Elizabeth, and as the populace were occupied in their usual rejoicings, the Duke, in order to avoid publicity, passed the first night of his return at Greenwich. The next day he waited upon the Queen, and exchanged visits of ceremony with her ministers. Notwithstanding, however, these and other deceptive evidences of returning cordiality and good-will, the downfall of Marlborough was fully determined upon by his enemies; and the mode of attack was no sooner settled than it was put in practice. The first blow was struck in the House of Lords, where Marlborough was openly accused of having protracted the war to suit his private ends. He defended himself from the charge, in a speech which was as spirited as it was pathetic; his eloquence, moreover, being rendered the more effective, in consequence of the Queen,—to whose conviction of his innocence he solemnly appealed,—being present, though in a private capacity, in the House. "I can declare," he said, "with a good conscience, in the presence of Her Majesty, of this illustrious

assembly, and of God himself, who is infinitely superior to all the powers of the earth, and before Whom, by the ordinary course of nature, I shall soon appear, to render an account of my actions, that I was very desirous of a safe, honourable, and lasting peace, and was always very far from prolonging the war for my own private advantage, as several libels and discourses have most falsely insinuated; my great age, and my numerous fatigues in war, make me ardently wish for the power to enjoy a quiet repose, in order to think of eternity."

Whether the accusation against the Duke was true or false, certainly such an appeal from such a man would, with any woman less cold and less insensible than Queen Anne, have produced the desired effect.

Unfortunately for the Duke of Marlborough, his public conduct presented other and more tangible points of attack, of which his enemies did not scruple to avail themselves. In addition to the previous charge of having criminally protracted the war, an offence of a graver, or at least of a more disgraceful character, was imputed to him. A commission, it seems, had been appointed to examine into the public accounts, who reported, among other evidences of corruption and abuse, that there was full proof of the Duke of Marlborough having received, in the shape of a bribe, an annual present of five or six thousand pounds from the contractors of bread for the army. The evidences of the

Duke's guilt having been laid before the Queen in Council, she came to the strong determination of dismissing him forthwith from all his employments. Her final resolution the Queen announced to the Duke in a letter in her own handwriting. Marlborough returned a respectful letter, in which he ineffectually attempted to vindicate himself from the charge: at the same time, his daughters, the Countess of Sunderland and Lady Railton, resigned their appointments as Ladies of the Bedchamber, and the Duke retired into a private station.

That the melancholy failing of avarice, which was unfortunately inherent in the Duke of Marlborough's composition, carried him, on more than one occasion, almost to criminal lengths, there is every reason to believe.* Nevertheless, it is impossible not to lament that the private failings of the great victor of Blenheim and Ramillies should have been permitted to become the topic of vulgar gossip and public censure;

* Charges of corruption had been brought against Marlborough as early as 1692; and, indeed, his dismissal from office in that year was occasionally attributed to the circumstance of his venality having been discovered. Evelyn inserts in his Diary of the 24th of January, 1692-3,—"Lord Marlborough, Lieutenant-General of the King's army in England, Gentleman of the Bedchamber, dismissed from all his charges, military and others, for his excessive taking of bribes, covetousness, and extortion on all occasions, from his inferior officers. This was the Lord who was entirely advanced by King James, and who was the first who betrayed and forsook his master."—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 30.

and we must regret it the more, when we consider that had he continued in power, the offence would have been overlooked or unknown; and that he was indebted for his downfall, not to the actual commission of the crime, but, in fact, to the predominance of female influence and bedchamber intrigue.

With the fall of Marlborough declined the interests of Protestant Europe. But for the intrigues which introduced a Tory administration,—effected as was that important change by the overbearing insolence of one woman, and the fortuitous influence of another,—Louis the Fourteenth must have accepted any articles of peace, however humbling or disadvantageous, which England chose to impose upon him, and his grandson, Philip, must for ever have renounced his claims to the Spanish crown. The French minister de Torcy exclaimed triumphantly, on hearing the news of Marlborough's disgrace, — "What we lose in Flanders we shall gain in England." Such was the general sentiment throughout civilized Europe. "What!" exclaims the great King of Prussia, — "could not Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, nor Malplaquet, defend the name of that great man; nor even victory itself shield him against envy and detraction?"—"What part," he proceeds, "would England have acted without that true hero! He supported and raised her, and would have exalted her to the pinnacle of greatness, but for those wretched female intrigues, of which France

took advantage to occasion his disgrace. Louis the Fourteenth was lost, if Marlborough had retained his power two years more."

Burnet, with something of the same enthusiasm, observes,—"The Queen wrote him a letter, complaining of the ill-treatment she received from him, and discharged him of all his employments. This was thought very extraordinary, after such long and eminent services. Such accidents, when they happen, show the instability of all human things. This was, indeed, so little expected, that those who looked for precedents, could find none since the disgrace of Belisarius in Justinian's time: the only thing pretended to excuse it was, his being considered as the head of those who opposed the peace, on which the Court seemed to set their hearts."

If we may credit the accounts of his contemporaries, the Duke exhibited but little dignity in disgrace. He is described, in a letter of the period, as "very humble, and visiting every creature that had any credit."

Marlborough was no sooner dismissed from his employments, than he was subjected to a persecution as disgraceful to the Queen, by whom it was authorized, as to the nation who permitted it, and which, but for the fact that the charges brought against him were, unfortunately, not unfounded, must be regarded as cruel and iniquitous in the extreme. In addition to the circumstance already referred to, of his having received a considerable bribe from the contractors

for supplying the army with bread, he was also charged with having deducted, and appropriated to his own account, two and a half per cent from the pay of the foreign troops maintained by England.

Had these offences been committed in our own time, they would very properly be regarded as the grossest acts of corruption. But in the reign of Queen Anne, official salaries and emoluments were determined on a different basis than at present; and what would now be regarded as a criminal appropriation of the public money, was formerly looked upon as a customary and legitimate perquisite. That the Duke of Marlborough improved considerably on former precedents — that he took a very unfair advantage of a faulty system, and drafted a more than usual quantity of the public money into his own coffers, his well-known character for avarice renders not at all unlikely. On the other hand, it was affirmed by the Duke in self-defence, that the sum which he received from one of the contractors, Sir Solomon Medina, was, after all, a not unusual donation from an army-contractor;—that the whole of the money which he deducted from the public funds, did not exceed £30,000;—that this sum was of less amount than what had been allowed to King William for contingencies;—and, what was a still more effective argument, he insisted that the whole had been expended in obtaining intelligence of the movements of the enemy. Unfortunately, the

House of Commons viewed the conduct and motives of Marlborough in a different light. It was voted that his practices had been unwarrantable and illegal; and, immediately on this decision being made known to the Queen, the Attorney-General received orders to institute a prosecution against him, in order to recover the money which he had deducted from the pay of the foreign troops. In addition to these rigorous proceedings, the greatest man of his age found himself daily attacked by the hireling scribblers and pamphleteers of the day; and it is even affirmed that the workmen employed in the erection of Blenheim House, — though their wages ought to have been paid by the crown,— were encouraged to sue him for the money which was due to them.*

In the midst of these distressing events, the Duke of Marlborough suddenly and unexpectedly took his departure from the scene of persecution, by embarking at Dover for Ostend on the 14th of November, 1712. This circumstance was considered by our ancestors to be intimately connected with some of the dark intrigues of the period: and was, unquestionably, a step which a man, conscious of his own innocence, would have long hesitated to adopt. Since the reign of Queen Anne, the historian has had access to many valuable archives, which have thrown considerable light on the complicated machinery of an intriguing period. Nevertheless, the voluntary exile of

* Burnet, vol. vi. p. 246.

the Duke of Marlborough, in 1712, is one of those difficult problems which will probably for ever remain unsolved. Speaker Onslow says,—"His going, his staying, and his return, afforded many observations not very favourable to him. The whole is a mystery, that time perhaps will never unfold: it is enough for us, that he, who was the first man of this country, was confessedly the first man of the age."* Archdeacon Coxe also observes,—"I will not attempt to detail any farther circumstances of this mysterious transaction, which we have no clue to unravel, but merely observe that it received the entire approbation of the Queen."†

Her Majesty's "entire approbation" appears to have amounted to little more than a cursory remark which she made to the Duchess of Hamilton, that, "the Duke of Marlborough had acted wisely in going abroad."‡ As the Duke was at this period personally disagreeable to his royal mistress;—as his presence in England was particularly inconvenient to the Tories;—and, moreover, as the Queen could not fail to foresee, that the continued persecution of this great man must eventually render her in the highest degree unpopular; she could not be expected to disapprove of a measure which both accorded with her own wishes, and promoted her personal ease. The Duke, on quitting England, received

* Burnet, vol. ii. p. 146, note.

† Coxe's Life of the Duke of Marlborough, vol. iii. p. 531.

‡ Lord Cowper's Diary.

the necessary "pass" from his political enemy, Lord Bolingbroke. According to Oldmixon, who cites the respectable authority of Arthur Maynwaring, the pass in question was accompanied by a letter from the Queen, in which she indicated that it would be personally agreeable to her, should the Duke meet with an honourable reception in foreign countries.* This, however, can scarcely be regarded as implying an approval of his general conduct, as the act was evidently politic, and, moreover, cost nothing. The Duke, previous to his departure, solicited an interview with the Queen, but the request was refused, and they never afterwards met.

According to Lockhart of Carnwarth, the Duke's departure from England was occasioned by a mutual understanding which was effected between his Grace and the Earl of Oxford; the latter consenting that the prosecution against Marlborough should drop, on the express con-

* "This pass," says Archdeacon Coxe, "permits his Grace the Duke of Marlborough to go into foreign parts, whithersoever he may think fit, together with his suite, and recommends him to the good offices of all Kings, Princes, Republics, and her Majesty's Allies, as well as to Commanders and her own subjects; allows him to go freely and commodiously wherever his need requires; and states that such good offices shall be acknowledged and returned when opportunity serves. Dated Windsor Castle, 30th of October, 1712, and countersigned Bolingbroke. His retinue, as enumerated in the pass, consisted of two gentlemen, three valets-de-chambre, one cook, three footmen, coachman, postilion, helper, two grooms."—*Coxe's Life of the Duke of Marlborough*, vol. iii. p. 532.

dition that he removed himself quietly out of the kingdom. This, not improbably, was the true secret of the affair. "The process," says Lockhart, "against the Duke, for stopping the percentage from the pay of the foreign troops, was commenced at the instance of the House of Commons, but soon afterwards it dropped, occasioned, as was then said, and reasonably believed, by an agreement betwixt the Lord Oxford and the Duke of Marlborough, that the process should be let fall, on condition that his Grace would next summer go out of the kingdom, and give no further countenance to the Whig party; which he accordingly performed, to the no small displeasure of the Whigs, who thereupon disclaimed terribly against him."* The Duke's sudden departure, however, has been attributed to other and less satisfactory causes; and it has been confidently affirmed that Oxford held in his possession such unquestionable proofs of Marlborough having been deeply implicated in more than one treasonable transaction, that his fortune, and even his life, lay in the minister's hands.

According to other authorities, the proofs of the Duke's guilt rested on the discovery of his secret and well-known correspondence with the exiled court at St. Germains. Carte, indeed, affirms, on the authority of Erasmus Lewis, the faithful secretary of the Earl of Oxford, that Marlborough was so deeply implicated in the intrigues of the Jacobites, that he consented, in

* Lockhart Papers, vol. i. p. 376.

his capacity of General, to assemble at a certain hour, and in different parts of Westminster, a body of two or three thousand men, who, on a sudden, were to have made an attack on St. James's Palace. According to Lewis, this project was not only made known to his patron, the Earl of Oxford, but Lewis himself received orders to attend the council, which assembled in consequence of the alarm, and was even present during their deliberations. Charges, however, of this vague character are more easily advanced than substantiated. We have no reason, indeed, to discredit the solemn assurances of Lewis, on whose character for veracity no stain appears to rest; but, on the other hand, it is more probable that Carte should either have misinterpreted or misunderstood the words of his informant, than that the Duke should have contemplated the commission of a wicked and insane act, the very absurdity of which, added to our preconceived notions of his cautious character, renders his criminality unlikely in the extreme.

But an offence of so heinous a nature,—supported, moreover, by evidence of a more momentous character,—has been laid to the charge of the Duke of Marlborough; the proofs of which, it is said, having fallen into the hands of the ministry, enabled them to offer him the option either of retiring quietly from England, or of being arraigned as a criminal before his peers. According to the further relation of Erasmus Lewis, the English government were in posses-

sion of the most convincing evidence, that the Duke, in the year 1706, entered into a secret negotiation with the French Court, in the course of which it was stipulated on the part of Marlborough, that he should receive the sum of two millions of crowns, provided he succeeded in effecting a peace between his own country and France. Were this the sole evidence in support of this grave charge, we should be inclined to regard it as not only improbable, but absurd. There is proof, however, in the Memoirs of the Marquis de Torcy, that that minister, in 1709, actually received orders from his master, Louis the Fourteenth, to offer the Duke the large sum of four millions of livres on the understanding that he would exert his personal influence to effect a peace, and, at the same time, obtain some favourable conditions for the French nation. The King concludes one of his letters to De Torcy,—"I am willing you should offer the Duke of Marlborough four millions, should he enable me to keep Naples and Sicily for the King, my grandson, and to preserve Dunkirk with its fortifications and harbour, and Strasburg and Landau, in the manner above explained, or even the same sum were Sicily to be excepted out of this last article."

That the Duke of Marlborough ever actually received a bribe from the French King is neither asserted by Erasmus Lewis in his narrative, nor is there the least evidence in De Torcy's Memoirs of the fact. The simple statement

of Lewis is, that the Duke *consented*, on certain conditions, to receive a sum of money from the King of France; that circumstances prevented his benefiting by the treason; that the proofs of his being engaged in this disgraceful negotiation remained in the hands of the French King; and that, as soon as it suited the views of that monarch, he exposed the Duke's treason to the Earl of Oxford. Lewis further adds, that it was expressly stipulated by the French King, in his communications with Oxford, that the Duke's life should at all events be spared.

An additional fact was related by Lewis to Carte, who stated that a private interview took place between Marlborough and Oxford, in consequence of these proceedings. "They had a meeting," he says, "at Thomas Harley's house, in James Street, Westminster; Oxford coming to the street door in his coach, the Duke of Marlborough in a chair to the garden door opening into the park. It was then resolved, that the Duke of Marlborough should go abroad."

The truth of this story is corroborated by the following anecdote recorded by Dalrymple. That writer was informed by Gordon, the Principal of the Scots College at Paris, that at the close of the reign of Queen Anne, (when Marlborough and the Earl of Oxford had become sworn enemies,) the latter, under the pretence of being in the interests of the exiled family, got possession of the original letter addressed by Marlborough to King James, in which he announced

sion of the most convincing [illegible] the life of Duke, in the year 1706, [illegible] aced in the negotiation with the Fr[illegible] n," says Dal- of which it was stipu[illegible] ce meeting be- borough, that he sh[illegible] ord, at Mr. Tho- millions of crow[illegible] n the Duke came effecting a peac[illegible] uately after which he France. Wer[illegible] Dalrymple was further in- this grave ch[illegible] Archbishop of York, grandson it as not c[illegible] of Oxford, that after the death of proof, h[illegible] eman, the Duchess of Marlborough de To[illegible]ed to get possession of the letter, which recei[illegible]stantly destroyed.†

tee In the life of the Duke of Marlborough, in the r Biographia Britannica, an anecdote is related which is so far of importance, as tending to support the supposition that Oxford really held proofs in his hand of the guilt of his political adversary. "After the accession of King George the First, when the Earl of Oxford was impeached and committed to the Tower, and preparations were made for his trial, it is well known that a stop was suddenly put to it, to the great disappointment of a large part of the nation. There is a tradition, relative to this event, in which the Duke of Marlborough is concerned. It is said, that at that time, Mr. Auditor Harley waited upon the Duchess of Marlborough, and showed her a letter, formerly written by the Duke, which proved his correspondence with the

* See ante, p. 364.

† Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 45.

Pretender. Mr. Harley, after having read the letter, threatened that it should be produced at his brother, the Earl of Oxford's trial, unless the proceedings against him were stopped. The Duchess, watching her opportunity, seized the letter out of Mr. Harley's hand, threw it instantly into the fire, and then defied his malice. Upon this he replied,—'Madam, I knew your grace too well to trust you: the letter you have burnt is only a copy: the original is safe in my own possession.'"

Under ordinary circumstances, we should be inclined to attach but little importance to this "traditional story." It acquires, however, some weight when coupled with the following narrative, which was communicated by Serjeant Comyns, a man of some eminence, to James West, Esq, Member for St. Albans, and President of the Royal Society. The narrator informs us,—"Before the Earl of Oxford's intended trial, he sent his son, Lord Harley, together with Sergeant Comyns (afterwards Chief Baron of the Exchequer) to the Duke of Marlborough, requesting his Grace's attendance at the trial. The Duke, in some concern, enquired what the Earl wanted with him. Mr. Serjeant Comyns replied that it was only to ask his Grace a question or two. The Duke walked about the room for about a quarter of an hour, without giving any answer, and seemed greatly disturbed; after which, he asked, for what purpose his attendance was required. Lord Harley told him, it was only as to his hand. 'What,'

says his Grace, 'has your father any letters of mine?'—'Yes,' replied Lord Harley, 'all the letters your Grace ever wrote to him since the Revolution.' Upon this the Duke continued to walk about the room in the greatest uneasiness, and even flung his wig off, in his passion. Mr. Serjeant Comyns interrogating him what answer they should give to the unfortunate lord, he said, 'I will certainly be there.' This was the true reason why the Earl of Oxford was never brought to a trial."*

Such are the various circumstances which have relation to the Duke of Marlborough's mysterious departure from England in 1712. In regard to the motives which either compelled or induced him to take the step, there appear to be but two presumptions that need be dwelt upon:—first, as is confidently affirmed by Lockhart of Carnwarth, that it was to avoid the penalties which would have attended his conviction for purloining the public money; and, secondly, that evidence was possessed by the Earl of Oxford of the Duke's treasonable correspondence with the House of Stuart. One fact, however, is sufficiently certain, that it was the power and machinations of his enemies which compelled him to quit the kingdom; and, consequently, when we consider his exalted rank, his high reputation and extraordinary personal influence, it is impossible to believe that his enemies could either have acquired or exerted that power, unless he himself,

* Biographia Britannica, Kippis, vol. iii. p. 562.

by some very criminal or imprudent act, had placed himself in a position which enabled them to insist on his exile.

During the absence of the Duke of Marlborough in France, his shifting principles underwent another change; and, with a view of again enjoying the sweets of office, there is every reason to believe that the Whig general made friendly overtures to more than one of the Tory ministers of Queen Anne. With the celebrated Bolingbroke he had long been on intimate terms; and when the latter was in the midst of those memorable intrigues, which, in the end, procured the downfall of his friend and colleague, the Earl of Oxford, he is said not only to have proposed to strengthen his administration by the recal of the Duke of Marlborough, but to have caused reports to be circulated, that the Duke was shortly to return to England at the express desire of the Queen and her ministry.

At the same time, the Duke of Marlborough, —impressed with the conviction that the Queen fully intended to name her brother to succeed her on the throne,—renewed his former professions of attachment and fidelity to the exiled Court. "He wrote to the Duchess of Berwick," says Macpherson; "he even sent a letter to the late King James's Queen. He despatched one of his retainers to France. He empowered him to convey the most solemn protestations of his attachment to the Chevalier St. George; assuring him with an oath that he would rather cut off

his own right hand, than oppose his views to the throne." Such was the utter want of principle of this great man. At length, when all hope from the intrigues of Bolingbroke had failed, and when it was evident that he was mistaken as to the Queen's views regarding the succession, we find him falling back on more popular principles, and professing himself, with renewed vehemence, the faithful servant of the House of Hanover.

Such is the view which Macpherson, on the authority of the Stuart Papers of 1713 and 1714, takes of the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough at the close of the reign of Queen Anne. It is known, indeed, that the deductions of Macpherson are not always to be depended upon; and, moreover, it has been affirmed, that, especially in this instance, he has built more on his authorities, than the authorities themselves admit. With this view of the question, we should be inclined to award to the Duke of Marlborough every possible advantage, which could be derived from a presumed character for inaccuracy in the historian. Unfortunately, however, we have recently had access to improved sources of information, which, in addition to the Stuart Papers themselves, go far to prove that the Duke really formed an intimate political connection with Bolingbroke, while, at the same time, his several intrigues with the House of Hanover and the exiled Court, is proved by his published correspondence at the period.

In regard to Marlborough's presumed connection with Bolingbroke, it may be mentioned that the following note, in the hand-writing of the Earl of Hardwicke, was discovered at the end of the Onslow copy of Burnet: — "The Speaker (Mr. Onslow) has told me, that he had been informed by the late Lord Orford (Sir Robert Walpole) and Arthur Moore,* that Lord Bolingbroke had formed a scheme of administration, upon the turning out the Earl of Orford, by which himself was to have been Lord Treasurer, Sir William Wyndham, one of the Secretaries of State, and Arthur Moore, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and it is now generally believed that the Duke of Marlborough was to have been restored to the command of the army." Swift also writes in one of his letters to Stella,— "I was early this morning with Secretary St. John, and gave him a memorial to get the Queen's letter for the first-fruits, who has promised to do it in a very few days. *He told me he had been*

* Burnet says of Arthur Moore, that "he rose from being a footman, without any education, to be a great dealer in trade;" to which Lord Dartmouth adds, in a note on the passage;—"There was no more objection to Arthur Moore's having raised himself from a footman, than there was for a Scotch Presbyterian minister's having done so to the bishopric of Salisbury." Speaker Onslow, who was well acquainted with Moore, speaks of him as a person of extraordinary parts and great knowledge of the world. He especially records his generosity, his good humour, and conversational powers. Moore had originally made a large fortune, but, from his profuse mode of living, appears at length to have died in indigent circumstances.—Burnet, vol. vi. 162. *Note by Speaker Onslow.*

with the Duke of Marlborough, who was lamenting his former wrong steps in joining with the Whigs, and said he was worn out with age, fatigue, and misfortunes."

In addition to these passages, it may be observed, that Lockhart of Carnwarth speaks confidently of the Duke's political connection with Bolingbroke; and as these circumstances were, in all probability, unknown to Macpherson, they give additional weight to the view adopted of the Duke of Marlborough's conduct by that writer. It is a remarkable fact, which has only recently been brought to light, that, very shortly before the death of Queen Anne, the Duke of Marlborough offered to advance £20,000 to the Elector of Hanover to enable him to maintain his influence in this country; but the fact is still more startling, that, immediately after the Elector became King of England,—finding himself neglected by the new sovereign,—the Duke actually advanced a sum of money to the Pretender, which seems to have been expended in supporting the Rebellion of 1715.* Political profligacy could scarcely be extended to more criminal lengths.

Under ordinary circumstances, it would have been gratifying to find two such eminent men as Marlborough and Bolingbroke,—though opposed to each other on the arena of politics,—yet meeting on friendly and even affectionate terms

* Stuart Papers, Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. i. pp. 82, 153, and 33 App.

in private life, and mutually admiring the extraordinary, though very opposite genius, of the other. Fortunately, indeed, not only was this good understanding established between them, but each has bequeathed a pleasing testimonial of his affection for the other. The character which Bolingbroke has drawn of the Duke of Marlborough is pictured in his own most eloquent language. Speaking of the exultation of the French at the death of King William, or rather of the disastrous consequences with which that event threatened the arms of England and the allies, he observes:—"A short time showed how vain the fears of some, and the hopes of others were. By his death, the Duke of Marlborough was raised to the head of the army, and indeed of the confederacy; where he, a new, a private man, a subject, acquired, by merit and by management, a more deciding influence, than high birth, confirmed authority, and even the crown of Great Britain, had given to King William. Not only all the parts of that vast machine, the grand alliance, were kept more compact and entire, but a more vigorous motion was given to the whole; and instead of languishing out disastrous campaigns, we saw every scene of the war full of action. All those wherein he appeared, and many of those wherein he was not then an actor, but abetter, however, of their action, were crowned with the most triumphant success. I take, with pleasure, this opportunity of doing justice to that great man, whose faults

I knew, whose virtues I admired; and whose memory, as the greatest general, and as the greatest minister, that our country, or perhaps any other, has produced, I honour."* The Duke's regard for Bolingbroke, though expressed in a different manner, appears to have been no less sincere. He used to style him familiarly, "Harry St. John:" and after the death of his only son, the Marquis of Blandford, observed that he had no comfort in life but Harry St. John, whom he loved and regarded as his own son.†

* Letters on the Study of History, p. 299.

† Macpherson, from Carte's Papers, vol. ii, p. 532.

CHAPTER V.

Marlborough's public entry into London on the day after Queen Anne's death.—Dr. Sacheverel inveighs against his conduct on this occasion from the pulpit.—Marlborough is appointed Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of the land forces, and Master of the Ordnance. But is reduced to the shadow of his former authority.—Is personally disliked by George the First.—Reasons for this dislike.—Rebellion in 1715 defeated by Marlborough's prudent counsels to Government.—His character as a negociator and an orator.—Burnet's sketch of him.—Marlborough's strong religious feelings.—His decorous conduct after marriage.—Extract from Adam Smith.—Marlborough's humanity in war.—Anecdotes of his evenness of temper.—Curious anecdote related by Lord Bolingbroke.—Swift's opinion of Marlborough.—His avarice and duplicity.—Extract from Spence's Anecdotes, and from Dr. King's Anecdotes of his own Times.—Singular instance of Marlborough's liberality.—Prince Eugene's opinion of him.—Compliment paid him by Peter the Great, and by the Emperor, Joseph the First.—Anecdote of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden.—Marlborough's domestic habits and favourite pursuits at Blenheim.—Extract from Coxe's life.—Private theatricals at Blenheim.—Marlborough's last years.—His failing powers of understanding exaggerated by party writers.—His death and public funeral.—Enumeration of his children.

On the death of Queen Anne, the Duke of Marlborough returned in a kind of triumph to London, where he arrived on the 2nd of August, 1714, the day following the Queen's decease.

The indecent elation which he displayed by making a public entry into the metropolis,—at the very time when his royal mistress lay extended on the bed of death; when the bells of the capital were solemnly tolling for her departure; and when the shops of the citizens were closed out of respect for her memory,—has been severely and deservedly reprehended. Conduct, at once so impolitic and so heartless, was of course deprecated, with either real or pretended indignation, by the opposite party; and among others who raised their voices against the offending hero, the celebrated Dr. Sacheverel appears to have thundered forth his invectives even from the pulpit. About a week after the Queen's death, Dr. Kennet, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, writes to Dr. Samuel Blackwell,—"Dr. Sacheverel has vehemently reflected on the Duke of Marlborough's public entry, and called it an unparalleled insolence and a vile trampling upon royal ashes."* "When the Queen was dead," says Lord Dartmouth, "the Duke made a public entry into London, which surprised all the world, but had no effect beyond raising an universal laughter."† If the world could forget his splendid services, no wonder that the Duke should forget himself.

That Marlborough expected to derive extraordinary advantages from the Queen's death there can be little question; but his hopes were

* Ellis's Original Letters, 2nd Series. vol. iv. p. 288.

† Burnet,vol. v. p. 149. Note by Lord Dartmouth.

destined ere long to be signally disappointed. Bothmar writes, soon after the demise of the Queen:—"He is not pleased that he is not of the regency, and that there is any man but the King higher than him in this country." It was impossible, indeed, that a man of such influence, who was still recognized as a partizan of the Whigs, and who had performed so many services, not only for that party, but for the country at large, could be entirely overlooked by a Whig monarch and a Whig ministry. Accordingly, he shortly afterwards received the appointments of Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of the land forces, and was named Colonel of the first regiment of Foot Guards, and Master of the Ordnance. "But although," says Coxe, "he was thus distinguished with honours and employments, he was reduced to the shadow of his former authority; for he was admitted to little share in the government of the state, and confined to the routine of his official stations." Such neglect, proceeding as it did from his own friends and political partizans, must have been more galling to the fallen hero, than all the injuries and mortifications which he had experienced from his professed foes. With the exception, indeed, of the ordinary patronage derived from the tenure of his official appointments, he possessed scarcely the slightest influence as a public man; indeed, his credit at Court is said to have been so low, that he was, on one occasion, unable to procure a lieu-

tenancy for a friend. To George the First he appears to have been personally disagreeable; and it is even affirmed, that, on occasions when he was anxious to obtain a boon from that monarch, he used to apply to Pulteney, then Secretary at War, to ask it as a personal favour to himself. "*Do not say it is for me,*" he was accustomed to add, "*for whatever I ask is sure to be denied.*"*

The dislike which George the First appears to have conceived for the Duke of Marlborough, has been differently accounted for. "Although," says Coxe, "he treated the Duke with a semblance of respect, he never forgot the supposed slight, which he had experienced in 1708, when Marlborough concealed from him the projected operations of the campaign." According to other accounts, the King's prejudice against the Duke originated in Marlborough having offered him no military command of importance during the period he headed the Allied army. But by far the most probable cause of their estrangement, may be traced to the King having been made acquainted with Marlborough's former treasonable correspondence with the Court of St. Germains; the proofs of which Harley had probably transmitted to him before he quitted Hanover, with the view of undermining the Duke in his regard.

The last occasion on which the Duke of Marlborough seems to have been engaged in any public business of importance, was during the

* Coxe's Life of Sir Robert Walpole, vol. i. p. 81.

Rebellion of 1715, when his advice was very naturally asked, and we are assured that it was owing to the Government having followed his counsels that the Rebellion was so easily defeated; and, moreover, he is said to have foretold the time and circumstances of its suppression in the very manner in which they afterwards actually occurred. It may be remarked that the advice which crushed this celebrated outbreak, was given very shortly after he had professed the most devoted attachment for the House of Stuart; and had vehemently sworn that he would rather cut off his right hand, than oppose the claims of the Chevalier St. George to the throne.

On the military genius of this illustrious man, it is of course unnecessary to dwell: it is sufficient to say that he gained every battle which he fought; that he out-manœuvred every general who was opposed to him; and that he obtained possession of every town which he besieged. That he was also an able politician is almost as certain as that he was an unprincipled one. These prominent features in his history, as far at least as they have reference to the character of the man and of his times, have already been sufficiently illustrated in the present memoir. As a negociator, also, his character for ability remains unquestioned; and, though he can scarcely be termed a great orator, he, nevertheless, displayed that clear and powerful understanding, that enviable command of language,

and that consummate insight into human nature, which embrace qualities perhaps even more rare and valuable than the native gift of eloquence itself.

Such were the more shining qualities of the great Duke of Marlborough; but as an inquiry into private character, and into the general motives of human action, falls more immediately within the province of this work, it may be interesting to illustrate our concluding notices of the Duke with a few personal anecdotes, and some cursory remarks. The brief summary which Bishop Burnet draws of Marlborough's character unquestionably comprehends the best features both of his capacity and conduct. "He was a man," says Burnet, "of a noble and graceful appearance, bred up in the Court with no literature; but he had a solid and clear understanding, with a constant presence of mind. He knew the arts of living in a Court beyond any man in it. He caressed all people with a soft and obliging deportment, and was always ready to do good offices. He had no fortune to set up on; this put him on all the methods of acquiring one. And that went so far into him, that he did not shake it off when he was in a much higher elevation; nor was his expense suited to his posts."

Marlborough, indeed, was not only gifted with all those graceful accomplishments which were then thought indispensable to form a perfect courtier, but he was also distinguished for

higher qualities, which prove that a share of moral goodness is not always incompatible with political profligacy, and that religion may be inwardly reverenced, though her tenets are not implicitly obeyed. Whether from policy or principle the Duke showed an outward regard for the religion of his country;—he was exact in the performance of his devotional duties;—when he was engaged on his foreign campaigns, divine service was always regularly performed, both morning and evening, in his camp;—previous to an engagement, prayers were solemnly offered up at the head of each regiment; and when a victory was obtained, it was acknowledged by as solemn a thanksgiving.

In his youth, indeed, Marlborough had not always been proof against the seductive allurements of the Court of Charles the Second; but with the hey-day of youth also expired the taste for criminal gratification, and from the hour of his marriage, not envy, nor even political hatred, dared to couple libertinism with his name, or ventured to throw a doubt on his conjugal fidelity. In the camp, as well as the drawing-room, he set an example, as well of decorum and good order, as of reverential piety and severe morality. He permitted no improper freedom of discourse, even in his most social hours; drunkenness in his military followers was regarded by him as crime; he severely reprobated an oath, and an indecent expression, uttered in his presence, is said to have been resented by him as a personal affront.

Marlborough, in addition to these redeeming

qualities, was distinguished by an ingratiating suavity of manner, and discovered an interest in the affairs of all with whom he conversed, the charm of which was universally acknowledged. He was possessed, also, of an evenness of temper which it was impossible to ruffle; and such was the self-possession which he displayed under circumstances the most trying, and provocations the most irritating, that Adam Smith, in his 'Treatise on Moral Sentiments,' introduces him as a memorable example in support of one of his theories. "It is a characteristic," he says, "almost peculiar to the great Duke of Marlborough, that ten years of such uninterrupted and splendid successes, as scarce any other general could boast of, never betrayed him into any rash action, scarce into a single rash word or expression: the same temperate coolness and self-command cannot, I think, be ascribed to any other great warrior of later times."

Humanity was another redeeming quality of the Duke of Marlborough. After a battle we usually find him lamenting the horrors of the scene with an almost feminine tenderness of feeling; and, in his generous anxiety to alleviate human distress, he seems to have sympathized almost as deeply with his wounded adversaries, as with the sufferings of his own men. It was a high compliment paid him by a French writer, Duclos, that his attention to his wounded prisoners first set the example of that humanity, which has since so happily alleviated the horrors and calamities of war.

With regard to the extraordinary evenness of Marlborough's temper, more than one interesting anecdote has been recorded. He was one day riding with Commissary Marriot, when, a shower of rain coming on, he desired his servant to bring him his cloak. The man occupying a considerable time in unbuckling the straps, and the rain descending with increased violence, the Duke again called out to the servant, and inquired what could possibly delay him so long. "You must wait, Sir," grumbled the fellow, "till I can get at it, if it rains cats and dogs." The Duke turned round to Marriot, and instead of expressing any indignation at the man's insolence, with the utmost coolness observed,—"Now, I would not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."

We have another instance of the sweetness of the Duke's temper, and his singular imperturbability of manner. During one of his campaigns, he positively refused, apparently on very unsatisfactory grounds, to give battle to the French, notwithstanding Prince Eugene, in open council, declared his conviction that there was a moral certainty of their being beaten. The Prince, on being thus unexpectedly thwarted in his views, became extremely angry, and at length so entirely lost the command of his temper, as to load the Duke with the most abusive epithets, and even to call in question his personal courage. It is said, indeed, that, after the council was over, he sent a challenge to his colleague, which, however, the other unequivocally declined. The next morning,

the Duke suddenly entered the Prince's tent, and requested that he would immediately rise and prepare for battle. The reason, he said, for his having refused to fight the day before, was the fact of there being a person present in council who was in the pay of the enemy, and who would immediately have disclosed their plans to the French. "After we have won the battle," he added, "I will give you whatever satisfaction you please." It is needless to say that the Prince was entirely satisfied with the explanation, and that harmony was again restored between them.

Several instances have been recorded of Marlborough's good-nature: among others, it is affirmed that, although no epicure himself, it afforded him particular pleasure to watch others enjoying their meals. He is said, indeed, to have occasionally concealed himself, in order to watch a hungry man satisfying his appetite.

While recording the Duke's personal peculiarities, we may mention a curious anecdote related of him by Lord Bolingbroke. The latter states that, previous to the Duke of Marlborough's marriage, he took particular pleasure in tying and untying Miss Jennings's garters. Whenever Lord Bolingbroke repeated this story, he used to add,— "What is known to a woman is known to the world."* It is just possible that Gay may have

* A favourite mistress of the Regent Orleans was once importuning him to entrust her with some political project. He took her by the hand, and led her to a mirror which was in the apartment. "I admit," he said, "that you have one of the

alluded to this circumstance when he exclaims in his poem of "The Tea Table,"

> And what if Cynthio Sylvia's garter tied.
> Who such a foot and such a leg would hide?
> When crooked-kneed Phillis can expose to view
> Her gold-clock'd stocking, and her tawdry shoe?

The two great vices of the Duke of Marlborough were duplicity and avarice. Swift, in his notes to Bishop Burnet's "History of his own Times," speaks of him as "a composition of perfidiousness and avarice;" and again, in one of his letters to Stella, as being "covetous as hell, and ambitious as the prince of it." The political mortifications of Swift at least exceeded those of the Duke of Marlborough, and as an almost equal want of political principle influenced the actions of both of these extraordinary men, it is not a little amusing to find the one commiserating the other for those same weaknesses, for which he himself was as much to be pitied and blamed.

Swift, alluding to a picture which Bolingbroke had sketched him of the discontented state of the Duke of Marlborough's mind, observes, — "I swear it pitied me, and I really think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although, indeed, it is his own fault." It is no less singular, that Dr. Johnson should afterwards have unconsciously introduced the names of these two

prettiest ears I ever saw, but it was not made to be entrusted with a secret."

great men in the same couplet, with a view of holding them up to mankind as objects of equal commiseration :—

> From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
> And Swift expires a driveller and a show. *

On the Duke's character for duplicity we have already dwelt at sufficient length, but with regard to his presumed love of money, more than one characteristic anecdote has yet been left untold.

On some occasion, when he was defending his conduct to Queen Anne against the attacks of his enemies, he observed, incidentally, and with great confidence, that he was neither covetous nor ambitious. The Queen appeared, for the moment, to assent to the truth of the assertion, but afterwards remarked, in her quiet manner, that had she been able, conveniently, to turn round, she should certainly have freely indulged her mirth, and, as it was, she could scarcely refrain from bursting out laughing in the Duke's face. †

Pope, in conversation with Spence, persisted in speaking of avarice, as not only the ruling passion of the Duke of Marlborough, but as the mainspring of all his actions, and pretended to clear away the apparent contradictions in his political conduct, by attributing them to the circumstance of his being the slave of this melancholy vice. The following passage, which occurs in "Spence's Anecdotes," is alike interesting and curious :—"As inconsistent," said Pope, "as the Duke of Marl-

* Vanity of Human Wishes. † Swift, Letter to Stella.

borough's character may appear to you, yet may it be accounted for, if you gauge his actions by his reigning passion, which was the love of money. He endeavoured at the same time to be well both at Hanover and St. Germains: this surprised you a good deal when I first told you of it, but the plain meaning of it was only this: that he wanted to secure the vast riches he had amassed together, whichever should succeed. He was calm in the heat of battle; and when he was so near being taken prisoner, in his first campaign in Flanders, he was quite unmoved. It is true, he was like to lose his life in the one and his liberty in the other, but there was none of his money at stake in either.

"This mean passion of that great man operated very strongly in him in the very beginning of his life, and continued to the end of it. One day, as he was looking over some papers in his *scrutoire* with Lord Cadogan, he opened one of the little drawers, took out a green purse, and turned some broad pieces out of it, and after viewing them for some time, with a satisfaction that appeared very visible in his face, 'Cadogan, says he, observe these pieces well; they deserve to be observed. There are just forty of them: 'tis the very first sum I ever got in my life, and I have kept it unbroken from that very time to this day.'* This shows how early and how strong this passion must have been upon him; as another

* It is said of him, that when very young, one of the first purchases which he ever made was a box to put his money in. —*Biographia Britannica, Kippis*, vol. iii. p. 562.

little affair, which happened in his last decline, at Bath, may serve, among many others, to show how miserably it continued to the end. He was playing there with Dean Jones at picquet for sixpence a game. They played a good while, and the Duke left off when winner of one game. Some time after, he desired the Dean to pay him his sixpence. The Dean said he had no silver. The Duke asked him for it over and over, and at last desired that he would change a guinea to pay it him, because he should want it to pay the chair that carried him home. The Dean, after so much pressing, did at last get change, paid the Duke his sixpence, observed him a little after he had left the room, and declares, that after all the bustle that had been made for his sixpence, the Duke actually walked home to save that little expense a chair would have put him to."*

A circumstance, corroborative of this anecdote, is related by Dr. King, in his "Anecdotes of his own Time." "That great captain, the Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life, and very infirm, would walk from the public rooms in Bath to his lodgings in a cold dark night, to save sixpence in chair-hire. If the Duke, who left at his death more than a million and a half sterling, could have foreseen that all his wealth and honours were to be inherited by a grandson of my Lord Trevor's, who had been one of his enemies, would he have been so careful to save sixpence for the sake of his heir? Not for the sake of his

* Spence's Anecdotes of Men and Books, p. 161.

heir; but he would always have saved sixpence." * Another characteristic anecdote is related of the Duke's love of money, that when, on the eve of a great battle, Prince Eugene came to confer with him, the Duke actually scolded his servant for having lighted four candles in his tent instead of two.

The following, it must be admitted, is in opposition to the Duke's general character for avarice, and, if true, affords pleasing evidence of his natural goodness of heart. It happened that, on one occasion, he sent to England with despatches, a young officer who had particularly distinguished himself in a recent action in Flanders; at the same time, giving him a letter of introduction to the Duchess, in which he expressed a wish that she would exert herself to obtain the promotion of the bearer. The Duchess received the young officer in a very gracious manner; but he no sooner introduced the subject of his own views and wishes, than she inquired of him, in the plainest terms, whether

* Since the above was written, the author has met with another version of this story. "In England," says Noble, "he engrossed almost all power, which he made subservient to his love of money. Spending an evening once at West-Gate, with Lord Bath, and his brother, General Pulteney, who had been the Duke's aid-de-camp in Flanders, he lost some money at play. On rising to go to his own residence in another part of Bath, he asked the General to lend him sixpence to pay his chair-hire. The loan was granted. 'Brother, said Lord Bath, I would venture any sum, that his Grace goes home on foot; do follow him out.' The general did, and to his astonishment found that he did walk all the way home."—*Biographical History of England*, vol. ii. p. 191.

he had a thousand pounds at his command, with which he could purchase his required advancement. The young officer blushed, and unhesitatingly acknowledged the paucity of his means: —"Well, then," said the Duchess, "you may return to the Duke." He, accordingly, returned to Flanders and related to his patron the reception which he had met with. The Duke smiled, and acknowledged he had expected as much: however, he presented him at the same time with the sum of a thousand pounds, with which the other obtained his promotion. There is another anecdote, which, if true, would redound greatly to the credit of the Duke, that, during the Rebellion of 1715, he sent the Earl of Mar a present of ten thousand pounds:* the story, however, for many reasons, is little worthy of credit.

Prince Eugene appears, in more than one instance, to have made himself merry with the Duke's acknowledged failing of avarice. These two distinguished men were once engaged in conversation, when Marlborough dwelt at unnecessary length on his regard for his royal mistress, Queen Anne: — "*Regina Pecunia*, he means," was the Prince's whispered remark to a person who was near him.

Again, Prince Eugene having received an almost illegible letter from his great colleague, handed

* Biographia Britannica, Kippis, vol. iii. p. 562, on the authority of Mr. Thomas Tyers. Kippis observes, after speaking of Tyers as his "ingenious friend," that he is "by no means" convinced of the truth of the anecdote.

it over to another person to read. This person remarking that one of the great difficulties in deciphering the Duke's writing, arose from his invariably neglecting to put a tittle upon an *i*:— "Ah! said the Prince, that is because it saves ink."

After all, Eugene appears to have done full justice to the more noble qualities of his illustrious friend. The Prince observes in his memoirs,—"We sincerely loved and esteemed each other: he was indeed a great statesman and general."* But, perhaps, the greatest compliment ever paid to the Duke of Marlborough, was by Peter the Great of Russia. After the battle of Pultowa, although Marlborough was entirely unknown to him, except by reputation, the Czar sent a captain of his guards express to the Duke, to convey to him the tidings of the victory.

From other potentates of Europe, the Duke received compliments less remarkable, perhaps, but scarcely less flattering. The Emperor, Joseph the First, purposely erected Mindelheim into a principality, in order that by conferring it on the Duke, the latter might have a seat in the German Diet. Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, also, though he retired from their first interview personally prejudiced against the Duke, was no less an admirer of his military genius. Charles, it seems, had presented himself at the meeting with his hair scarcely combed, and otherwise little distinguished either by the elegance or neatness of his attire; while Marlborough appeared powdered and perfumed,

* Memoirs of Prince Eugene, by Himself, p. 81.

and wearing the flowing periwig of the period. The Swedish monarch, mistaking these appearances for the worst kind of foppery, appears at first to have conceived the greatest contempt for the English general: however, he afterwards acknowledged his error, and was forced to admit that extreme neatness of person was not altogether incompatible with true greatness.

The Duke's intercourse with Frederick the First of Prussia was not without circumstances of interest. He won the heart and the confidence of that monarch, by pretending that it was too great an honour to sit at the same table with him, and insisting on standing behind his chair. He is said, on another occasion, to have ingeniously discovered the intentions of Frederick at the commencement of a campaign, by observing the character of the maps which were lying accidentally on the King's table.

The last years of the Duke of Marlborough, according to his enemies, were spent in squabbling with his workmen at Blenheim; according to his admirers, in attending to his parliamentary engagements, and performing the duties of his official employments. "The intervals of his leisure," says Coxe, "when not passed in London, were spent at Blenheim, Holywell House, or Windsor Lodge. His habits of life were perfectly domestic, and did not relieve the fond anxiety he had manifested, while engaged in busier scenes, for the society of his family and friends. His favourite and constant exercise was riding, either

in a carriage or on horseback; and, whenever his health permitted, in walking round his grounds, particularly at Blenheim, where he delighted to contemplate his own creation. His amusements consisted in the company of his friends, whom he was accustomed to receive without ceremony, or in the recreation of cards. He played at ombre, basset, and picquet; sometimes, with his grandchildren, even at commerce; but his favourite game was whist."

From an account bequeathed us by a Miss Cairnes, who, subsequently, became the wife of Cadwallader, seventh Lord Blayney, and who in her youth appears to have been frequently domesticated at Blenheim, we glean some interesting particulars respecting the amusements and habits of the great hero at the close of his career. According to this lady, the Duke felt a lively interest in the education of his grand-daughters; superintended their lessons in music and dancing; and derived particular pleasure from witnessing their dramatic exhibitions, in which other juvenile members of his family or household took a part. Among other plays selected for their representation, appear to have been Dryden's tragedy of "All for Love," and Rowe's play of "Tamerlane," in which latter production Marlborough's old antagonist, Louis the Fourteenth, was supposed to be pourtrayed in the character of Bajazet. A sketch of the Dramatis Personæ, in "All for Love," as performed before the great Duke of Marlborough, may perhaps afford amusement to the reader.

ALL FOR LOVE, or THE WORLD WELL LOST.

MARK ANTHONY	Captain Fish (the Page of the Duchess).
VENTIDIUS	Old Mr. Jennings.
SERAPION, (THE HIGH PRIEST) . .	Miss Cairnes.
ALEXAS	Mrs. Lavie.
CLEOPATRA	Lady Charlotte Macarthy.
OCTAVIA	Lady Anne Spencer.
CHILDREN OF ANTHONY . . .	Lady Anne Egerton, Lady Diana Spencer.

[*Scene: the Bow-window Room.*]

[*Great Screens for changing Scenes.*]

"The Bishop of Winchester,* (writes Lady Blayney) writ a prologue upon the occasion, which I think I have given the Duchess of Marlborough. Miss Cairnes, as high priest, wore a very fine surplice that came from Holland for the chapel; no sacrilege, for the chapel was not finished many years after. What makes me call it a fine surplice is, that all the breast was worked in what, many years after, was called Dresden work. The old Duke was so pleased that we played it three times; first, because we were to play it; sometime after for Lord Winchelsea, then for Lord Finch, a great favourite there; the third time at the Duke's request. The Duchess scratched out some of the most amorous speeches, and there was no

* Benjamin Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester. The Bishop's prologue, which is printed in Coxe's Life of the Duke, contains, in very bad verse, the most fulsome encomiums on the heroism of the Duke, and the beauty of the Duchess, to which the noble and venerable couple seem to have listened with the utmost complacency.

embrace allowed. In short, no offence to the company, I suppose we made a very grand appearance. There was profusion of brocade rolls & of what was to be the window-curtains of Blenheim. Jewels, you may believe, in plenty; and I think Mark Anthony wore the sword that the Emperor gave the Duke of Marlborough." *

Unfortunately, the Duke of Marlborough was subjected, in his later years, to those ills of mind and body, — those ravages of disease and infirmities of old age, — which, though the general lot of man, are rendered peculiarly affecting when they bow down the body, and affect the intellects of one so illustrious. The celebrated verse of Johnson,—

From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,—

suggests reflections as painful, and as humiliating to human nature as could possibly be conveyed by the most laboured homily. Of the condition of the great Duke, at the close of his career, more than one writer has given a striking and pathetic account. He is usually described as having outlived his vast intellects; he is said to have been an imbecile and unconscious dependent on the kind offices of others; and, moreover, while in this state of mental inanity, the Duchess, (with the view of evincing to the world that he was incapable of conducting his affairs,) is accused of having paraded his infirmities before her acquaintances and friends. In the early part

* Coxe's Life of the Duke of Marlborough, vol. iii. p. 645.

of his career, it had been prophesied of him by Madame de Croiz, that he would become the greatest man in England, but that he would afterwards lose his head; and, accordingly, when he came to lose his understanding, it was pretended that the prediction had been verified.

That party writers, and mere writers for effect, have considerably exaggerated the distressing condition of the Duke of Marlborough in his last years, there is every reason to believe. The Duke, indeed, in consequence of repeated attacks of paralysis, is known to have been partially deprived of the power of articulation: there were certain words which he was unable to pronounce, and perhaps the disorder with which he was so grievously afflicted may in a measure have affected his memory and understanding. But, on the other hand, it appears by the Journals of the Lords that he attended the sittings of Parliament, and even sat on committees, till within seven months of his death; and, moreover, if we may trust the laboured and exculpatory statement of his Duchess, the Duke, when he made his will about a year before his death, was in the full possession of his intellectual faculties.

It appears, therefore, by these statements, that if the powerful mind of Marlborough was ever reduced to that state of inanity which has been feelingly described by some writers, the affliction could only have fallen upon him at the very close of his long life. The more reasonable presumption seems to be, that the Duke (unconscious of

his failing powers, and shrinking, with a natural repugnance, from the prospect of exchanging those habits of industry and exertion to which he had long been habituated, for a sedentary and inactive life) clung, with a pardonable fondness, to the active performance of his duties as a minister and statesman, long after the increasing infirmities of disease and old age should have warned him to retire. The world, ever alive to the weaknesses of the great, could not fail to be made acquainted with the tale of his faltering voice and declining memory, and, consequently, comparing these evidences of decay with the fire and energy of that man who had fought the battles and guided the councils of Queen Anne, it probably considerably exaggerated an affecting picture, and imagined a contrast more striking and more humiliating than the circumstances in reality warranted. The Duke, it may be remarked, notwithstanding the feebleness of mind and body to which he was reduced by repeated attacks of paralysis, persisted in retaining his employments of Captain-General and Master of the Ordnance. To those, therefore, who seek in the story of the Duke of Marlborough for an example that the most exalted of mankind are not exempt from the common ills of human nature, the admission of the Duke's apologist, Coxe, that "he was a mere cipher, and exposed to repeated slights and mortifications, even in his own departments," will afford sufficient food for moral reflection.

Respecting the last illness of the Duke of Marl-

borough, but few particulars have, unfortunately, been bequeathed to us. For some days previous to his death he was confined entirely to his couch, and in his last hours is said to have been fully sensible that his end was approaching. After the prayers for the sick had been offered up in his presence, the Duchess inquired whether he had heard them. "Yes, he replied, and I joined in them." During some hours afterwards he discovered no sign of immediate dissolution, but towards morning his strength failed him, and he resigned his spirit without a groan. His death took place at the Lodge, in Windsor Great Park, on the 16th of June 1722, in the seventy-second year of his age.

The remains of the deceased hero, having been previously embalmed, were conveyed from Windsor Park to Marlborough House, London, and on the night of the 9th of August following, were interred in great state, at the east end of the tomb of Henry the Seventh, in Westminster Abbey. The mournful cavalcade moved from Marlborough House along St. James's Park to Hyde Park Corner, and from thence through Piccadilly and Pall Mall, by Charing Cross, to Westminster. At the entrance to the Abbey the body was received with a blaze of torches, and the funeral ceremony was not rendered the less impressive from the fine voice and powerful delivery of Bishop Atterbury, then Dean of Westminster, who performed the service.

The death of Marlborough is said to have re-

vived the attachment of his country, and men of all parties are described by our historians as contending which could do most honour to his memory. It is a fact, however, equally discreditable to his countrymen as to the reigning monarch, George the First, that the expense of the obsequies of this illustrious hero was left to be defrayed, not by a grateful and idolizing nation, but by his penurious, though devoted wife. It may be remarked, that after the death of his widow, the Duke's remains were removed to Blenheim, and interred by her side.

By his Duchess, the Duke of Marlborough was the father of five children: — John, Marquess of Blandford, who died young; Henrietta, married in 1698 to Francis, second Earl of Godolphin; Anne, married to Charles, Earl of Sunderland; Elizabeth, married to Scroop, first Duke of Bridgwater; and Mary, who became the wife of John, second Duke of Montagu. The Duke was succeeded in his titles by his eldest daughter, the Countess of Godolphin, who assumed the title of Duchess of Marlborough in her own right. Leaving no male issue, on her death, the title, conformably with the provisions of the Act of Parliament, descended to her nephew, Charles, Earl of Sunderland and Marquess of Blandford, the eldest surviving son of Anne, the second daughter of the great Duke. From this nobleman the present Duke of Marlborough is descended.

SARAH,

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

CHAPTER I.

Swift's character of the Duchess.—Her birth in 1660, and private marriage at the age of eighteen, to Colonel Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough.—Her appointment as Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Princess Anne.—Extract from the Duchess's memoirs.—Familiar conversation and correspondence between Anne and the Duchess.—Extract from Colley Cibber's "Apology."—Horace Walpole's opinion of the Duchess's beauty.—She is appointed by Queen Anne Groom of the Stole, Mistress of the Robes, and Keeper of the Privy Purse.—Her unbounded influence at Court.—Causes of her subsequent fall.—Her insolent bearing to the Queen.—Singular instance of it related by Lord Dartmouth.—She is ordered to resign all her offices in the royal household.—Extract from Harley's letter to the Elector of Hanover.—Instance of the Duke of Marlborough's want of self-respect.—Coxe's allusion to it in his memoirs of the Duke.—Anecdote related by Lord Dartmouth.—The Duchess's rage and mortification at her loss of power.—She is with difficulty prevented from publishing the Queen's private correspondence with her.—Swift's letter to Mrs. Dingley.—Memorandum by Lord Dartmouth.—Singular anecdote related by Mrs. White.—Speaker Onslow's portrait of the Duchess.—Anecdotes of her sarcastic humour.—Her grandson sues her for his birthright in a court of law.—She defends her own cause in person.

ACCORDING to Swift, and his presumption is sufficiently supported by facts, the great Duke of Marlborough was indebted to this extraordinary

woman alike for his greatness and his fall. "For above twenty years," he says, "she possessed, without a rival, the favours of the most indulgent mistress in the world, nor ever missed one single opportunity that fell in her way, of improving it to her own advantage, She had preserved a tolerable court reputation with respect to love and gallantry; but three furies reigned in her breast—the most mortal enemies of all softer passions—which were, sordid avarice, disdainful pride, and ungovernable rage. By the last of these, often breaking out in sallies of the most unpardonable sort, she had long alienated her sovereign's mind, before it appeared to the world. This lady is not without some degree of wit, and hath in her time affected the character of it, by the usual method of arguing against religion, and proving the doctrines of Christianity to be impossible and absurd. Imagine what such a spirit, irritated by the loss of power, favour, and employment, is capable of acting or attempting, and then I have said enough."* Such is the portrait drawn by Swift of the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough; a portrait which may possibly have derived its last ungracious touch from the political acrimony of the writer, but of which the general truth appears to be as unquestionable as is its severity.

Sarah, daughter and heir of Richard Jennings, Esq. of Sandridge, in Hertfordshire, was born in 1660, and, about the age of eighteen, became pri-

* Last years of Queen Anne, Swift's Works, vol. xviii. p. 22.

vately, it appears, the wife of John, Duke of Marlborough, then merely a Colonel of Dragoons. Her beauty, which surrounded her with numerous admirers, seems to have been at least equal to that of her eldest sister, Frances Jennings, one of the heroines of De Grammont, and afterwards the wife of Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel.

The Duchess of Marlborough had early been selected as a play-fellow of the Princess Anne, and on the marriage of the latter with Prince George of Denmark, was appointed, at the particular desire of the Princess a lady of her bedchamber, with a salary of two hundred a year. The Duchess remarks in her memoirs;—"The beginning of the Princess's, kindness for me had a much elder date than my entrance into her service. We had used to play together when she was a child, and she even then expressed a particular fondness for me. This inclination increased with our years. I was often at Court, and the Princess always honoured me with her conversation and confidence. In all her parties for amusement, I was sure to be one; and so desirous she became of having me always near her, that, upon her marriage with the Prince of Denmark in 1683, I was made one of her Ladies of the Bedchamber."

When the Parliament, some years afterwards, settled a revenue on the Princess of £50,000 a year, one of her first steps was to confer a pen-

sion of a thousand a year on her early favourite.*

It was a weakness on the part of Queen Anne,—probably a natural one in a guileless and inexperienced female, — to sigh for that Utopian kind of friendship which a person in her exalted station unfortunately can never know, and which is rarely to be found but in the pages of romance. If it was a weakness to expect this pure and tender intercourse within the precincts of a court, it was a still greater weakness to select as the object of it such a person as the Duchess of Marlborough. However, it was the interest of the one to feign what the other really felt, and consequently for some years the Princess appears to have been fully satisfied with the selection she had made. Thus these two women, who in any other station of life would have shunned each other from mere contrariety of tastes and opposition of character, adopted, in their conversation and epistolary correspondence, a tone of sickly and maudlin sentimentalism. For some years they corresponded under the fanciful names of Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman. The Duchess was Mrs. Freeman. An intercourse so irrational was conducted unquestionably with feelings of sincere though mistaken tenderness on the one side, while it seems to have excited only ridicule and contempt on the other.

* Authentic Memoirs of the Duchess of Marlborough, pp. 90, 91.

It would appear by a memorandum among the papers of Carte the historian, that it was solely owing to the advice and influence of Lady Churchill that Anne deserted her father's fortunes in 1688.* Whatever truth there may be in this assertion, certain it is that the Duchess was the confidante of the Princess on the occasion, and also the companion of her flight. They eloped at night, as is well known, from the Cock-pit at Whitehall, and after remaining till the next morning at the house of the Bishop of London in the city, proceeded to the seat of the Earl of Dorset at Copt-hall, and thence to Nottingham.

While reverting to these circumstances, we are tempted to transcribe the following passage in Colley Cibber's "Apology for his Life;"—a passage equally entertaining from its connection with an interesting period in our history, as from the rapturous encomiums which the writer heaps on Lady Churchill's beauty, and the enthusiasm with which in his old age he recurs to the impression it had made on him in his youth. Cibber, who by chance was at Nottingham at the period when the Princess and her suite arrived in that town, thus describes one of the provincial entertainments at which, though in a very humble capacity, he was present. "The noble guests at table happening to be more in number than attendants out of livery could be found for, I, being well known in the Lord Devonshire's

* Macpherson's Original Papers, vol. i. p. 282.

family,* was desired by his Lordship's *Maitre d'Hotel* to assist at it, the post assigned me was to observe what the Lady Churchill might call for. Being so near the table, you may naturally ask me what I might have heard to have passed in conversation at it? which I should certainly tell you had I attended to above two words that were uttered there, and those were, *some wine and water*. These, I remember, came distinguished and observed to my ear because they came from the fair guest whom I took such pleasure to wait on. Except at that single sound, all my senses were collected into my eyes, which during the whole entertainment wanted no better amusement than of stealing now and then the delight of gazing on the fair object so near me.

"If so clear an emanation of beauty, such a commanding grace of aspect, struck me into a regard that had something softer than the most profound respect in it, I cannot see why I may not without offence remember it; since beauty, like the sun, must sometimes lose its power to choose, and shine into equal warmth the peasant and the courtier. Now to give you, sir, a further proof of how good a taste my first hopeful entrance into manhood set out with, I remember, above twenty years after, when the same lady had given the world four of the loveliest daugh-

* Cibber's father, the celebrated sculptor, was at this period residing in the neighbouring mansion of Chatsworth, where he was employed by the first Duke of Devonshire in beautifying his "Palace of the Peak."

ters that ever were gazed on, even after they were all nobly married and were become the reigning toasts of every party of pleasure, their still lovely mother had, at the same time, her votaries, and her health very often took the lead in those involuntary triumphs of beauty. However presumptuous or impertinent these thoughts might have appeared at my first entertaining them, why may I not hope that my having kept them decently a secret for full fifty years may be now a good round plea for their pardon."* According to Horace Walpole, the beauty of the Duchess of Marlborough was always of the scornful and imperious kind. "Her features and air," he says, "announced nothing that her temper did not confirm."

On the accession of Queen Anne to the throne, the Duchess reaped the full benefit of those advantages which she might fairly have anticipated from her early friendship with the new sovereign, and her talent for intrigue. She was appointed Groom of the Stole, Mistress of the Robes, and Keeper of the Privy Purse. She became the secret and almost the sole adviser of her sovereign in political as well as in private transactions; the eyes of every aspirant for court favour were fixed on her alone; and the direction of the affairs not only of England, but almost of Europe, may be said to have been vested in her hands.

Had the Duchess of Marlborough been gifted with but a small portion of discretion and pru-

* Colley Cibber's Apology for his Life, p. 58.

dence, she would probably have retained to the last her extraordinary influence over her royal mistress. But, unfortunately, insolence was engendered by a long series of uninterrupted success, till at last her overbearing temper and contemptuous assumption of personal superiority became too intolerant even for the yielding and timid disposition of Anne. Such was the real history of her fall, and with her fell that illustrious hero whose happiness or misfortune it was to call her his wife. Her conduct subsequently proved as intemperate in adversity as it had been insolent in prosperity; and a woman who, a few months before, had been dreaded by one half the world and envied by the other, became an object of ridicule to many, and of commiseration to all.

Horace Walpole, speaking of the terms on which the Duchess lived with her royal mistress, observes,—"Such was the equality produced by their intimacy, that almost the sole idea of superiority remained with her who had the advantage of personal charms, and in this there was unfortunately no comparison."* The same writer informs us, that when it was the business of the Duchess to hand the Queen either her fan or her gloves, she used insolently to turn away her own head, as if her mistress had some "offensive smell."†

An anecdote related by the Earl of Dartmouth is even more curious:—"After the battle of

* Walpoliana, p. 86. † Walpole's Reminiscences, p. 68.

Blenheim," he says, "the Duchess of Marlborough thought her foundation so broad, that she treated the Queen with the utmost insolence and contempt. The last free conference she had with her was at Windsor, where Mrs. Danvers, who was then in waiting, told me the Duchess reproached her for above an hour with her own and her family's services, in so loud and shrill a voice, that the footman at the bottom of the back stairs could hear her. And all this storm was raised for the Queen's having ordered a bottle of wine a day to be allowed her laundress, without having acquainted her Grace with it. The Queen, seeing her so outrageous, got up to have gone out of the room; the Duchess clapped her back against the door, and told her she should hear her out, for that was the least favour she could do her, in return for having set or kept the crown upon her head. As soon as she had done raging, she flounced out of the room, and said she did not care if she never saw her more; to which the Queen replied very calmly, that she thought the seldomer the better. She used to entertain her confidants with telling them what a praying, godly idiot the Queen was, and was wise enough to think they would keep such a secret for her: but Lady Fitzharding,* who could not

* Lord Dartmouth alludes to an expedition which was to have been set on foot against France in 1692, the success of which depended on secrecy. The Duke of Marlborough confided the story to his wife, and the Duchess to Lady Fitz-

keep her secret in King William's time, was as little disposed to do it in Queen Anne's."*

The Duchess, though she had for some time been aware of her gradual decrease in the Queen's affections, is said, as long as possible, to have kept it a secret from both her husband and the world. At length forbearance (which on the part of the Queen had long amounted to positive weakness) became so utterly incompatible, not only with the maintenance of the royal dignity but with her own peace of mind, that Anne was induced to overcome her almost invincible repugnance to commotion and change, and to adopt vigorous measures for ridding herself of her tyrant. Accordingly, after the Duchess had been subjected to some preliminary mortifications, (which, however, were ineffectual in their intended object of forcing her to resign,) it was plainly intimated to her, in the early part of 1711, that she must relinquish the whole of her numerous and lucrative offices in the royal household. Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, writes to the Elector of Hanover, on the 19th of January, 1711:—"The Queen commands me to communicate to your Electoral Highness a change she has been obliged to make in her Court, by removing the Duchess of Marlborough. Last night the Duke brought

harding, through whom it reached the ears of King William.—*Burnet, History of his Own Time*, vol. i. p. 162, note.

* Burnet, History of his Own Time, vol. v. p. 454, note.

the gold key, the ensign of one of his wife's places, the Queen having indulged him his choice, to bring it or have it sent for. This is so far from hindering the Duke from continuing in his post, that he seems resolved to accommodate himself to the Queen's pleasure, and go on in her service. The causes of his lady's disgrace have been so public, and of so many years' continuance, that it will be needless to trouble your Electoral Highness on that head."*

The behaviour of the Duke of Marlborough, on finding himself compelled to tender his wife's resignation, affords additional evidence of his overweening love of money, and of the tenacity with which it was in his nature to cling to any profitable post, and for a moment makes us forget the services of the hero in the failings of the man. Admitting even that the fondness with which he himself clung to office, (in spite of the disgrace of his friends, and the mortifications to which he was daily subjected,) was occasioned by a true regard for the interests of his country; yet the anxiety which he displayed that his Duchess should continue to receive large salaries as Mistress of the Robes and Keeper of the Privy Purse, could have had little share in his principles of patriotism and self-denial. Instead, however, of surrendering the appointments of his Duchess with a proper grace, and with those feelings of indignation which the occasion not only rendered natural but proper, he de-

* Macpherson's Orig. Papers, vol. ii. p. 243.

graded himself, probably at the instigation of his termagant wife, by descending to the most abject entreaties in his personal solicitations to the Queen, with the mere selfish view of inducing her to continue his wife in her employments. The Duke's conduct on this occasion seems to be a solitary instance in which (to the shame of history) his partial and voluminous biographer, Archdeacon Coxe, appears inclined to admit that his hero was at fault. After entering at some length into the details of a very humiliating interview, in which Marlborough, "in the most moving terms," implored his royal mistress to retain the Duchess at least for a time about her person,—"The Queen," he says, "far from listening to his representations, peremptorily insisted that the gold key should be delivered to her within three days. On this the Duke threw himself on his knees, and with the most moving eloquence earnestly entreated for an interval of ten days, to concert some means of rendering the blow less mortifying and disgraceful. But he obtained no other answer than a positive repetition of the demand, limiting the term to the shorter space of two days." The Duke, it appears, still continued to harp on the subject of his wrongs, when Anne exclaimed, in a very peremptory manner,—"I will talk of no other business till I have the key." To a repetition of such treatment, though inflicted by a woman and a Queen, but few it is to be hoped would voluntarily expose themselves. Marl-

borough, however, forgetting his feelings as a gentleman either in his love of lucre or fear of his wife, still continued to fawn and entreat. "He still lingered," says Coxe, "though the audience had already lasted an hour; but finding no prospect of softening his royal mistress, he took his leave, with the deepest emotions of indignation and sorrow."

Not only was the Duke exposed to the mortifying reflection that he had humbled himself to no purpose, but his exertions were acknowledged in a very thankless manner by his wife. According to Lord Dartmouth, when the Duchess was informed by her husband that it was altogether imperative upon her to resign the gold key, she snatched it from her side in a paroxysm of rage, and, throwing it into the middle of the apartment, told him he might take it to whom he pleased. "Lord Cowper told me," adds Lord Dartmouth, "that he went at this time to the Duke of Marlborough, and found him in bed, with a great deal of company in the chamber, and the Duchess sitting at the bed-side, railing in the most extravagant manner against the Queen, and said she had always hated and despised her; but that fool, her daughter Henrietta (who stood by) had always loved her, and did so still, for which she should never forgive her. That surprised him very much, though he had heard more of her temper than he believed; but the Duke told him he must not mind what she said, for she was used

to talk at that rate when she was in a passion, which was a thing she was very apt to fall into, and there was no way to help it."*

It was in the height of her feelings of rage and mortification that the Duchess expressed her determination to publish some scandalous memoirs of her own life, which should contain the numerous private and confidential letters she had received from her royal mistress. Lord Bolingbroke writes to Drummond, his confidential agent, on the 28th November, 1710,—"I had almost forgot to tell you an instance of the admirable temper in which the great man is likely on his return to find his wife. Among other extravagancies, she now declares she will print the Queen's letters; letters writ whilst her Majesty had a good opinion of her, and the fondness for her, which her violent behaviour since that time has absolutely eradicated." Anne, who could not fail to be greatly hurt and alarmed at the prospect of her private feelings and weaknesses becoming the topics of public gossip, employed the Duke of Shrewsbury, in the first instance, and, subsequently, her physician, Sir David Hamilton, to endeavour to dissuade the Duchess from committing so unjustifiable a breach of private confidence. The infuriated virago, however, turned a deaf ear to their entreaties, and would unquestionably have put her threat into execution, had not Sir Robert Walpole hinted to her, that, in the event of her being guilty of so gross

* Burnet, vol. vi. p. 34, note by Lord Dartmouth.

an outrage, she would not improbably be torn in pieces by an exasperated mob.

The fear of consequences, indeed, prevented her from actually printing the proofs of the Queen's weakness and of her own ingratitude, but at the same time she adopted a no less iniquitous, though a safer, method of revenge, by exhibiting and descanting upon the private letters of her too indulgent mistress in every circle to which she was admitted. At length, however, another kind friend, Arthur Mainwaring, had influence enough to dissuade her from further exposing her miserable passions. He told her plainly that she injured her own character much more than that of the Queen, and that the remarks of the world would be rather that Anne had been too indulgent to her, than that the Queen's conduct had been either fickle, ungracious, or unkind.

But the conduct of the Duchess, when compelled to resign her apartments at the palace, was even more outrageous. To the great annoyance of her husband, who was absent at the time, she caused such of the fixtures as had been put up at her own expense, including even the locks of the doors, to be removed. This conduct seems to have occasioned great annoyance to the Queen; and indeed it appears, by a conversation which took place between Harley and the confidential agent of the Duchess, Arthur Mainwaring, that Anne gave it as her reason for withholding her consent to the further progress of the works at Blenheim, which had hitherto been erecting at

the public expense. "The Queen," writes Mainwaring to the Duchess, "is so angry, that she says she will build no house for the Duke of Marlborough when the Duchess has pulled hers to pieces, taken away the very slabs out of the chimneys, thrown away the keys, and said they might buy more for ten shillings, with a great deal such stuff, too impertinent to mention." Mainwaring affects to speak of these charges as the mere inventions of "lying wretches:" however, though the conduct of the Duchess was, doubtless, maliciously exaggerated by Mrs. Masham and her party, there is still evidence enough, even among the Marlborough papers, to prove that the Queen had sufficient cause for complaint.*

Among other instances of the meanness, insolence, and ingratitude of this female fury, the following is not the least characteristic. Dr. Swift writes to Mrs. Dingley:—"I dined at the Lord Treasurer's with his Saturday company. We had ten at table, all lords but myself and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Argyle went off at six, and was in very indifferent humour, as usual. Duke of Ormond and Lord Bolingbroke were absent. I staid till near ten. Lord Treasurer showed us a small picture, enamelled work, and set in gold, worth about twenty pounds; a picture, I mean, of the Queen, which she gave to the Duchess of Marlborough, set in diamonds. When the Duchess was leaving England, she took off all the diamonds, and gave

* Coxe's Life of the Duke of Marlborough, vol. iii. pp. 358, 359.

the picture to one Mrs. Higgins, (an old intriguing woman whom everybody knows,) bidding her make the best of it she could. Lord Treasurer sent to Mrs. Higgins for this picture, and gave her one hundred pounds for it. Was ever such an ungrateful beast as that Duchess! or did you ever hear such a story! I suppose the Whigs will not believe it. Pray try them. She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an insignificant woman, as a thing of no consequence; and gives it to her to sell, like a piece of old-fashioned plate." *

This story, of the truth of which not the shadow of a doubt can reasonably exist, is thus curiously corroborated by a memorandum of Lord Dartmouth.

"Before the Duchess of Marlborough set out for Holland, she sent to me for a pass. I sent one signed by the Queen, which she returned, and sent me word, if one of my own were not sufficient, she would go without any, which I sent immediately. She made presents to all her friends, expecting, as she said, never to see them more; and chose Mrs. Higgins, a gentlewoman in low circumstances, and not much her acquaintance, to bestow an enamelled picture of the Queen upon, which she had given her when princess, that had been set round with diamonds, but those her Grace thought worth the keeping. Mrs. Higgins, who understood it was done as an affront to the Queen rather than a compli-

* Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 305.

ment to herself, having no pretensions to such an honour, delivered it to Lord Oxford, who presented her with a hundred guineas, and kept the picture."*

Considering the strong sense and fine breeding of the Duke of Marlborough, we might reasonably expect that he would have viewed the conduct of his Duchess in its proper light; that he would have been alive to her absurdities; and that he would have exerted his legitimate influence effectually to put a stop to her frequent and vulgar ebullitions of disappointment and rage. Had the Duchess, however, been guilty of her famous impertinencies during any of the occasional absences of her husband on his career of glory, we might be inclined to attribute them to her native deficiency in common prudence, and to her domineering and ungovernable temper. But, unfortunately, the Duke was on the spot when these outrages occurred, and, consequently,

* Burnet's "History of his Own Time," vol. vi. p. 145. Lord Dartmouth adds, in a note in another passage in Bishop Burnet's History,—"The Duchess has asserted in her Memoirs, that the Queen, after she came to the crown, never gave her a diamond, or anything worth taking notice of. Lord Oxford told me, that after the battle of Blenheim, the Queen presented her with the Duke of Marlborough's picture, covered with a flat diamond that had brilliant edges, which cost eight thousand pounds. I myself did see, some years after the Queen's death, an advertisement in the newspapers that such a diamond was in the hands of a Jew to be disposed of; therefore, I suppose her Grace may not have it by her, and has forgot it, with many other such trifles not worth taking notice of." vol. vi. p. 33. *note.*

it is impossible not to admit, either that he was devoid of all influence in his own family, or that he tacitly acquiesced in the insults offered to his sovereign.

One anecdote, in particular, affords presumptive evidence that the Duke approved of his wife's intemperate conduct towards their royal mistress, and is otherwise curious, as demonstrating how entirely this great man had sunk in public opinion, at the close of the reign of Queen Anne. The anecdote in question occurs in a contemporary letter from Mrs. White to a Mr. Watson, and is apparently deserving of credit:—"On the birth-day of the Queen," says the writer, "the Duke of Marlborough was in a chair in St. James's Park, with the curtains drawn: the mob, that believed it to be the Prince Eugene, huzzaed the chair, but the Duke modestly drew back the curtains and put himself out, and with a sign showed his dislike to the salutation. The mob, finding their mistake, and that it was he, cried out, 'Stop thief,' which was a thorough mortification to him. His daughters, that day, to show their contempt of the court, were in wrapping-gowns in a window at St. James's, to see the company pass, two of them, and the other two drove through the Pall Mall four times, in the worst of mob-dress they could put themselves. *The Duke was in a black suit, that day, and his son-in-law, the Duke of Montague, was at court in a plain coarse, red coat, with a long shoulder-knot, in ridicule of the day;* but the Queen had the satisfaction to see the most splendid court that ever

was, and crowded more than ever, by all the church, nobility, and gentry. There was a short uproar. My Lord Marlborough finds his levees much thinner than they were, and daily less and less. The people are disgusted at him." *

How far the Duke was personally responsible for the foolish display of pique and resentment recorded in the foregoing letters, cannot now be ascertained. It must be admitted, however, that though to a certain degree the slave of his wife, his opinion and advice were not entirely disregarded by his turbulent Duchess, nor was it till after his death that her temper became utterly unbearable. "When she was left to herself," says Speaker Onslow, "with a mighty fortune of her own, she gave vent to all the violence of her natural temper, and her talk and actings, in the latter part of her life, were like the rage of madness, especially against the royal family and her old and best friends. She had no true wisdom or greatness of mind, and was in truth a very weak, passionate woman. She spoke ill, and her memoirs are very mean. I was sometimes in her favour, and I endeavoured to show her all the respect I could, for she had starts of goodness and generosity which were very commendable." Bishop Burnet, who was remarkable for his absence of mind, being invited to dine with her shortly after her husband's disgrace, happened in the course of conversation to compare the Duke to Belisarius. "But how happened it,"

* Macpherson's Original Papers, vol. ii. p. 270.

said the Duchess, "that such a man was so miserable and universally deserted?" "Ah! Madam," exclaimed the Bishop, unconsciously,—"he had such a brimstone of a wife."

No indifferent conception of the character of the Duchess of Marlborough may be gleaned from the familiar appellations which were bestowed upon her by her contemporaries. She was usually spoken of as "Queen Sarah," and "The Viceroy," and latterly by the more homely designation of "Old Sarah."

The following anecdote affords amusing evidence of the insolence inherent in the character of the Duchess of Marlborough. When, in 1734, the Prince of Orange arrived in England for the purpose of espousing the Princess Anne, daughter of George the Second, a large boarded gallery was erected, for the convenience of the company, in the court-yard at St. James's, between the windows of the principal drawing-room and the German chapel. The ceremony being delayed in consequence of the Prince being seized with illness, and the physicians ordering him to Bath for the benefit of his health, the gallery, for several weeks, was allowed to remain, darkening the windows of Marlborough House. Alluding to this circumstance, the Duchess observed, with some humour, to one of her friends:—"I wonder when my neighbour George will take away his *orange-chest*." According to Horace Walpole, the gallery really resembled the article to which the Duchess compared it.*

* Walpole's Reminiscences, p. 59.

The Duchess of Marlborough was certainly not deficient in either conversational humour or impertinent repartee. Horace Walpole observes:—"She did not want that sort of wit which ill-temper, long knowledge of the world, and insolence, can sharpen." Of her peculiar humour, more than one instance has been recorded. When her grandson, the Duke of Marlborough, was prevailed upon by Henry Fox, afterwards the first Lord Holland, to join the court party, the Duchess one day, alluding to the tempter, observed:—"That was the fox that stole my goose."

Some time afterwards, the young Duke, wearied of his dependence on a capricious grandmother, and disgusted at her detaining from him a large sum of money which was unquestionably his rightful inheritance, was induced to sue her in a court of law for the recovery of his birthright. It was on this occasion that the Duchess presented the extraordinary sight of a female advocating her own cause before a tribunal of justice;—"thus," says Walpole, "treating the public with the spectacle of a woman who had held the reins of empire, metamorphosed into the widow Blackacre." Her grandson, it may be observed, among other demands, had claimed a sword set with diamonds—a gift of the Emperor to his illustrious grandfather. "I retained it," said the Duchess in her defence, "lest he should pick out the diamonds and pawn them."

CHAPTER II.

The Duke of Marlborough's affectionate letters to the Duchess.—Singular instance of his uxoriousness.—Anecdotes illustrative of the Duchess's violent temper.—Her regard for the Duke's memory.—Lord Coningsby and the Duke of Somerset become suitors for her hand.—Her noble reply to the former.—Her daughters the reigning toasts of the day.—Her dislike of the eldest, Lady Henrietta Churchill.—Lady Henrietta's family.—Account of her sister, Lady Anne Churchill, and of her family.—Elizabeth, Duchess of Bridgwater, Marlborough's third daughter.—Granger's description of her.—Marlborough's fourth daughter, Lady Mary Churchill, Duchess of Montagu and her family.—Pope's poetical portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough.—Anecdote of Pope.—Letter from Lord Bolingbroke to the Earl of Marchmont.—Pope's remark to Spence on the Duchess's liberality.—Letter from the Duchess to the Earl of Marchmont, and from Pitt to the same.—The Duchess publishes her Memoirs in her eighty-third year.—Horace Walpole's opinion of them.—Lady Bute's reminiscences of the Duchess.—Quotation from Dryden by the Duchess.—Her disbelief in religion.—Her letter to Lord Marchmont.—Her death in 1744.

THE letters which the Duke of Marlborough addressed to his Duchess, during his foreign campaigns, exhibit, in a very striking manner, his regard for her person, and his respect for her capacity. "I do assure you, upon my soul," he protests, in one of his letters, "that I had much rather the whole world should go wrong than that you should be uneasy."

After a union of nearly a quarter of a century, he speaks of her "dear letters," and adds, that she is "dearer to him ten thousand times than ever she was before."* He usually addresses her as "my dearest soul," and his letters not unfrequently contain almost romantic professions of attachment. On the 16th of April, 1706, he writes to her:—"I am sure my dearest soul will be so just and kind to me as to believe that the greatest support I have in these troubles are, that at last I shall be relieved, with the blessing of living quietly with her which my heart longs for." Again he writes, on the 23rd of the month in the same affectionate style:—"My dearest soul, my desire of being with you is so great, that I am not able to express the impatience I am in to have this campaign over. I pray God it may be so happy that there may be no more occasion of my coming, but that I may ever stay with you, my dearest soul."† His messages to his children are scarcely less affectionate: he writes, on one occasion,—"God knows when I shall have time to write to the children, but kiss them kindly from me;"‡ and, in a letter written some years previous, he draws the following very pleasing picture of his domestic happiness and parental affection:—

"Tonbridge.

"You cannot imagine how I am pleased with the children; for, having nobody but their

* Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, i. p. 2.
† Ibid, vol. i. pp. 17, 18. ‡ Ibid, vol. i. p. 73.

maid, they are so fond of me, that, when I am at home, they will be always with me, kissing and hugging me. Their heats are quite gone; so that against you come home they will be quite in beauty. If there be room, I will come on Monday, so that you need not write on Sunday. Miss is pulling me by the arm, that she may write to her dear mamma; so that I shall say no more, only beg that you will love me always as well as I love you, and then we cannot but be happy."

And he adds, apparently to gratify the child,

"I kiss your hands, my dear mamma."

"HARRIET." *

The Duke, however, there is every reason to believe, was not unfrequently subjected to her disagreeable paroxysms of rage, and, moreover, seems to have stood not a little in awe of his imperious wife. "Both together," says Walpole, "her beauty and temper enslaved her heroic lord." According to that writer, the Duchess was one day employed at her toilet, when, in a violent fit of rage, consequent on an altercation with her husband, she suddenly cut off her beautiful and luxuriant ringlets, and flung them in the Duke's face. We have the evidence of another person, that at the moment when this incident occurred the Duke apparently took little notice of it, and allowed the tresses to lie undisturbed on the spot where they fell. Shortly afterwards, however, they were missed from the floor of her dressing-room, and for many years the

* Coxe's Life of the Duke of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 19.

Duchess was left in ignorance as to their fate. Nothing further, indeed, transpired on the subject till after the Duke's death, when, in a cabinet, where he preserved his most valuable effects, the Duchess, to her astonishment, discovered her beautiful ringlets. According to Lady Bute, her Grace, in her old age, took great pleasure in relating this singular story, and invariably commenced weeping at its conclusion.*

There is something not a little amusing in the manner in which the great Duke of Marlborough occasionally deprecates the intolerable ill-humour of his wife. In a letter to her, dated the 4th of June, 1708, he writes:—"Your desire of my following Lord Treasurer's advice is very kind, and you may be sure as long as I think you so, I shall be very desirous of living. I do not say this to flatter you, nor am I at an age of making fond expressions; but upon my word, when you are out of humour and are dissatisfied with me, I had rather die than live: so, on the contrary, when you are kind, I court of all things a quiet life with you."† Even the Duke's apologist, Coxe, admits that the temper of this imperious harridan embittered the last years of her hen-pecked but uxorious lord.

The subserviency of the great hero to his Duchess was a circumstance well known to the

* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters, edited by Lord Wharncliffe, vol. i. p. 78.

† Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, vol. i. p. 126.

world. Dr. Garth, the celebrated poet and physician, was one day attending the Duke in a fit of sickness, when the Duchess, pressing him to take some medicine, observed, with her usual warmth, — "I'll be hanged if it do not prove serviceable." — "Do take it, then, my Lord Duke," said Dr. Garth, "for it must be of service in one way or the other."

A remarkable instance of the Duchess of Marlborough's violence of temper is described as having occurred during the last illness of her husband. Dr. Mead, the eminent physician, was in attendance on the Duke, when the Duchess, either conceiving herself wronged by his personal manner towards herself, or deprecating his professional treatment of the Duke, not only *swore* at him, and vented her passion in the most virulent abuse, but actually made an attempt to tear his periwig from his head. Wharton relates the story on the authority of Dr. Hoadly, Bishop of Winchester, who was a witness of the scene.*

On the other hand, the Duchess appears to have entertained a reverential regard for the memory of her husband, and to have displayed an honourable pride at having been the wife of so great a man. Her well-known attempts to purchase the forbearance of the writers of the period, in order to transmit his portrait in the most favourable colours to posterity, were, perhaps, not only natural but praiseworthy. Her

* Wharton, Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope.

influence was exercised with the editors of Bishop Burnet's "History of his Own Time," to induce them to omit any objectionable matter; and when Lord Bolingbroke was left in charge of Pope's papers, we find her soliciting the suppression of any passages which might reflect on the Duke. Lord Marchmont was the person to whom she applied on the occasion; and to a letter which he, in consequence, addressed to Lord Bolingbroke, the latter thus replies: — "It would be a breach of that trust and confidence which Pope reposed in me, to give any one such of his papers as I think that no one should see. If there are any that may be injurious to the late Duke, or to her Grace, even indirectly or covertly, as I hope there are not, they shall be destroyed; and you shall be a witness of their destruction. Copies of any such, I hope and believe, there are none abroad; and I hope the Duchess will believe I scorn to keep copies when I destroy originals." Another proof of the regard and reverence with which the Duchess watched over her husband's memory, is afforded by the fact of her bequeathing five hundred pounds to Mallet, the editor of Lord Bolingbroke's works, and the same sum to Glover, the author of Leonidas, as a premium for their writing the life of the Duke. There is an amusing proviso in her will, that no part of it shall be written in verse. Glover, it may be remarked, declined the task, and Mallet, it appears, never commenced the undertaking.

At the period of her husband's decease, the Duchess must have attained the mature age of sixty-two. The vast wealth, however, which he had bequeathed her,* appears, in the eyes of a host of hungry admirers, to have been regarded as a sufficient compensation for the loss of her once surpassing beauty. Among others, the Duke of Somerset and Lord Coningsby became suitors for her hand. Lord Mahon informs us that the love-letters of these noblemen are still preserved at Blenheim; and, indeed, he has favoured us with an amusing specimen of one of their effusions.—"To my dearest, dearest Lady Marlborough alone," writes Coningsby, "I could open the inmost thoughts of my loaded heart, and by her exalted wisdom find relief. Whither to go, or how to dispose of a life devoted to you, I know not till I receive your orders and commands. I live in hopes that the great and glorious Creator of the world, who does and must direct all things, will direct you to make me the happiest man upon the face of the earth, and will enable me to make my dearest, dearest

* In the reign of Queen Anne, the Duke's share of the public money, derived from various places and pensions, amounted at one period to the enormous annual sum of £54,825; in addition to which wealth, the Duchess enjoyed other places and pensions, the annual amount of which was £9,500. No wonder, with their mutual habits of penuriousness, and after half a century of saving, that the Duchess should have found herself the richest subject in Europe, or that she should have been able to affect the common rate of interest, a circumstance which was indisputably the fact.

Lady Marlborough, as she is the wisest and best, the happiest of all women." "This effusion," remarks Lord Mahon, "was written only six months after her husband's decease. But both to Coningsby and Somerset the Duchess replied with a noble and becoming spirit. She declared that if she were only thirty, instead of sixty, she would not allow even the Emperor of the world to succeed in that heart, which had been devoted to John Duke of Marlborough."

Of the four beautiful daughters of the Duchess of Marlborough, circumstances render it necessary to say a few words. They were, in their time, as Colley Cibber describes them;—"the reigning toasts of every party of pleasure," and the fame of their surpassing loveliness has scarcely yet faded in the eyes of posterity.

Lady Henrietta Churchill, the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, was born on the 19th of July, 1682, and married in 1698, at the age of sixteen, Francis, second Earl of Godolphin, a bridegroom of twenty."*

* Francis, second Earl of Godolphin, was born 3rd of September, 1678. In the life-time of his father, he represented the county of Oxford, and in the reign of Queen Anne was appointed Cofferer to that Princess, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries. In 1723 he was appointed Groom of the Stole, and First Gentleman of the Bedchamber to George the First, and the same year was constituted one of the Lords' Justices during the temporary absence of the King in his German dominions. In 1733 he was appointed Governor of the Scilly Islands, and some time afterwards filled the office of Lord Privy Seal. He died 17th of January, 1766.

On the death of her father in 1720, she succeeded, agreeably with the provisions of an act of Parliament, as Duchess of Marlborough in her own right. She continued to the last on the worst terms with her imperious mother; the latter apparently neglecting no single occasion of displaying her contempt and dislike of her beautiful daughter. Horace Walpole says: — "Her eldest daughter and she were long at variance, and were never reconciled. When the younger Duchess exposed herself by placing a monument and silly epitaph, of her own composition and bad spelling, to Congreve, in Westminster Abbey, her mother, quoting the words, said,—"I know not what *pleasure* she might have in his company, but I am sure it was no *honour*."* The Duchess died on the 24th of October, 1733, at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and was buried in West-

* The inscription, as it appears in Westminster Abbey, is as follows:—"Mr. William Congreve died January the 19th, 1728, aged fifty-six, and was buried near this place, to whose most valuable memory this monument is set up, by Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, as a mark how dearly she remembers the happiness and honour she enjoyed in the sincere friendship of so worthy and honest a man, whose virtue, candour, and wit, gained him the love and esteem of the present age, and whose writings will be the admiration of the future." Congreve bequeathed the bulk of his fortune (which, according to Dr. Johnson, amounted to about ten thousand pounds,) to the Duchess, which the latter repaid by a magnificent funeral and a grateful epitaph. The following note which she addressed to the Hon. George Berkeley, inviting him to be one of the six pall-bearers at Congreve's funeral, shows how anxious she was to honour the memory of her deceased friend:—

minster Abbey. She was succeeded in the Dukedom of Marlborough by her nephew, Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland.

Lady Anne Churchill, the *second* daughter of the Duchess of Marlborough, became the wife of Charles Spencer, third Earl of Sunderland: Walpole describes her as the most beautiful of her four charming daughters. She was somewhat short in stature, a great politician, and was generally known by the familiar appellation of the "Little Whig." Colley Cibber informs us that when Sir John Vanburgh's theatre was commenced in the Haymarket,* this remarkable title was engraved on the foundation-stone, out of compliment to the beautiful politician. Like her mother, Lady Sunderland was celebrated for the extreme beauty of her hair, and used, while combing it, to receive such men at her toilet, as

"Sir,

"I must desire you to be one of the six next Sunday upon this very melancholy occasion. I always used to think you had a respect for him, and I would not have any there that had not. I am, &c. MARLBOROUGH."

The pall-bearers were the Duke of Bridgewater, the Earl of Godolphin, Lord Cobham, Lord Wilmington, the Hon. George Berkeley, and Brigadier-General Churchill. Congreve's body was removed to the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey, where it lay in state on the 26th of January; and the same evening, between the hours of nine and ten, was carried, with great solemnity, to Henry the Seventh's chapel, where the funeral service was performed; after which it was buried in the south transept of the Abbey.

* This theatre was destroyed, about half a century since, by fire.

she wished to bring over to her political way of thinking. It has been remarked, as a rather singular circumstance in the history of Lady Sunderland, that she was the daughter of a Duke, the sister of a Duchess in her own right, and mother of a Duke, and yet never herself attained any higher rank than that of a Countess.

Lady Sunderland was the mother of Charles, who succeeded as second Duke of Marlborough. In his youth, he had been an especial favourite with his grandmother, but on his succeeding to the Marlborough titles and estates, money, — which, unfortunately, is so often the promoter of family dissensions, — entirely destroyed the harmony of their intercourse. "He had good sense," says Horace Walpole, "infinite generosity, and not more economy than was to be expected of a young man of warm passions, and such vast expectations. He was modest and diffident too, but could not digest total dependence on a capricious and avaricious grandmother." Both the Duke and his brother John (or, as the latter was familiarly termed, "Jack Spencer,") were remarkable for their wild frolics and careless profusion. They are said to have made it a general rule "never to dirty their fingers with silver;" and, accordingly, in the streets of London, fights were not at all unfrequent among the hackney-chairmen, who naturally coveted the honour of carrying them, or rather, the guinea which was certain to be their reward. The wildness and prodigality of the elder bro-

ther, not unfrequently excited the sarcasm of his grandmother; while the faults of the younger one appear to have been entirely overlooked in the personal favour with which she regarded him.

The old Duchess of Marlborough seems to have conceived a particular dislike to Lady Sunderland's eldest daughter, Lady Bateman. From Lady Bute we learn that this lady "inherited such a share of her grandmother's imperious spirit, as to match her pretty fairly, and to insure daggers'-drawing as soon as it should find time and opportunity to display itself."* "Lady Bateman," says Walpole, "had the intriguing spirit of her father and grandfather, Earls of Sunderland. She was connected with Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, and both had great influence over the Duke of Marlborough.† What an object would it be with Fox to convert to the Court so great a subject as the Duke! Nor was it much less important to his sister to give him a wife, who, with no reasons for expectation of such shining fortune, should owe the obligation to her. Lady Bateman struck the first stroke, and persuaded her brother to marry a handsome young lady, who, unluckily, was daughter of Lord Trevor,‡ who

* Works of Lady M. W. Montague, vol. i. p. 81.

† Charles, the second Duke of Marlborough.

‡ Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, second Baron Trevor, was married to Charles, second Duke of Marlborough, 23rd of May, 1732. She died 7th of October, 1761, leaving issue five children, among whom were George, third Duke of Marl-

had been a bitter enemy of his grandfather, the victorious Duke. The grandam's rage exceeded all bounds. Having a portrait of Lady Bateman, she blackened the face, and wrote on it,—'Now her outside is as black as her inside.' The Duke she turned out of the little lodge in Windsor Park; and then, pretending that the new Duchess and her female cousins, eight Trevors, had stripped the house and garden, she had a puppet-show made with waxen figures, representing the Trevors tearing up the shrubs, and the Duchess carrying off the chicken-coop under her arm."* The story of the old Duchess disfiguring the portrait of Lady Bateman, is related, though with some slight difference, by Lady Bute. "She had the face blackened over, and this sentence,—*she is much blacker within,* inscribed in large characters on the frame. And thus, placed in her usual sitting-room, it was exhibited to all beholders."

The *third* daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough was Elizabeth, born in 1687, and married to Scroop Egerton, first Duke of Bridgwater. Pope has celebrated her in a well-known couplet:—

> Hence Beauty waking, all her forms supplies,
> An angel's sweetness and Bridgwater's eyes.

"Her face," says Granger, "had she had no

borough, and the celebrated Lady Diana Beauclerk, married first to Frederick Viscount Bolingbroke, and afterwards, on her marriage being dissolved, to the Hon. Topham Beauclerk.

* Walpole's Reminiscences, p. 70.

extraordinary animation, would have been conspicuous for its symmetry and complexion; but heightened by modesty, sensibility, and sweetness, it became in the highest degree attractive." "She was a woman," says Archdeacon Coxe, "imbued with a deep sense of religion, and endeared to her husband and parents by her mild, affectionate, and dutiful demeanour." The Duchess of Bridgwater died on the 22nd of March, 1714, at the early age of twenty-five. Her loss was bewailed by Pope, in verses little creditable to his own genius, and unworthy the occasion which gave rise to them :—

Muse, at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead;
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame informed with purer fire;
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife;
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more.

The *fourth* and youngest daughter of the Duke of Marlborough was Lady Mary Churchill, born in 1689, and married in 1709, at the age of sixteen, to John, Second Duke of Montagu.* She is the "angel goddess Montagu" of Pope, and was one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to

* This nobleman held several important situations during the reign of George I., and was, also, in some degree of favour with George II., at whose coronation he carried the Sceptre with the Cross in the procession. His mother-in-law says of him :—"All his talents lie in things only natural in boys of fifteen years old, and he is about two-and-fifty; to get people into his garden and wet them with squirts, and to invite people

the Queen of George the Second. In many points of character, she is said to have resembled her celebrated mother. The great Duke of Marlborough once remarked to them,—"I wonder you cannot agree, you are so alike." The Duchess of Montagu died on the 14th of May, 1751.

The Duchess of Manchester,* daughter of the Duchess of Montagu, is said to have been a great favourite with her imperious grandmother. The latter one day said to her, — "Duchess of Manchester, you are a good creature, and I love you mightily; but you *have* a mother." The Duchess of Manchester, who is said to have been high-spirited as she was amiable, immediately retorted, — "Yes! and she has a mother." But we must return to a more celebrated character,

to his country houses, and put things into their beds to make them itch, and twenty such pretty fancies like these." If a love, however, of a practical joke be a crime, the Duke of Montagu at least made some amends for his iniquities by his vast benevolence and extensive charities: "they will be remembered," says Lord Hailes, "while there is any tradition of human kindness and charity in England."—*Marlborough Correspondence*, vol. ii. pp. 195, 196.

* There is rather an interesting notice of the Duchess of Manchester in one of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters. Lady Mary, writing to her sister, the Countess of Mar, observes,—"The people I live most with are none of your acquaintance; the Duchess of Montagu excepted, whom I continue to see often. Her daughter Belle is at this instant in the paradisaical state of receiving visits every day from a passionate lover, who is her first love; whom she thinks the finest gentleman in Europe, and is, besides that, Duke of Manchester. Her Mamma and I often laugh and sigh, reflecting on her felicity, the consummation of which will be in a fortnight. In the mean-

the Duchess of Marlborough herself, of whom our notices are fast drawing to a close.

Although the verses, in which Pope has drawn the portrait of this famous woman, are sufficiently well known, it may not be amiss to repeat them for the convenience of the reader:—

"But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind;
Who with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth;
Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er she hates or ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified except her rage;
So much the fury still out-ran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,—
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.

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time, they are permitted to be alone together every day."—*Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 181. Isabella, Duchess of Manchester, was considered one of the most beautiful women of her time. On the death of her first husband, William, second Duke of Manchester, in 1739, she re-married Edward Hussey, Esq., an Irish gentleman, who took the name of Montagu, and was afterwards created Lord Beaulieu. The charming indifference with which she wore her widowhood, as well as her foolish marriage with a stalwart, but impoverished Irishman, are ridiculed by Sir Charles H. Williams, in two of the best-known of his poetical productions,—"Isabella, or the Morning," and the "Ode to the Honourable Henry Fox." The Duchess died in 1786, at the age of ninety-four.

Her every turn with violence pursu'd,
No more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns, or soon or late,—
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate.
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But, an inferior not dependant! worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she 'll hate you while you live:
But die, and she 'll adore you—then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night, her lord was all that 's good and great,—
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress
Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor!"

According to Spence, these lines were read by Bishop Warburton, at different times, both to the Duchess of Marlborough and the Duchess of Buckingham. The latter instantly discarded the presumption that they were intended for herself; but the former, in speaking of the verses sometime afterwards, observed that she knew well enough who was meant. The truth of this anecdote is corroborated both by Horace Walpole and by Dr. Wharton. "These lines," says the latter, "were shown to her Grace, as if they were intended for the portrait of the Duchess of Buckingham; but she soon stopped the person who was reading them,—as the Duchess of Portland informed me,—and called out aloud, 'I cannot

be so imposed upon; I see plainly enough for whom they are designed;' and abused Pope most plentifully on the subject; though she was afterwards reconciled to him, and courted him."

Pope, as is well known, received a thousand pounds from the Duchess of Marlborough for suppressing this celebrated "character," and yet, though he took the bribe, he afterwards had the meanness to give the verses to the world. They were first printed in a folio sheet, in 1746, shortly after the death of the Duchess, and were subsequently inserted in his Moral Essays. In reference to Pope's conduct on this occasion, which Dr. Wharton justly stigmatizes as "the greatest blemish on his moral character," we are inclined to insert the following curious letter addressed by Lord Bolingbroke to Hugh, Earl of Marchmont, shortly after the death of the poet:—

"Monday morning.

"Our friend Pope, it seems, corrected and prepared for the press, just before his death, an edition of the four Epistles that follow the Essay on Man. They were then printed off, and are now ready for publication. I am sorry for it, because, if he could be excused for writing the character of Atossa formerly, there is no excuse for his design of publishing it after he had received the favour you and I know; and the character of Atossa is inserted. I have a copy of the book. Warburton has the propriety of it, as you know. Alter it he cannot, by the terms

of the will. Is it worth while to suppress the edition? or should her Grace's friends say, as they may from several strokes in it, that it was not intended to be her character? and should she despise it? If you come over hither, we may talk better than write on the subject. Adieu, my dear Lord." *

Whatever may have been the secret of Pope's malignity, there is a passage in one of the letters of this great poet, but vain man, which insinuates a very different kind of feeling on the part of the Duchess towards himself. He writes to Swift, on the 17th of May, 1739:—"The Duchess of Marlborough makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body." It is scarcely possible to mistake the impression intended to be conveyed by this passage. The Duchess, however, was at this period in her eightieth year.

Her avarice and love of money almost surpassed the same vices in her husband. "Her Grace and the Duke," says Lord Dartmouth, "had, together, above ninety thousand pounds a year salary, besides whatever else they pleased for themselves and the rest of their family; and had the insolence, as well as meanness, to refuse to pay anything towards the tax upon Whitehall, which, being a sum certain, the rest of the Queen's servants were obliged to pay it for them. They used everything that belonged to the Queen as if it had been their own; and the very linen

* Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 334.

that went with him every year to the army, was furnished by her Majesty."* The Duchess, however, could occasionally be not only liberal, but munificent, and Pope himself admitted, in conversation with Spence, that she had given away in her lifetime, in charities and presents to grandchildren and other relatives, nearly three hundred thousand pounds. To Hooke alone she presented the large sum of five thousand pounds for his vindication of her character. This, for a time, attached him to her service, but she, shortly afterwards, took occasion to quarrel with him,—

> "Her every turn by violence pursued,
> Not more a storm her hate than gratitude."

Thus Hooke represented the secret of their rupture. The reason, however, which the Duchess gave of her sudden dislike to him, was his attempting to convert her to the Roman Catholic religion.†

That the Duchess could be liberal when it suited her, is evident from the following very

* Burnet's History of his Own Time, vol. vi. p. 33 note. Among other sources from which the Duke of Marlborough derived his immense wealth, may be mentioned his speculations in the celebrated South Sea scheme, which subsequently ruined half the nation, though it enriched himself. The Duchess persuaded her husband to sell out at a favourable crisis, by which means he realized the vast sum of £100,000. *Coxe's Life of the Duke of Marlborough*, vol. iii. p. 625.

† Ruffhead's Life of Pope. According to Wharton, Hooke was a Mystic, a Quietist, and a warm disciple of Fenelon. *Wharton's Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, vol. ii. p. 200, note.

creditable letter which this singular compound of parsimony and munificence addressed to Hugh, Earl of Marchmont:—

"Wednesday, one o' clock.

"I am but just awake, and they bring me the melancholy message your lordship sent me of poor Lord Marchmont,* which, as he has been so long ill, I am not so much surprised at as I am sorry; and I really think, in so disagreeable a world as this is, since the stroke must be given some time or other, when it is over it is better for those that are gone, than for friends that remain after them. Your lordship will remember that I had a great mind once to have given you my legacy, which I had desired you to accept at my death, in my lifetime, which, I thought was not improper; but I found you did not like it, and, therefore, I dropped it; but now I hope, you will not take it ill, since I believe upon this sad occasion you may want money immediately, that I offer to send you a thousand pounds, which is half the legacy; and, if you please, you may call it so much money lent, to which I can see no manner of objection; and, if it be of the least use to you, it will very much oblige me, who am, and ever shall be, with the greatest esteem imaginable, your Lordship's most faithful, and most humble servant,

"S. MARLBOROUGH." †

To William Pitt, afterwards the celebrated Earl

* Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, died in February, 1740.

† Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 207.

of Chatham, she bequeathed a legacy of ten thousand pounds. Pitt, in acknowledging the favour, writes as follows, to Hugh, Earl of Marchmont, one of her Grace's executors:—

"Bath, 22nd October, 1744.

"My Lord,

"Give me leave to return your lordship my thanks for the obliging manner, in which you do me the honour to inform me of the Duchess of Marlborough's great goodness to me. The sort of regard I feel for her memory, I leave to your Lordship's heart to suggest to you; besides the many reasons there are for bearing that regard to it, I hope you have likewise some of the same, which she has been pleased to honour me with. This, and every other thing, that can add any advantage to your situation, I very truly wish you; and am, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful and most humble servant, W. Pitt." *

The Duchess also bequeathed £200,000 to the Earl of Chesterfield as a reward of his continued opposition to the Court. "She was scarcely cold, however," says Walpole, "before he returned to the King's service." †

In 1742, when in her eighty-third year, the Duchess published her celebrated Memoirs;‡ a

* Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 338.

† Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George II. vol. i. p. 46.

‡ "An Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, from her first coming to Court to the year 1710. In a letter from Herself to my Lord ——." It was speedily retorted upon by a volume double its size, entitled, "The other Side of the Question," a work possessing little interest and less merit.

work which was intended to vindicate her character in the eyes of future generations, but which has, unquestionably, produced the contrary effect. That the work is by no means deficient either in interest or in literary merit, cannot be denied. But, on the other hand, the fact of its being a mere *ex-parte* statement; the malignity with which the Duchess attacks the memory of the dead; the use and adoption of vulgar nicknames; the revival of old feuds and forgotten jealousies; and the mere act of wantonly publishing the private letters of her Sovereign and benefactress, sufficiently lay bare the base heart, the prejudiced feelings, and violent character of the writer.

"This favourite Duchess," says Horace Walpole, "who, like the proud Duke of Espernon, lived to brave the successors in a court where she had domineered, wound up her capricious life, where it seems she had begun it, with an apology for her conduct. The piece, though weakened by the prudence of those who were to correct it, though maimed by her Grace's own corrections, and though great part of it is rather the annals of a wardrobe than of a reign, yet has still curious anecdotes, and a few of those sallies of wit which fourscore years of arrogance could not fail to produce in so fantastic an understanding. And yet, by altering her memoirs as often as her will, she disappointed the public as much as her own family. However, the chief objects remain, and one sees exactly how Europe

and the Back-stairs took their places in her imagination and in her narrative. The Revolution left no impression on her mind but of Queen Mary turning up bed-cloaths; and the Protestant hero, but of a selfish glutton who devoured a dish of peas from his sister-in-law. Little circumstances, indeed, convey the most characteristic ideas; but the choice of them may as often paint the genius of the writer, as of the person represented." *

Burnet observes of the Duchess, that she possessed "a clear apprehension and a true judgment." He admits, however, that she had little learning, and her "judgment" appears equally questionable. The Duchess herself informs us in her memoirs, that in her youth she "never read," and that her only employment was playing at cards. "She was a woman," says Dr. Johnson, in his life of Addison, "without skill or pretension to skill, in poetry or literature:" and he elsewhere observes in regard to the incense offered up to her family by the poets,—"It could be prompted only by respect or kindness, for neither the Duke nor Duchess desired the praise, or liked the cost of patronage." And yet we find Addison dedicating his opera of Rosamond to the Duchess, and Barnes inscribing an edition of Anacreon to the Duke.

To the Countess of Bute, the grand-daughter of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, we are indebted for some interesting reminiscences

* Royal and Noble Authors.

of the Duchess of Marlborough at the close of her long life. Lady Bute described her as still retaining considerable remains of beauty, and as being remarkable for the most expressive eyes, and the "finest hair imaginable." It was by the use of honey-water, as the Duchess herself told Lady Bute, that she retained the colour of the latter unchanged. Lady Bute appears to have been a great favourite with the old Duchess, and was admitted to her at all hours. She frequently sat by her when she dined, and, when a child, used to watch her casting up her complicated accounts. The latter, according to Lady Bute, was a strange process. The Duchess, who knew nothing of figures, is described as devising an arithmetic of her own, setting down figures, apparently at random, as if a child were scribbling over the paper, yet clearly seeing her way through the heterogeneous mass, and, in the end, reducing everything right, even to a fraction. In addition to these circumstances, Lady Bute informs us that the old Duchess was extremely communicative, and, it need scarcely be added, proportionably entertaining.*

The conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, when suffering under the inflictions of disease and old age, presents a pleasing contrast to the insufferable insolence and worldliness of her former career.

In a letter to the Earl of Marchmont, dated

* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters, Edition by Lord Wharncliffe, vol. i. pp. 76, 77.

the 31st of December, 1735, she thus alludes to her increasing infirmities;—"I have had the gout lately, but not much pain; but my limbs are weaker than they were, and at my age I cannot expect to continue long, nor have I anything now left to make me desirous of it. I fear my ridiculous hand will give you some trouble to read, but you will pardon the faults that I cannot help, and believe that as long as I live, you will have a most faithful and most humble servant, who has the greatest value imaginable for your merit. S. MARLBOROUGH."

In a curious little work, the "Opinions of the Duchess of Marlborough," the Duchess herself has thrown some further light on the state of her feelings and prospects at the close of her long and chequered life. "I would desire," she says, in 1736, "no more pleasure than to walk about my gardens and parks; but alas! that is not permitted; for I am generally wrapped up in flannel, and wheeled up and down my rooms in a chair. I cannot be very solicitous for life upon such terms, when I can only live to have more fits of the gout." Again, she writes, the following year:—"I am a perfect cripple, and cannot possibly hold out long, and, as I have little enjoyment of my life, I am very indifferent about it. It is impossible that one of my age and infirmities can live long, and one great happiness there is in death is, that one shall never hear any more of anything they do in this world:—

'When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit.
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;—
To-morrow 's falser than the former day;
Lies more, and when it says we shall be blest
With some new joy, cuts off what we possessed.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure from what still remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the fresh sprightly running could not give:
I 'm tired with waiting for this chemic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old:'—

Verses of Dryden, which I think very pretty, and which most people have felt the truth of. I think one can't leave the world in a better time than now, when there is no such thing as *real* friendship, truth, justice, honour, or, indeed, anything that is agreeable in life."

The Duchess, "after sixty years of arrogance," to use the expression of Horace Walpole, became bed-ridden, a misfortune, however, which appears to have been sustained by her with at least decent resignation. Indeed, the insolence which she had exhibited in the early part of her career appears, in a certain degree, to have been atoned for by the equanimity which she subsequently displayed under the pressure of disease, and with the prospect of approaching dissolution.

Unfortunately, the Duchess of Marlborough was a disbeliever in, if not a scoffer at, religion. Swift, alluding to her character for wit, observes, that she "affected it by the usual methods of arguing against religion, and proving the doctrines of Christianity to be impossible

and absurd." She herself writes to the Earl of Marchmont, on the 3rd of March, 1742,—"I find you are as ignorant what the soul is as I am. But though none of my philosophers demonstrate plainly that, I do think there must be rewards and punishments after this life; and I have read lately in some of my dear friends, the philosophers, that there was an opinion that the soul never died; that it went into some other man or beast. And that seems, in my way of thinking, to be on the side of the argument for the immortality of the soul; and though the philosophers prove nothing, to my understanding certain, yet I have a great mind to believe that Kings' and first ministers' souls, when they die, go into chimney-sweepers. And their punishment is, that they remember they were great monarchs, were complimented by the parliament upon their great abilities, and thanked for the great honour they did nations in accepting of the crown, at the same time that they endeavoured to starve them, and were not capable of doing them the least service, though they gave them all the money in the nation."* Thus, at the age of eighty-two, could this extraordinary woman renew the prejudices of her youth, and thus sarcastically could she recur to the causes of those disappointments, which the lapse of nearly half a century might have been expected to have erased. In perusing her contemptuous remarks on "Kings and first ministers," it is impossible not to perceive that disappointed am-

* Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 270.

bition was the true secret of the abuse; and that the dislike with which she had been regarded by King William, the withdrawal from her of Queen Anne's favour, and the neglect which she had experienced from the First and Second George, continued to embitter the cup of life even to its dregs.

> "Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
> And her last sighs reproach the faith of kings."

We find Horace Walpole writing to Sir Horace Mann, as early as the 10th of December, 1741;—"Old Marlborough is dying—but who can tell! last year she had lain a great while ill without speaking; her physicians said,—'She must be blistered, or she will die.' She called out,—'I won't be blistered, and I won't die.' If she takes the same resolution now, I don't believe she will." The Duchess, it may be remarked, survived the date of this letter nearly four years. She expired at Marlborough House, on the 18th of October, 1744, at the age of eighty-four. Her body was interred in the chapel at Blenheim, in the same vault to which the remains of her husband had previously been transferred from Westminster Abbey.

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